



JLA

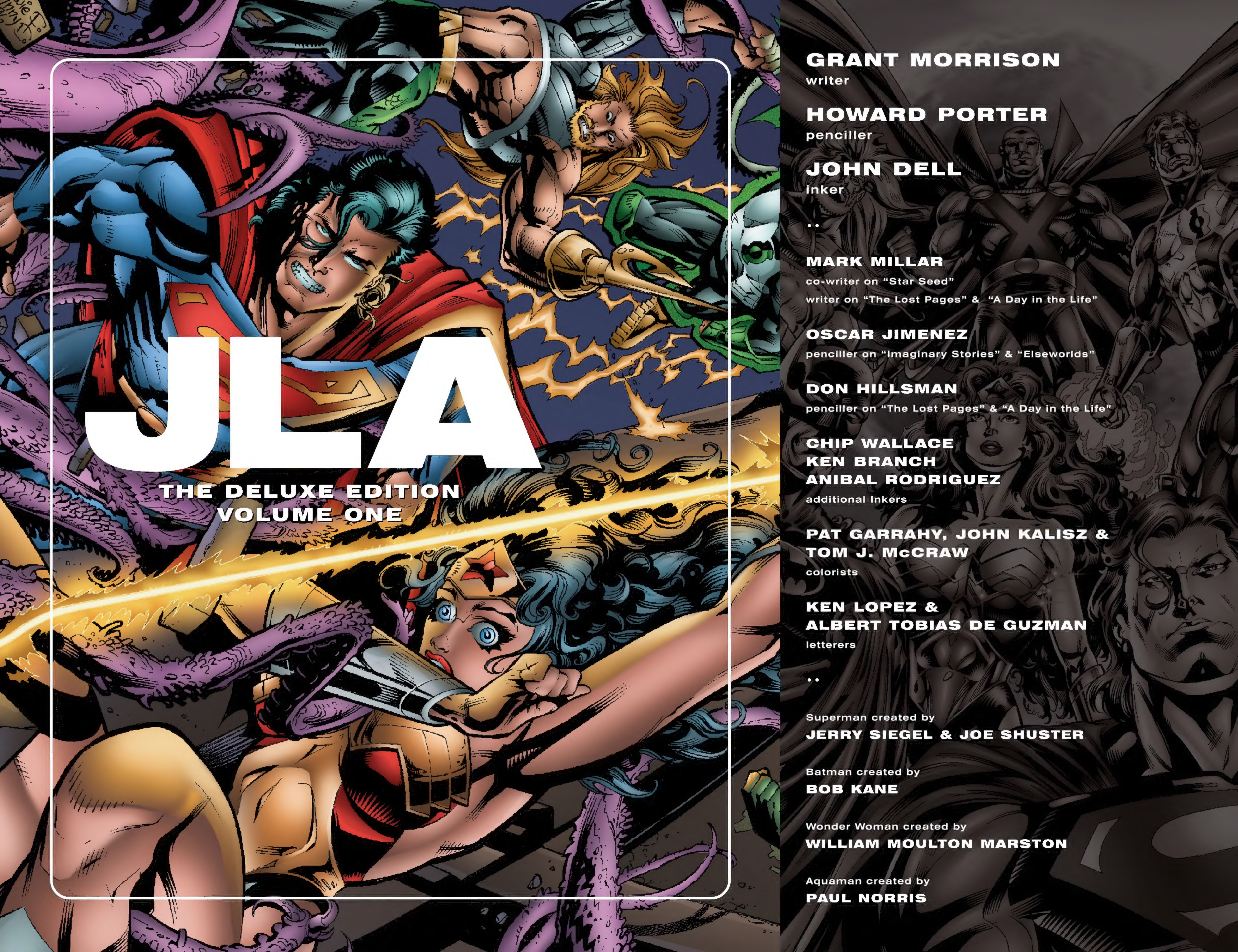
GRANT MORRISON
HOWARD PORTER JOHN DELL





JLA

**THE DELUXE EDITION
VOLUME ONE**



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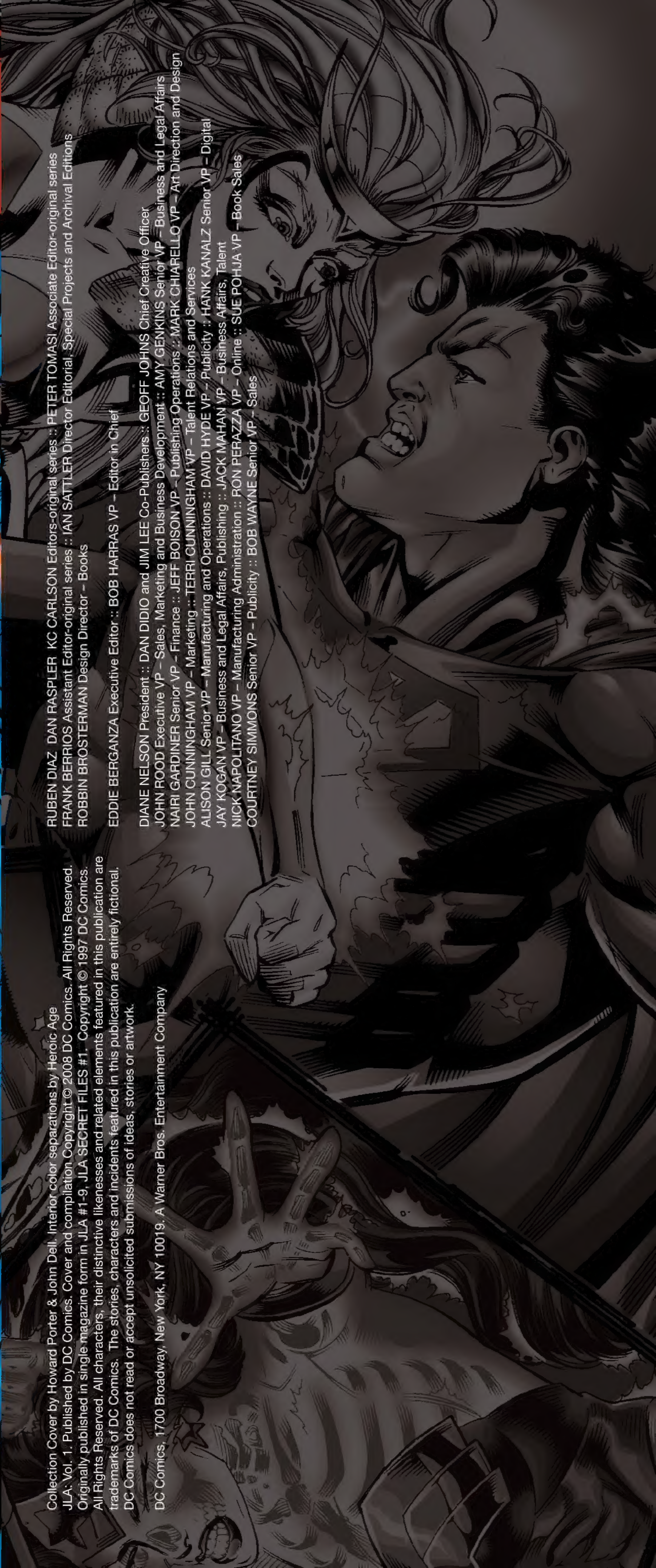
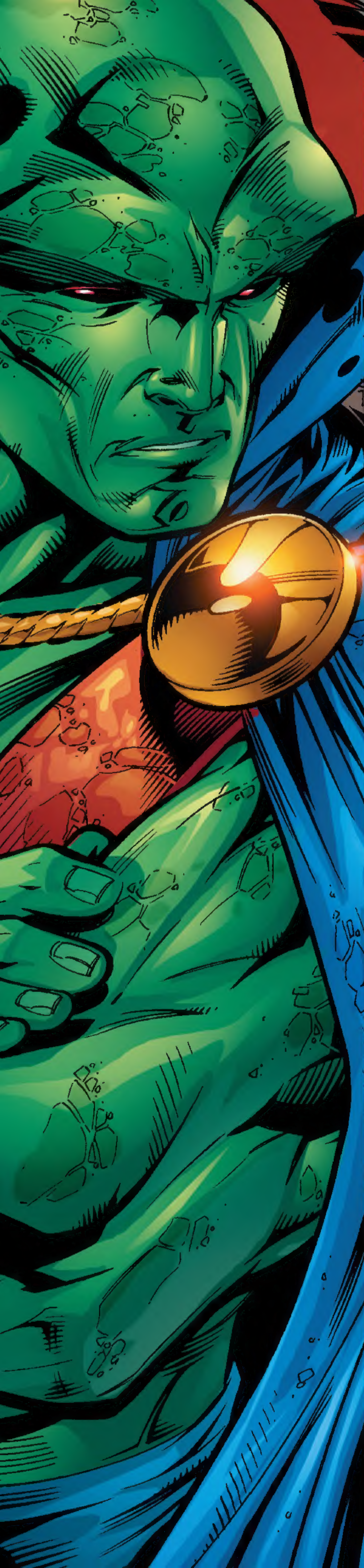
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FGD



JLA # 1

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY HOWARD PORTER, WITH INKS

BY JOHN DELL AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY

Howie Porter
John Dell

FGD

WASHINGTON D.C.: THE PRESIDENT.

"... THAT'S WHAT HE SAID. HE JUST CAME RIGHT OUT WITH IT. GENERAL MCALEY, HIS SCOTCH WHISKEY AND THREE LITTLE WORDS THAT ALMOST ENDED MY CAREER

SO NOW I HAVE TO APOLOGIZE TO EL PRESIDENTE OR WHATEVER IT IS THIS JUMPED-UP BANDIT CALLS HIMSELF."

WHICH REMINDS ME. WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SUPERHUMAN ESCORT? WE WANT TO SHOW THIS GUY THAT WE HAVE SUPERPEOPLE COMING OUT OF OUR EARS.

AH... FIREHAWK? HE... AH... PULLED OUT, MR. PRESIDENT, SIR. HE, SHE, I DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHO FIREHAWK IS.

ANYWAY, HE GOT SICK, LOST HIS POWERS. I DON'T KNOW.

THIS IS TERRIF...

AND NOW THE SUN! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SUN?

WHY IS IT DARK IN HERE?

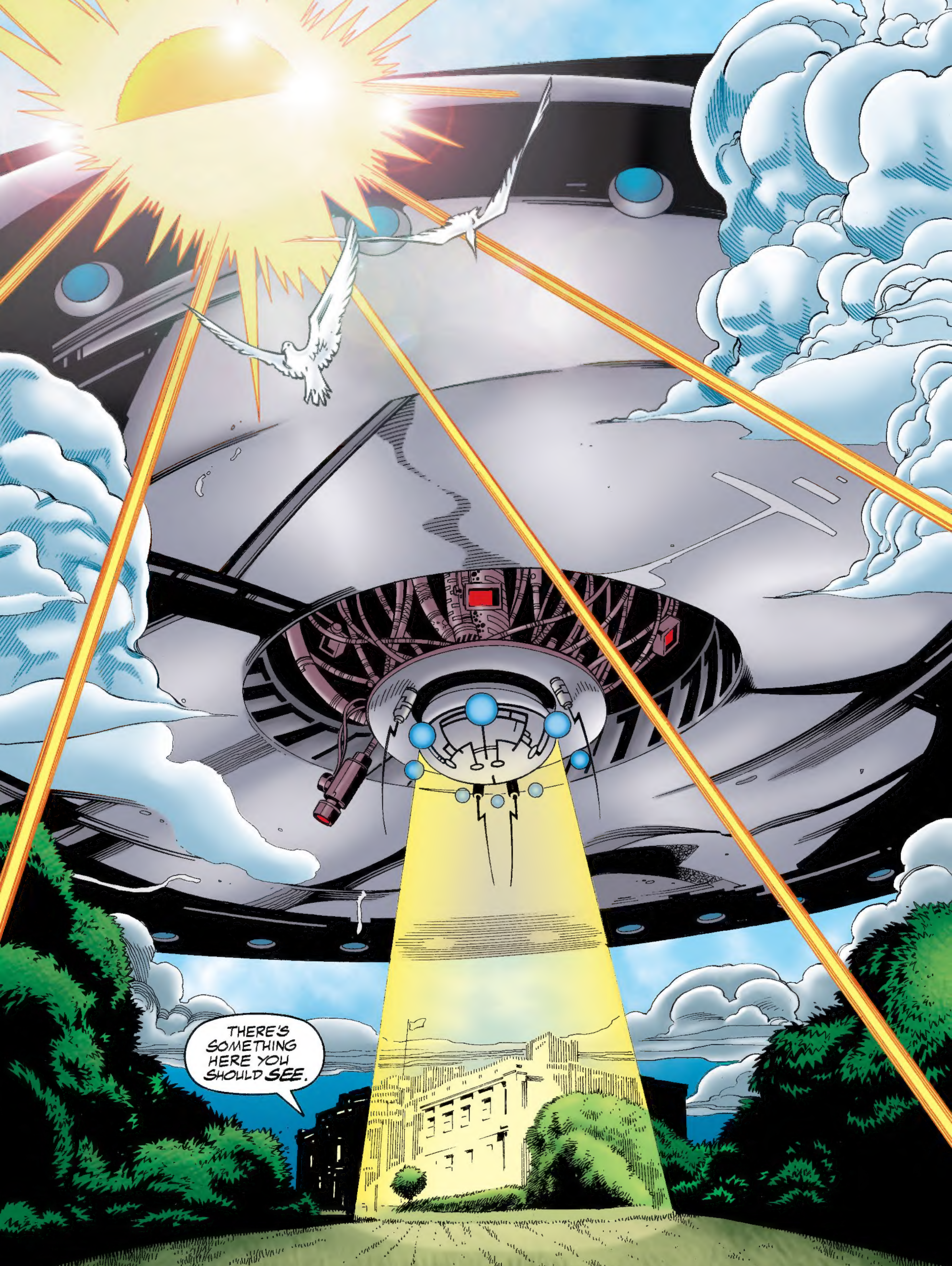
MUST BE A CLOUD, SIR.

THAT'S ONE HECK OF A CLOUD. GET RID OF IT.

YOU KNOW WHAT I NEED TODAY? A MIRACLE, THAT'S ALL I'M ASKING.

SEND ME A MIRACLE, LORD.

UH... SIR...



THERE'S
SOMETHING
HERE YOU
SHOULD SEE.



AH.

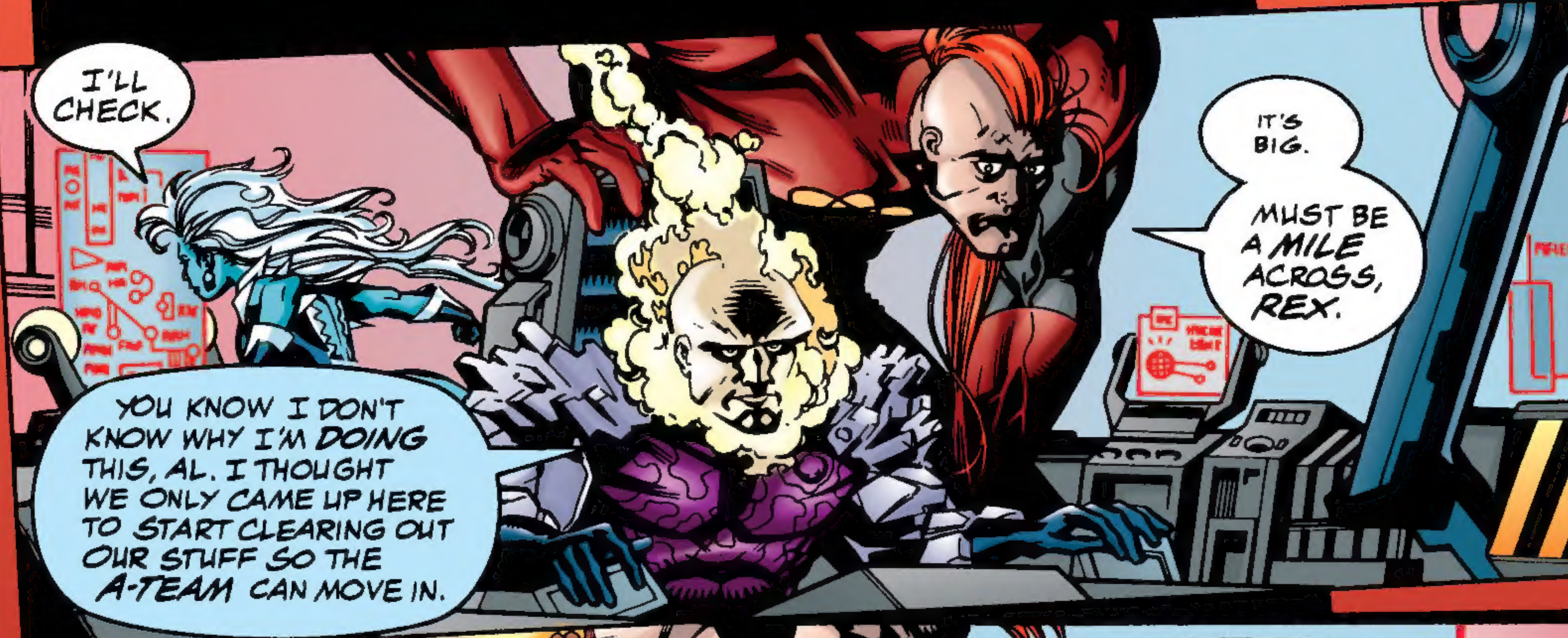
WILL SOMEBODY
CALL THE JUSTICE
LEAGUE?



HOW DID WE MISS IT?

FREAKIN' THING CAME OUTTA NOWHERE. WE'RE TALKING MAJOR CAMOUFLAGE HERE.

WE GOT ANYONE ON FILE WITH THAT KINDA TECH?

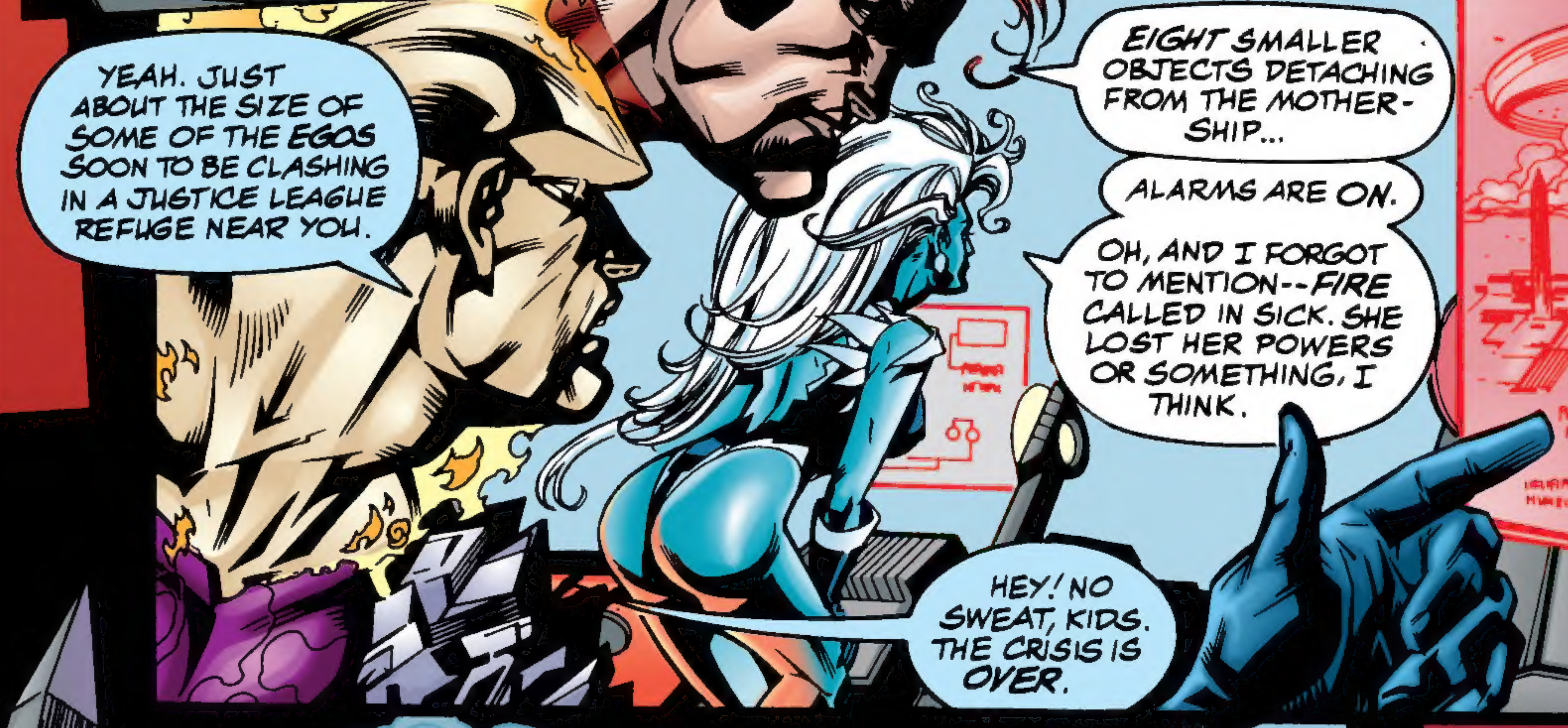


I'LL CHECK.

YOU KNOW I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M DOING THIS, AL. I THOUGHT WE ONLY CAME UP HERE TO START CLEARING OUT OUR STUFF SO THE A-TEAM CAN MOVE IN.

IT'S BIG.

MUST BE A MILE ACROSS, REX.



YEAH. JUST ABOUT THE SIZE OF SOME OF THE EGOS SOON TO BE CLASHING IN A JUSTICE LEAGUE REFUGE NEAR YOU.

EIGHT SMALLER OBJECTS DETACHING FROM THE MOTHER-SHIP...

ALARMS ARE ON.

OH, AND I FORGOT TO MENTION-- FIRE CALLED IN SICK. SHE LOST HER POWERS OR SOMETHING, I THINK.

HEY! NO SWEAT, KIDS. THE CRISIS IS OVER.



"THE BIG GUYS ON THE CASE."



I AM PROTEX.
WE ARE THE
HYPERCLAN.

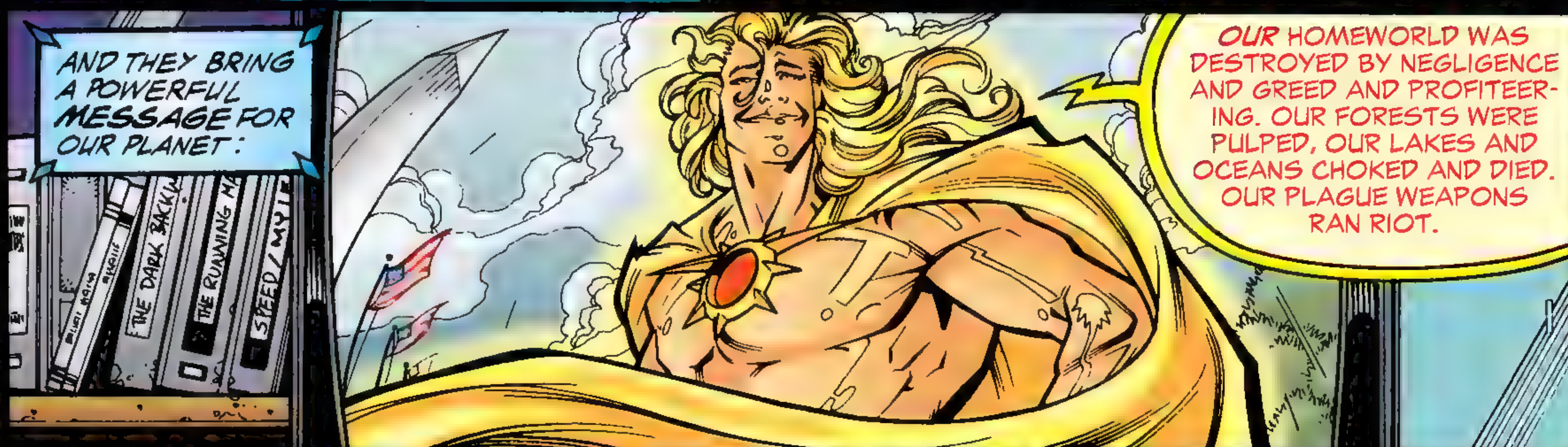
WE'VE
COME TO
SAVE THE
WORLD.



PROTEX, THE LEADER OF THE ALIEN HYPERCLAN, WENT ON TO EXPLAIN HOW HIS OWN HOME PLANET HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY ITS INHABITANTS, LEAVING THE SUPERHUMAN SURVIVORS TO WANDER THE UNIVERSE IN SEARCH OF NEW WORLDS.



THE HYPERCLAN MEMBERS HAVE BEEN TRAVELLING FOR WHAT SCIENTISTS ESTIMATE MAY BE ANYTHING UP TO SEVERAL MILLION YEARS OF OUR TIME.



AND THEY BRING A POWERFUL MESSAGE FOR OUR PLANET:

OUR HOMEWORLD WAS DESTROYED BY NEGLIGENCE AND GREED AND PROFITEERING. OUR FORESTS WERE PULPED, OUR LAKES AND OCEANS CHOKED AND DIED. OUR PLAGUE WEAPONS RAN RIOT.



KEYSTONE CITY:
THE FLASH

WALLY, I KNOW THIS IS IMPORTANT BUT YOU DID SAY YOU'D PICK UP MY JACKET FROM THE DRY CLEANER'S DOWNTOWN AND THEY'LL BE CLOSING IN...

WE VOWED THAT IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN, AND FOR A THOUSAND GYRES, WE HAVE JOURNEYED THROUGH SPACE.



THERE YOU GO, LINDA. SORRY.

DID I MISS ANYTHING?

...FOR A WORLD LIKE THIS ONE.

GATEWAY CITY:
WONDER WOMAN.

A WORLD ON
WHICH WE COULD
SUCCEED WHERE
WE FAILED
BEFORE.

HE LOOKS
LIKE JIM
MORRISON,
DIANA! HE'S
GORGEOUS!

NEW YORK:
GREEN LANTERN.

WE ARE HERE
TO HOUSE YOUR
HOMELESS. WE ARE
HERE TO FEED YOUR
STARVING AND TO
REPAIR THE DAMAGE
YOU HAVE DONE TO
YOUR BIOSPHERE.

DENVER:
THE MARTIAN MANHUNTER.

WE ARE AT YOUR
DISPOSAL. BRING US
YOUR PROBLEMS AND
WE WILL GIVE YOU
SOLUTIONS IN
RETURN.

AND IF ANY OF YOUR
NATIVE SUPERHUMAN
COMMUNITY WISH TO
HELP US, WE...**WELCOME**
THEM.

WE WOULD LIKE
TO SHOW YOU WHAT
CAN BE DONE WHEN
WILL IS STRONG, THE
HEART IS PURE AND
THE MIND IS
CLEAR.

THANK
YOU FOR YOUR
ATTENTION.

... WITHIN ONLY A DAY OF THEIR BOMBSHELL ARRIVAL, THE HYPERCLAN HEROES HAVE ALREADY PRODUCED THEIR FIRST BONA FIDE MIRACLE.

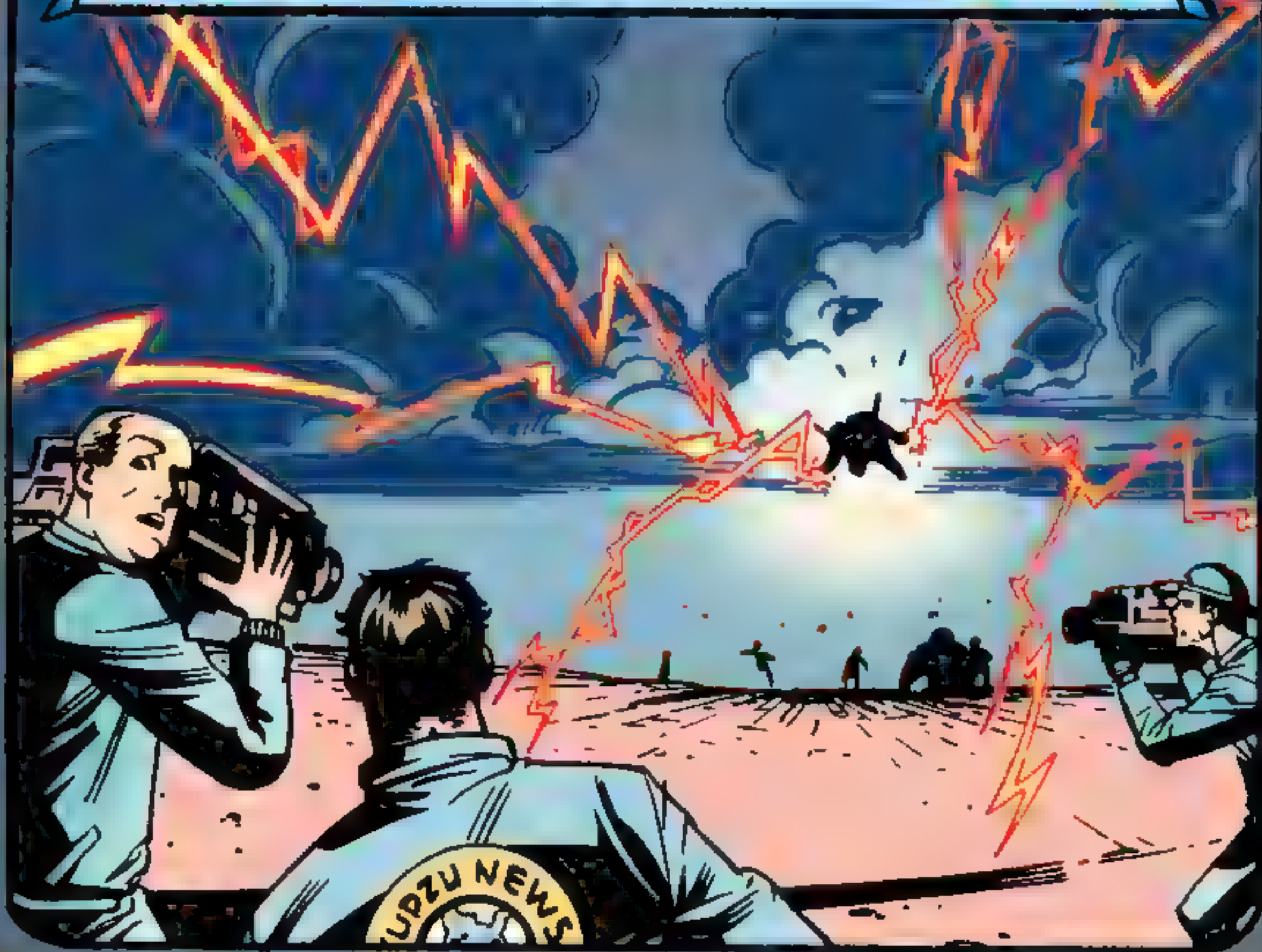
IT BEGAN IN THE SKIES OVER THE SAHARA DESERT, WHERE PROTEX, PRIMAID, AND ARMEK CREATED THEIR OWN CLOUD-FACTORY USING CHILLED AIR AND PULSED ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES.

THEN, AS THE EYES OF THE WORLD WATCHED, ZENTURION AND A-MORTAL FERRIED IN THOUSANDS OF TONS OF FERTILE TOPSOIL, GATHERED FROM THE OCEAN BED AND FROM UNDER THE SOUTH POLAR ICE FIELDS.

WHILE SUPERFAST ZUM, TOGETHER WITH TRONIX AND THE SHAPECHANGING FLUXUS, SET TO WORK SEEDING WHAT WAS, UNTIL TODAY, THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WASTELAND.

IN A SINGLE DAY, THE ALIEN SAMARITANS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN TURNING HELL INTO HEAVEN, CREATING LUSH GARDENS WHERE, NOT SO LONG AGO, NOTHING COULD HOPE TO GROW.

A RAINSTORM, LOADED WITH HONEY AND WINE, PROVIDED A CELEBRATORY CLIMAX TO THE DAY'S EVENTS AND ONE LOOK AT THE FACES OF THESE LOCAL CHILDREN SUMMED UP THE FEELING.



OTHERS WERE NOT QUITE SO ENTHUSIASTIC. SUPERMAN, WHO WATCHED THE WHOLE OPERATION, WITHOUT PARTICIPATING, HAD THIS TO SAY:

THIS CERTAINLY LOOKS IMPRESSIVE, I'LL ADMIT, BUT I'M A LITTLE CONCERNED THAT THESE MAY BE NO MORE THAN COSMETIC CHANGES.

DESERTS CAN'T JUST BE 'FIXED'; THERE ARE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, SOCIAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS.

THE SAHARA IS GREEN TODAY BUT CAN IT BE SUSTAINED OR ARE PEOPLE BEING GIVEN FALSE HOPES IN THE NAME OF SPECTACLE?

IS HUMANKIND REALLY WILLING TO BECOME THE PAMPERED LAPDOG OF SUPERHUMAN BEINGS AND SQUANDER ITS OWN POTENTIAL?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ART? WHAT WOULD...

SMELLS LIKE SOHR GRAPES TO ME, SUPERMAN.

YEAH. MAYBE ALL WE WANT ARE SOME SUPERPEOPLE WHO DON'T JUST SPEND THEIR DAYS POUNDING THE STUFFING OUT OF ONE ANOTHER...

YOU'RE BEING UNFAIR TO SUPERMAN, GENTLEMEN.

I UNDERSTAND HIS RESERVATIONS AND I'D BE GLAD TO DISCUSS THEM.

IF HE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME, I'LL BE OUT "FIXING" THE WORLD.

AND SO AT THE END OF ONE OF THE MOST MOMENTOUS DAYS IN HISTORY, IT'S LOOKING MORE AND MORE LIKE THE OLD VERSUS THE NEW. THE RE-
ACTIVE V. THE PROACTIVE.

AND ALREADY PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO WONDER JUST WHAT MIGHT BE NEXT FOR THESE SEEMINGLY SELFLESS HEROES FROM BEYOND THE STARS.

IN
THE NAME
OF GOD,
NO!

YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO ME!
THIS IS AGAINST
THE LAW! THIS IS
INHUMAN!

HOW DARE YOU
SPEAK OF THE
LAW NOW? WHEN
DID YOU EVER DO
ANYTHING BUT
MOCK THE LAW?

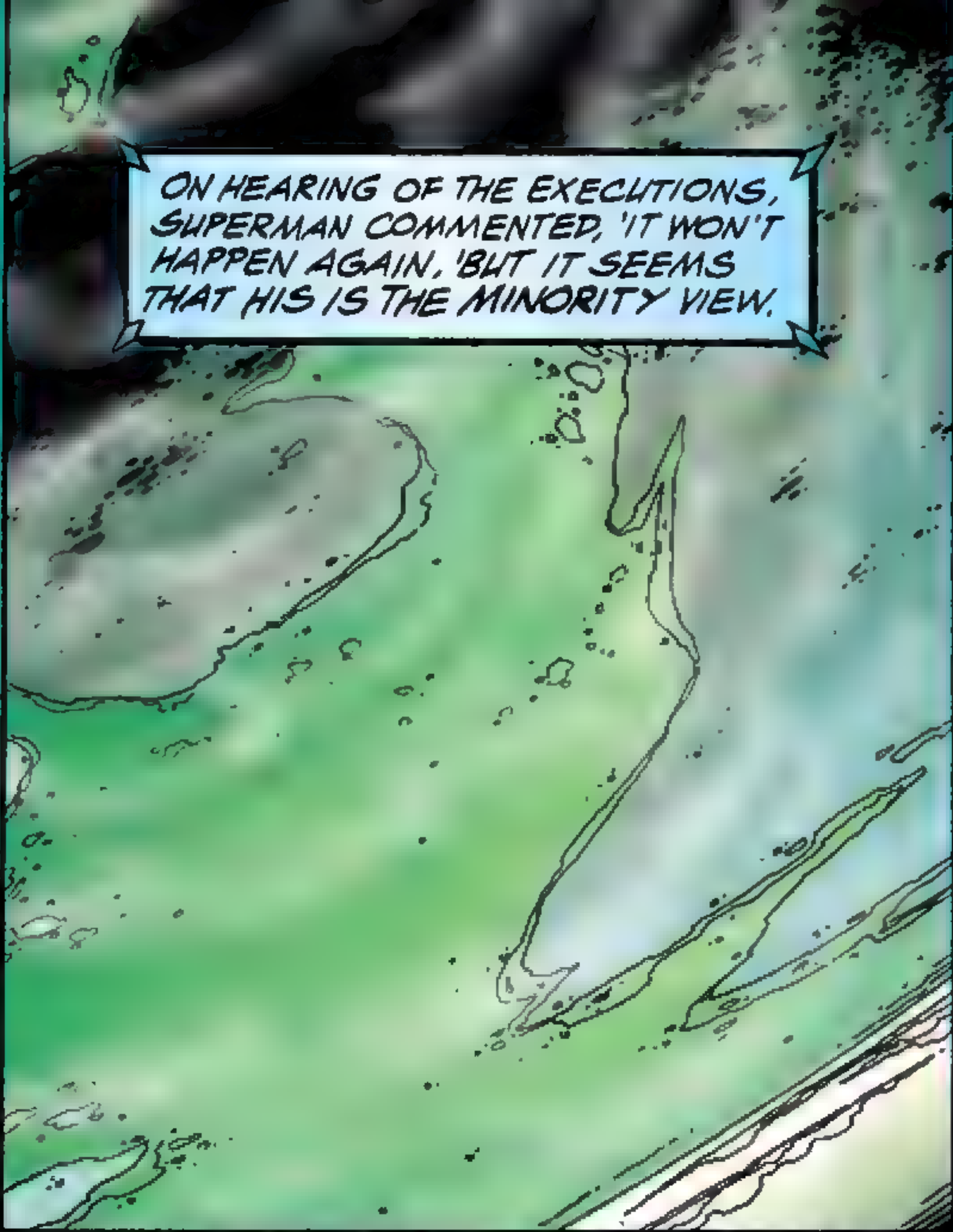
I'M SORRY IT HAS
TO BE THIS WAY, BUT
YOU HAVE INJURED
AND KILLED WITHOUT
CONSCIENCE AND NOW
IT ENDS. HERE.

**YOUR
JUDGEMENT.**

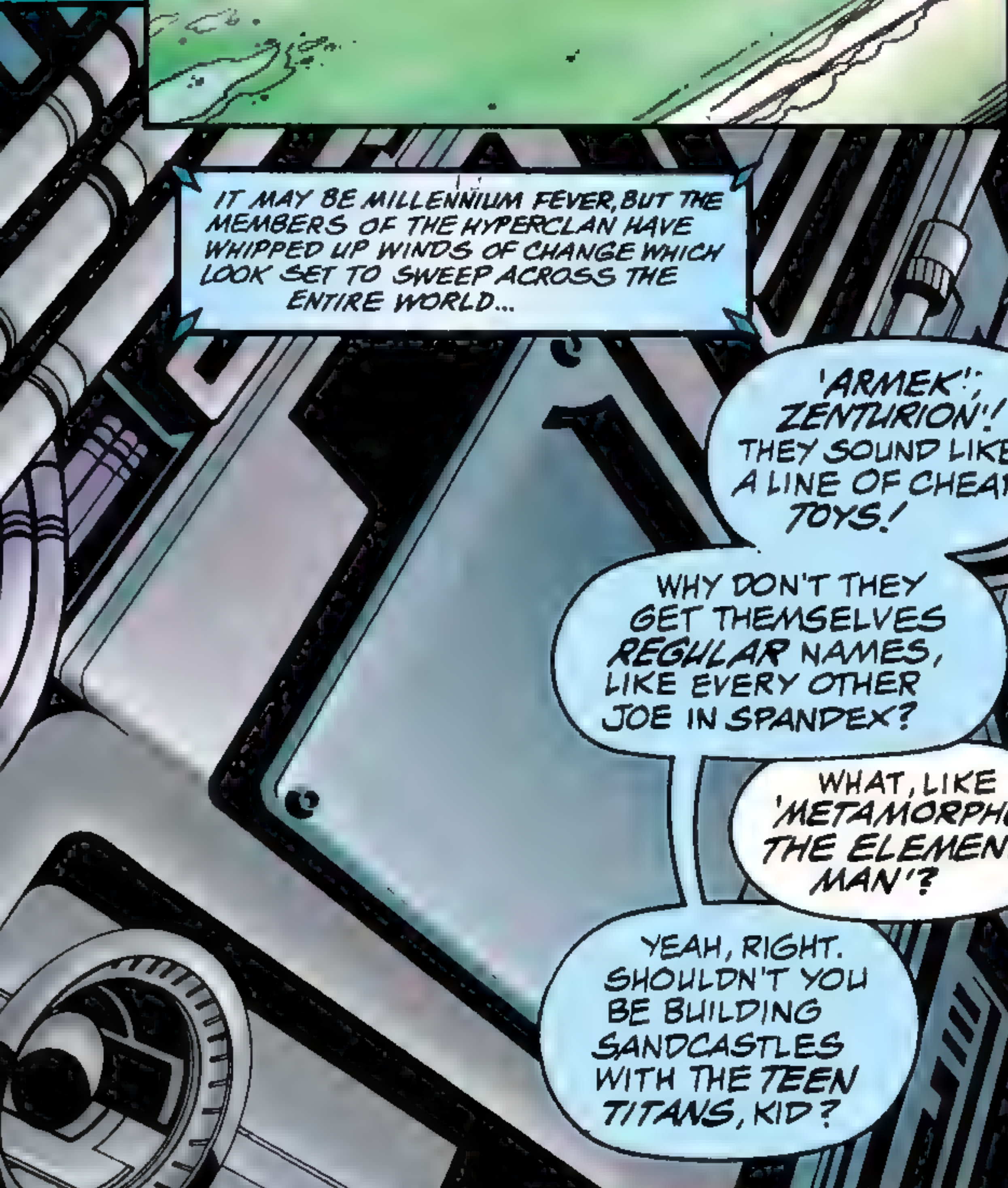
NNEEEAAAAA!

...FOLLOWING THE DRAMATIC EXECUTIONS, THE
JOKER, DR. POLARIS AND A NUMBER OF OTHER
PROMINENT UNDERWORLD FIGURES ARE REPUTEDLY
IN HIDING.

ALREADY SUPERCRIIME FIGURES ARE SHOWING
A SIGNIFICANT DECREASE, AND THE LATEST
REPORTS FROM GOTHAM SUGGEST THAT SO-
CALLED 'METACRIMES' HAVE DROPPED A
MASSIVE 60%.



ON HEARING OF THE EXECUTIONS, SUPERMAN COMMENTED, 'IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, 'BUT IT SEEMS THAT HIS IS THE MINORITY VIEW.



IT MAY BE MILLENNIUM FEVER, BUT THE MEMBERS OF THE HYPERCLAN HAVE WHIPPED UP WINDS OF CHANGE WHICH LOOK SET TO SWEEP ACROSS THE ENTIRE WORLD...

'ARMEK', ZENTURION!!
THEY SOUND LIKE A LINE OF CHEAP TOYS!

WHY DON'T THEY GET THEMSELVES REGULAR NAMES, LIKE EVERY OTHER JOE IN SPANDEX?

WHAT, LIKE 'METAMORPHO', THE ELEMENT MAN'?

YEAH, RIGHT. SHOULDN'T YOU BE BUILDING SANDCASTLES WITH THE TEEN TITANS, KID?

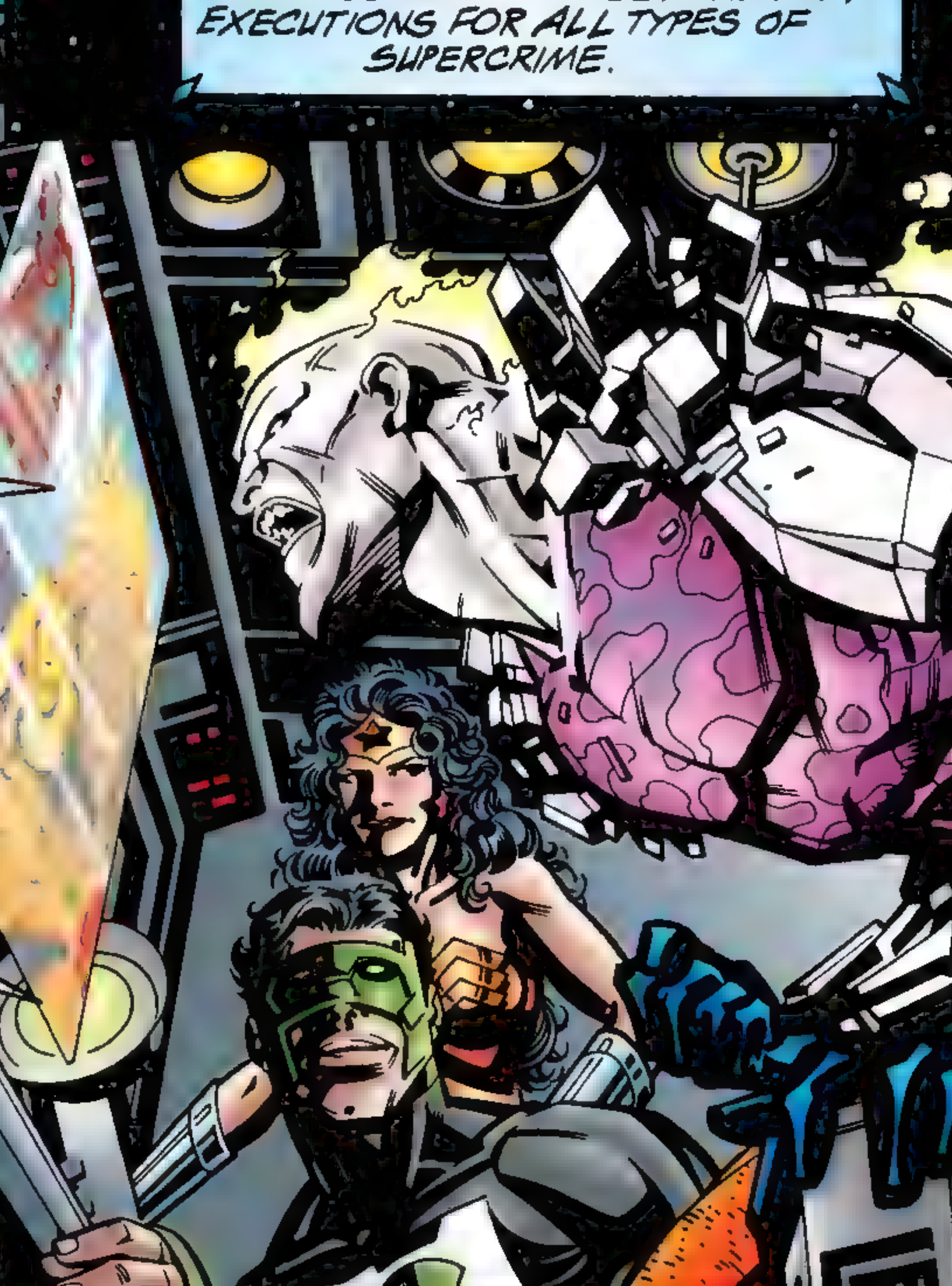
SORRY I SPOKE.

YEAH, ME TOO. I...

TRACES! I'M PICKING UP LIFEFORM TRACES. HOW CAN THERE BE...



ONE SURVEY SUGGESTED THAT AT LEAST 35% OF THE POPULATION WOULD BE HAPPY TO SEE MANDATORY EXECUTIONS FOR ALL TYPES OF SUPERCRIIME.



THEY'RE COMING OUT OF NOWHERE!

FOUR, FIVE, SIX OF 'EM!



WHAT WAS THAT?

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE, KID. TOOK OUT THE POWER.

GIMME A SECOND: IF I CHANGE INTO PHOSPHOR I CAN USE THAT RADIATION THEY HIT US WITH.

THERE YOU GO. PHOSPHOR AFTER ELECTROMAGNETIC BOMBARDMENT. FOURTH OF JULY, HUH?

LIFE SUPPORT'S DOWN. YOU GOT ANY GREAT IDEAS, KID?

YEAH. HOW ABOUT FOR A START YOU STOP CALLING ME...



AND I GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF BACKUP SYSTEMS. THIS IS OUT OF CONTROL!

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?



IT'S THEM!
IT HAS TO
BE!
THE
HYPER-
CLAN.

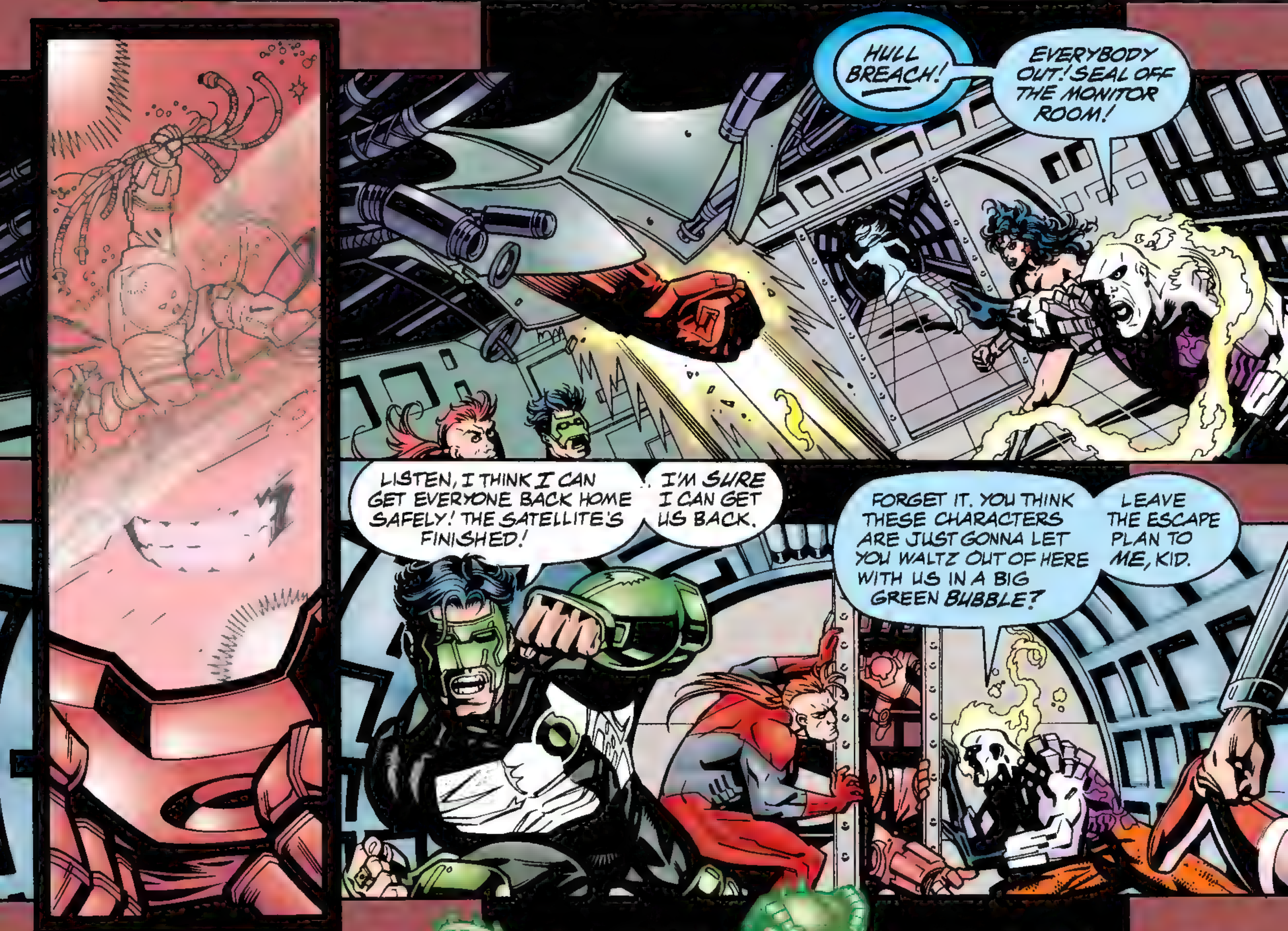
BUT
WE'RE ON
THE SAME
SIDE...

THEY'RE ON THE
HULL, WHOEVER
THEY ARE.
THEY'RE RIGHT
ON THE ~~hull~~
HULL!

PANG

PANG

PANG



HULL
BREACH!

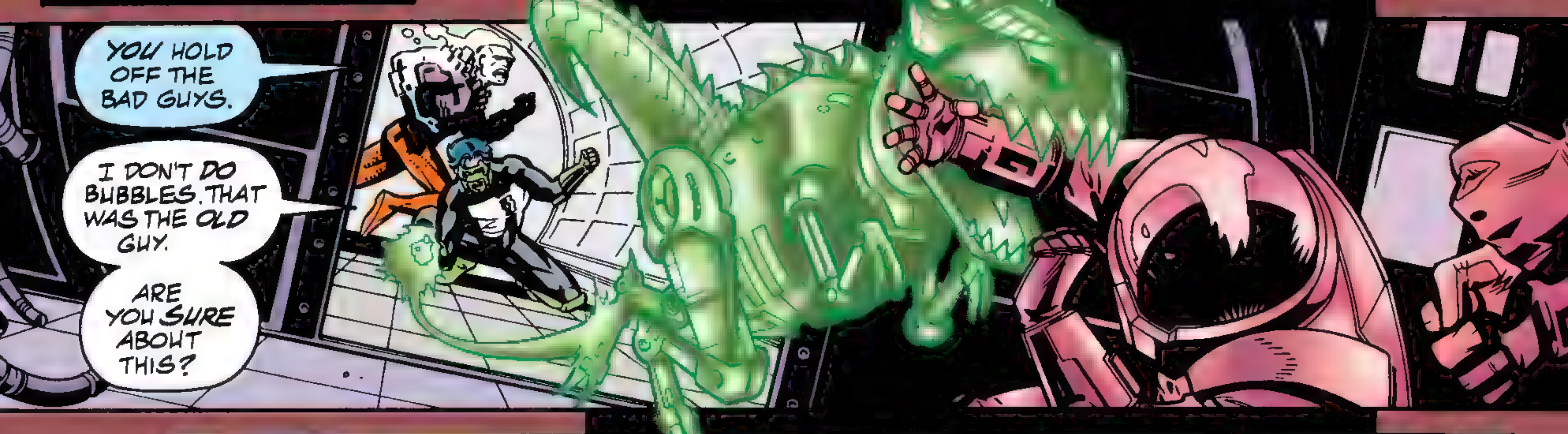
EVERYBODY
OUT! SEAL OFF
THE MONITOR
ROOM!

LISTEN, I THINK I CAN
GET EVERYONE BACK HOME
SAFELY! THE SATELLITE'S
FINISHED!

I'M SURE
I CAN GET
US BACK.

FORGET IT. YOU THINK
THESE CHARACTERS
ARE JUST GONNA LET
YOU WALTZ OUT OF HERE
WITH US IN A BIG
GREEN BUBBLE?

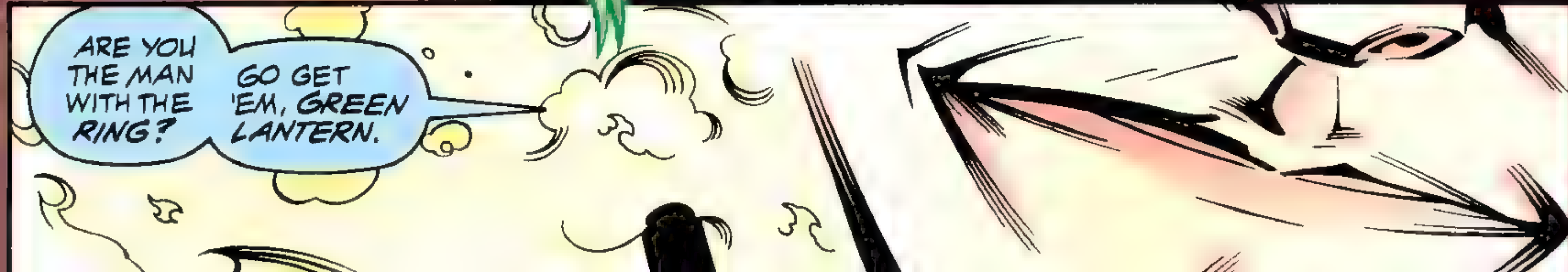
LEAVE
THE ESCAPE
PLAN TO
ME, KID.



YOU HOLD
OFF THE
BAD GUYS.

I DON'T DO
BUBBLES. THAT
WAS THE OLD
GUY.

ARE
YOU SURE
ABOUT
THIS?



ARE YOU
THE MAN
WITH THE
RING?

GO GET
'EM, GREEN
LANTERN.



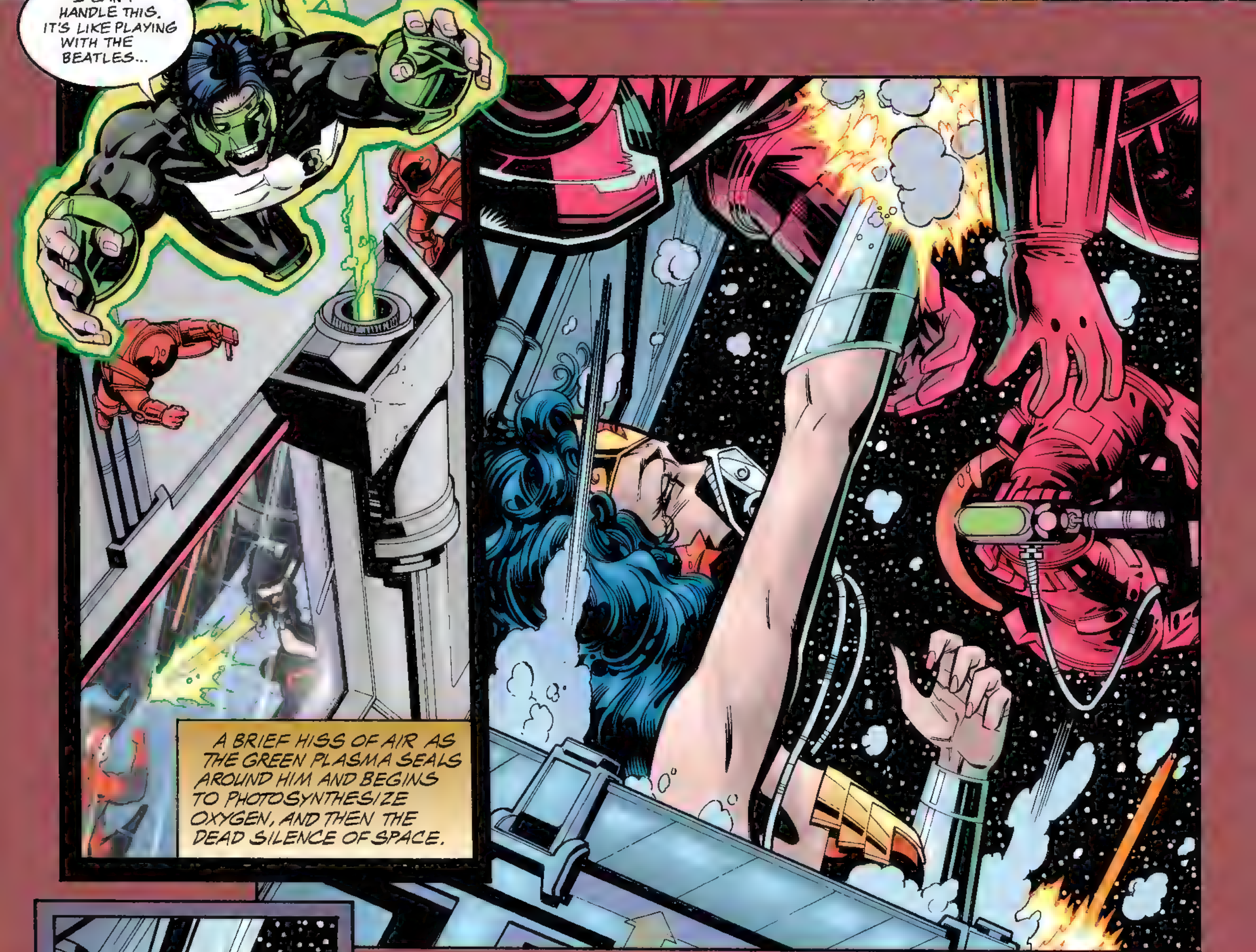
UH, WONDER WOMAN... I, UH... I'M PROBABLY GONNA NEED SOME BACKUP OUT THERE...

IT'S "DIANA".
DON'T STAND ON CEREMONY, GL-- WE'RE IN THE SAME LEAGUE.

SAYS YOU.

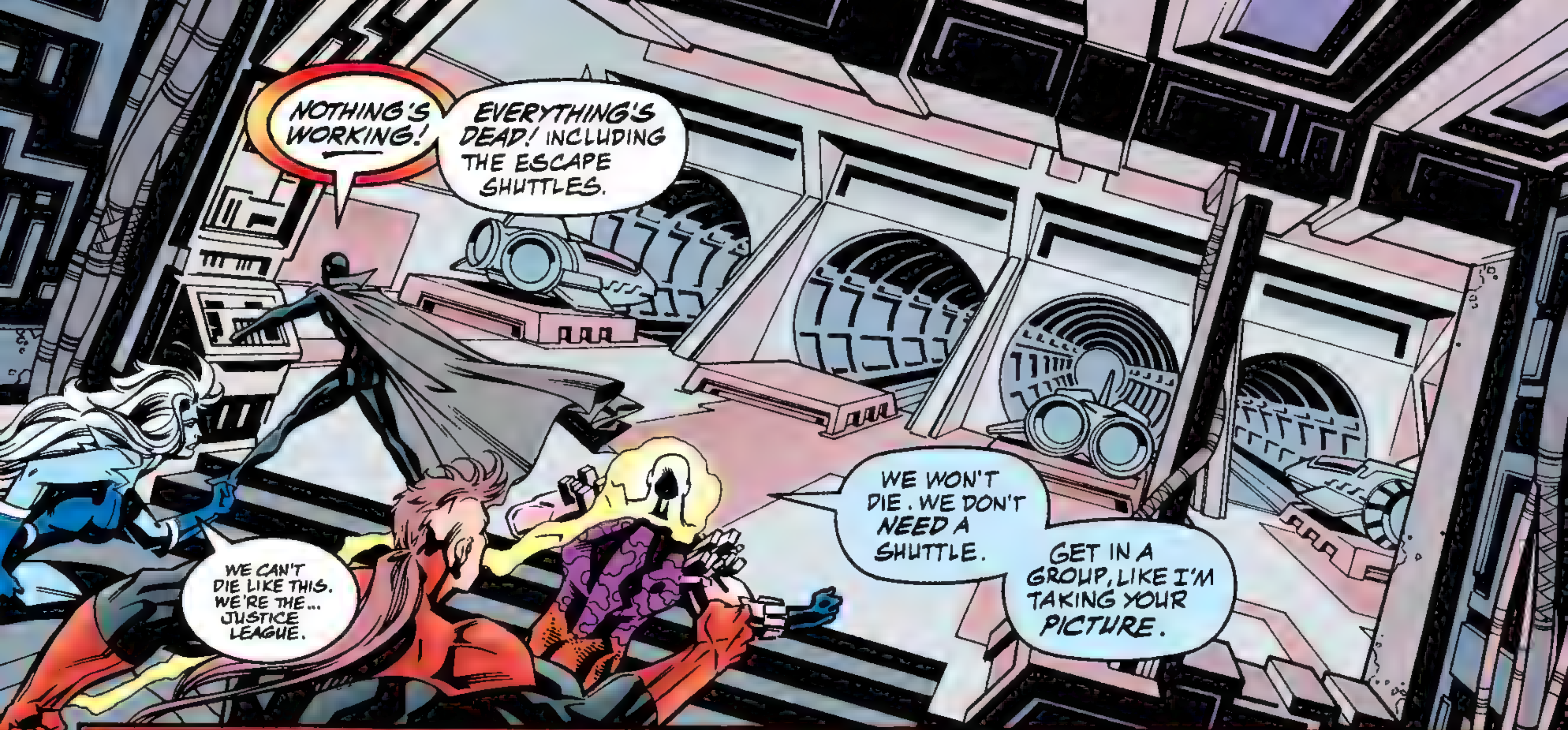
I CAN'T HANDLE THIS, IT'S LIKE PLAYING WITH THE BEATLES...

A BRIEF HISS OF AIR AS THE GREEN PLASMA SEALS AROUND HIM AND BEGINS TO PHOTOSYNTHESIZE OXYGEN, AND THEN THE DEAD SILENCE OF SPACE.



A SILENCE AS BIG AS EVERYTHING.





NOTHING'S WORKING!

EVERYTHING'S DEAD! INCLUDING THE ESCAPE SHUTTLES.

WE CAN'T DIE LIKE THIS. WE'RE THE... JUSTICE LEAGUE.

WE WON'T DIE. WE DON'T NEED A SHUTTLE.

GET IN A GROUP, LIKE I'M TAKING YOUR PICTURE.



SAY "CHEESE!"

REX?

HOLD ON A SECOND HERE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GENERATE ENOUGH OXYGEN TO KEEP YOU ALIVE BUT THIS IS GONNA BE ONE HELL OF A BUMPY RIDE, FOLKS.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS, REX.

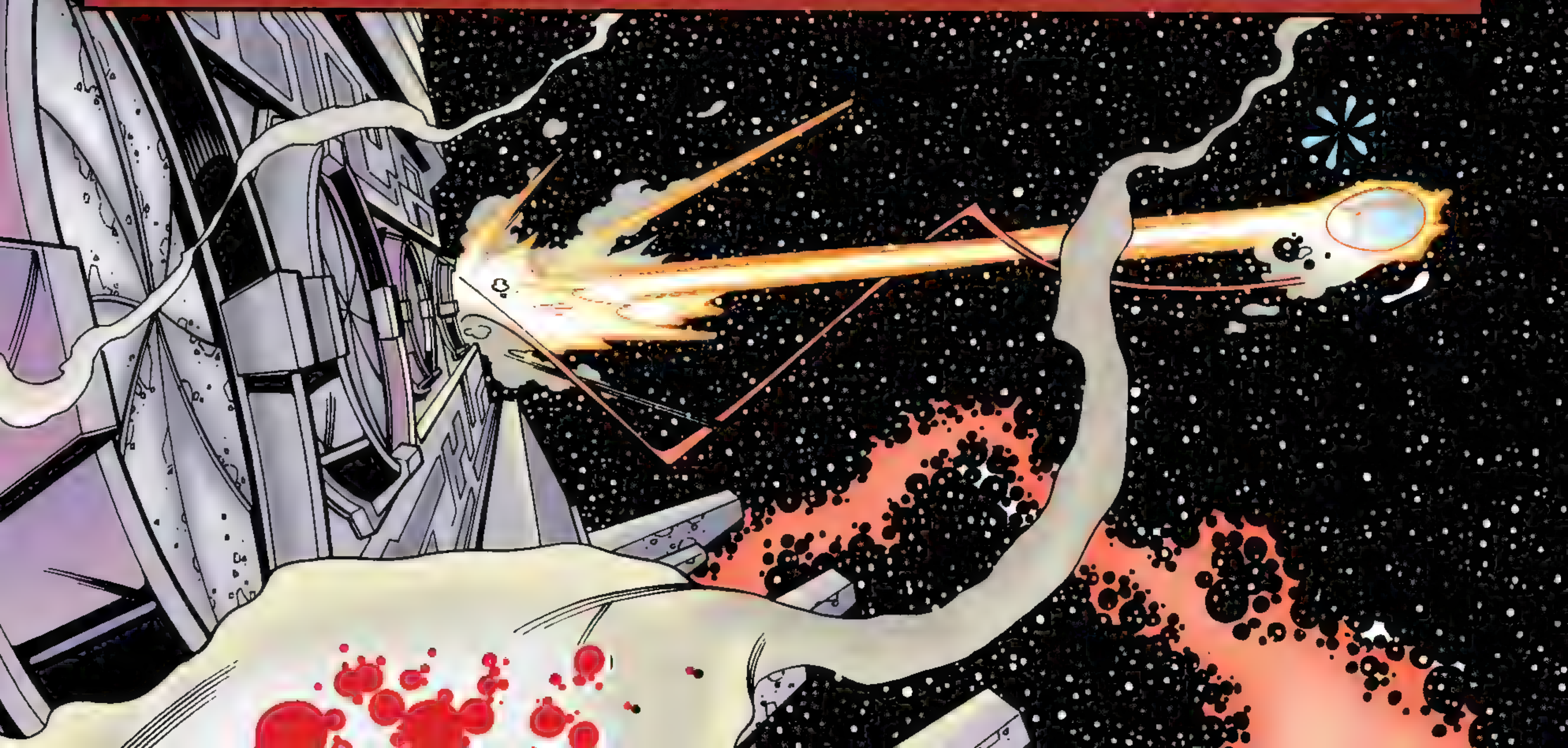
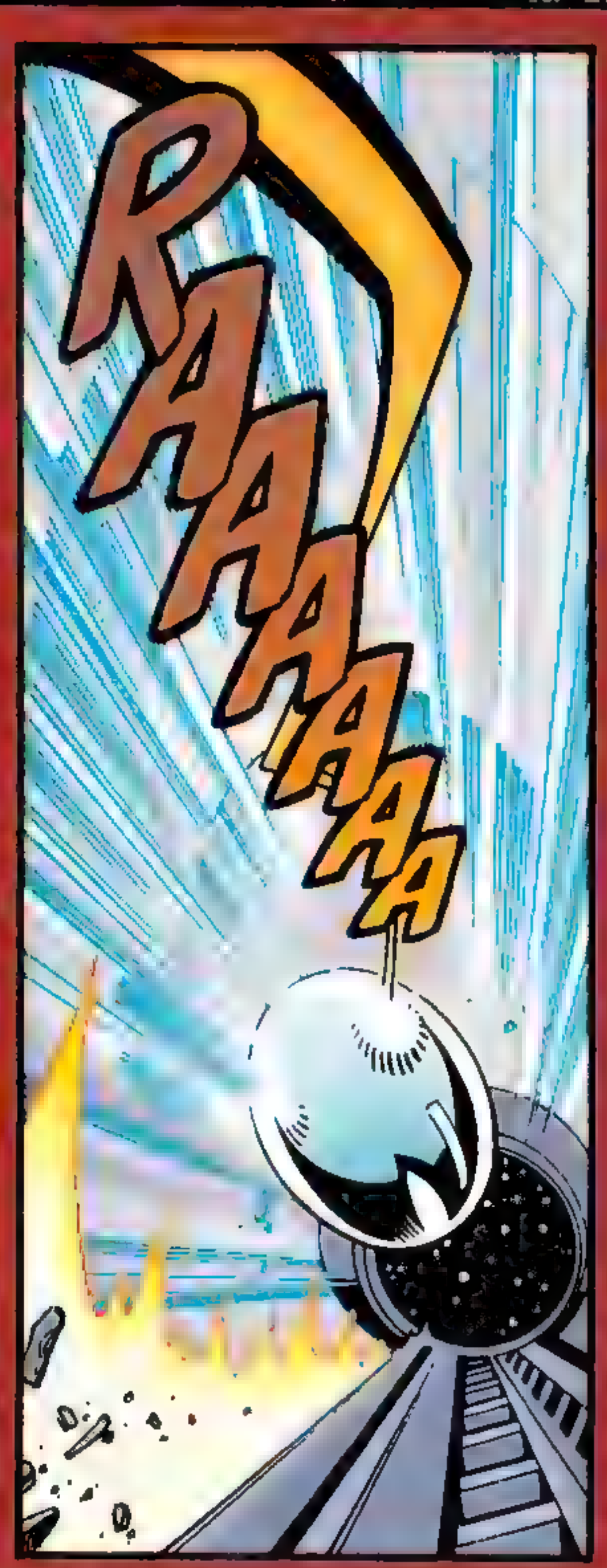
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HIT THE ATMOSPHERE? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND?



A CHEERLEADER YOU AIN'T, AL.

NOW SHUT UP AND HOLD TIGHT, WILLYA?

LET'S GO.

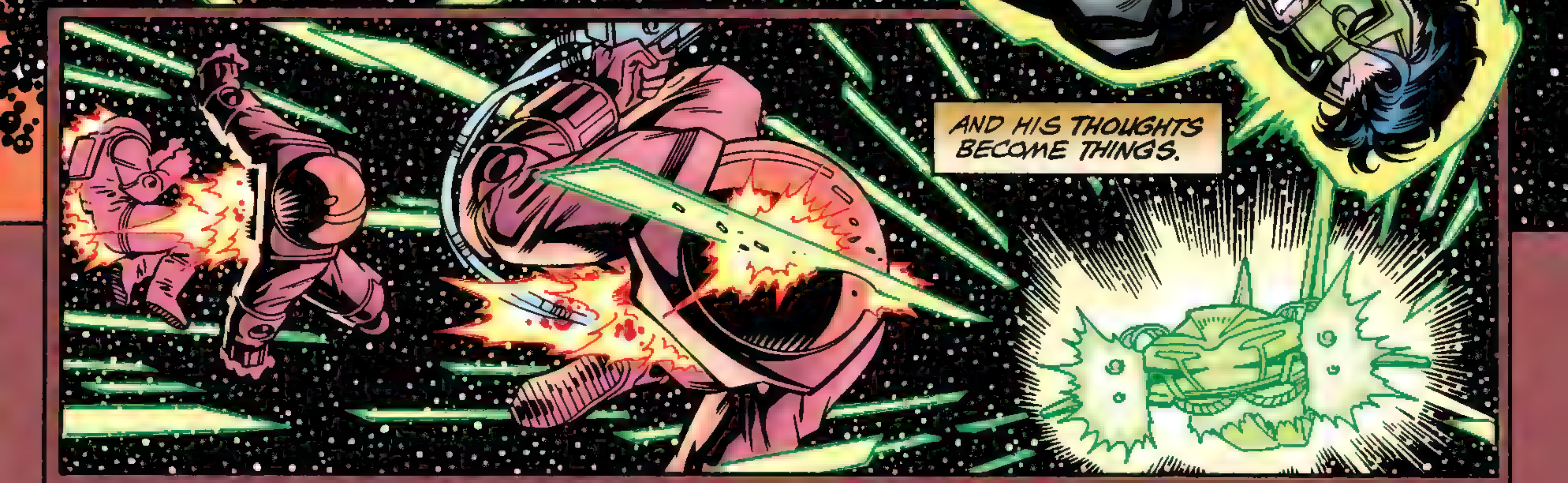


A large panel showing Green Lantern in a black and white suit with a green chest emblem, floating in space. He is surrounded by bright green and yellow energy beams. In the background, two smaller figures are visible: one with a pink, spiky head and another with a fiery head.

COOL GREEN PLASMA
FLOWS OVER HIS SKIN,
MAINTAINING HIS TEMPERATURE,
SIPHONING OFF SWEAT, MONI-
TORING MUSCLE TONE, REPEL-
LING MICRO-METEORITES.

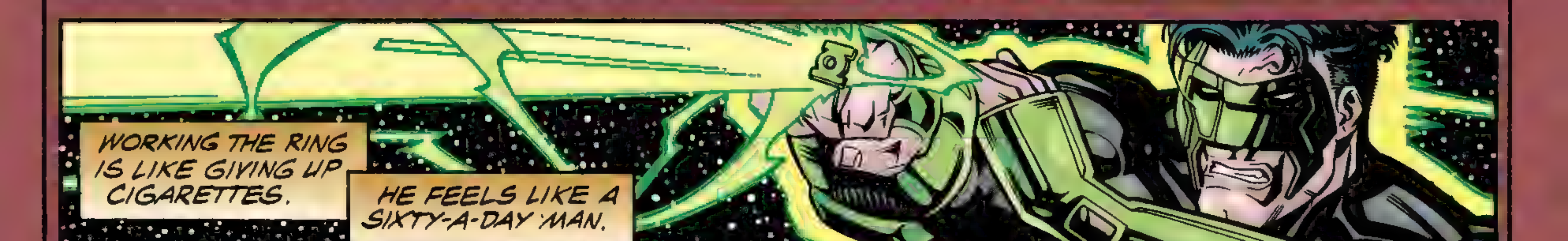
HE THINKS
GREEN THOUGHTS.

AND HIS THOUGHTS
BECOME THINGS.

A panel showing Green Lantern inside a large, circular, metallic ring. He is surrounded by bright green energy beams. The ring appears to be part of a larger structure, possibly a ship or a base.

WORKING THE RING
IS LIKE GIVING UP
CIGARETTES.

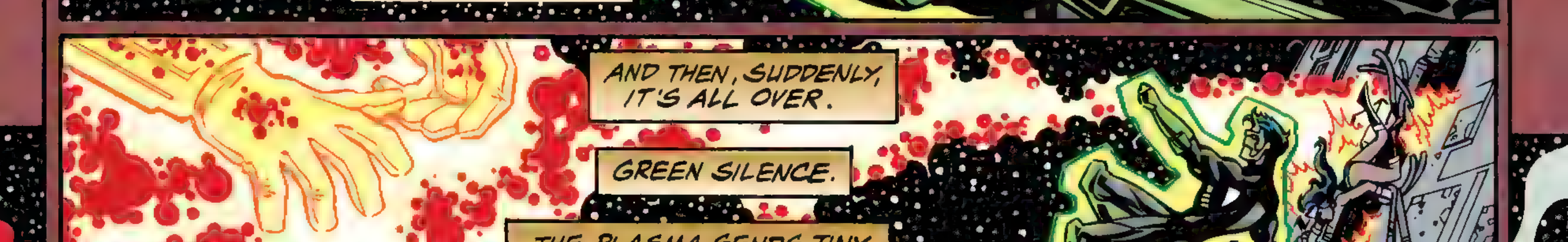
HE FEELS LIKE A
SIXTY-A-DAY MAN.

A panel showing Green Lantern inside a large, circular, metallic ring. He is surrounded by bright green energy beams. The ring appears to be part of a larger structure, possibly a ship or a base.

AND THEN, SUDDENLY,
IT'S ALL OVER.

GREEN SILENCE.

THE PLASMA SENDS TINY
ALARM SHOCKS THROUGH
HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM.

A panel showing Green Lantern inside a large, circular, metallic ring. He is surrounded by bright green energy beams. The ring appears to be part of a larger structure, possibly a ship or a base.

HE TURNS, SEES
HER MOUTHING
THE WORDS--
"GREAT HERA."

"GREAT HERA,"
SHE SAYS

A large panel showing Green Lantern in a black and white suit with a green chest emblem, floating in space. He is surrounded by bright green and yellow energy beams. In the background, two smaller figures are visible: one with a pink, spiky head and another with a fiery head.

"I CAN'T
HOLD IT!"

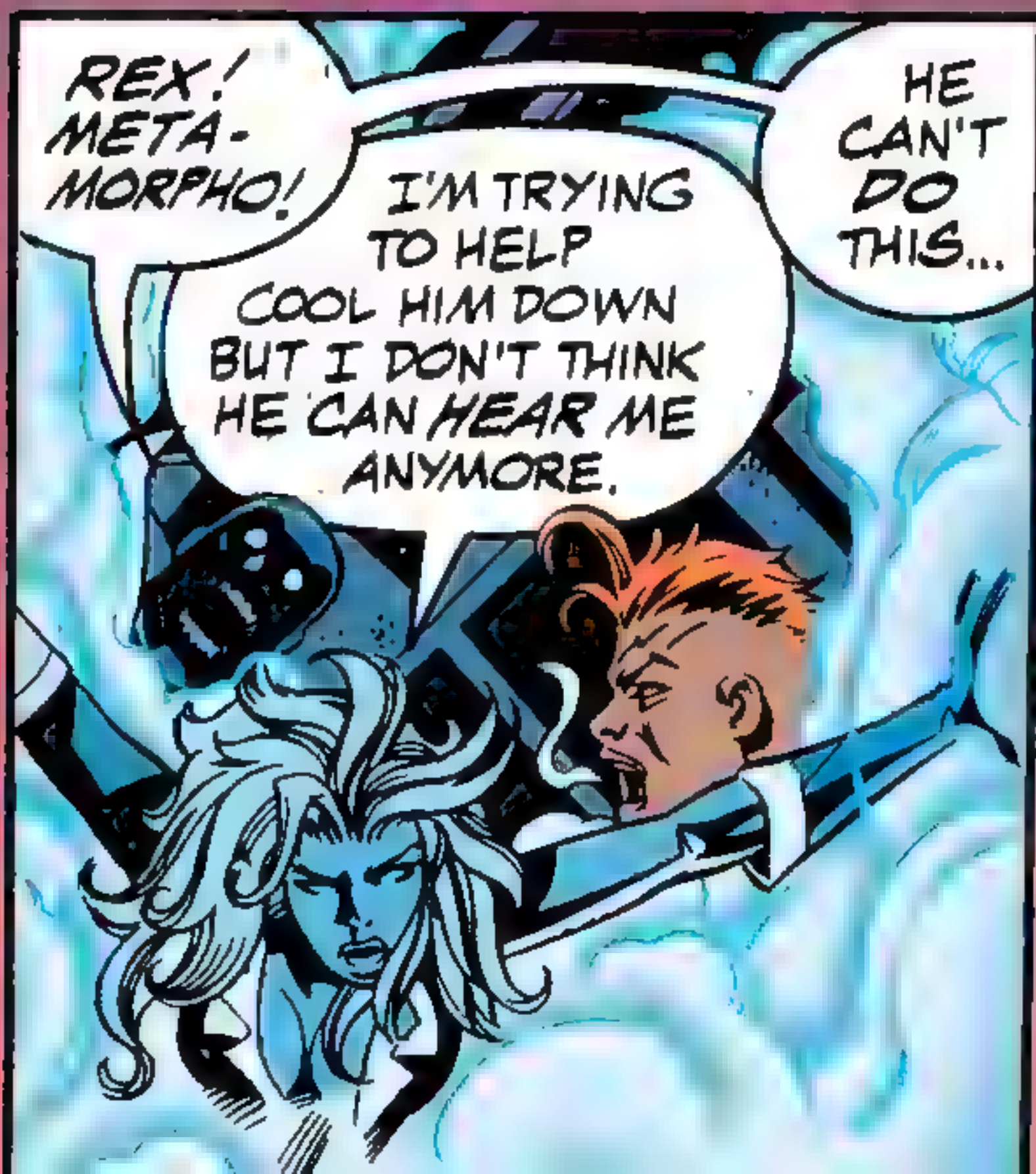


HE LIPREADS
HER SCREAMS,
"IT'S FALLING
APART!"

"IT'S FALLING
APART!"

FANTASTIC DEBRIS SPILLS INTO
THE DARKNESS; SPIRIT JARS, A
GIANT HOURGLASS, DEADLY
PLAYING CARDS, ALL THE TROPHIES
OF COUNTLESS FORGOTTEN
ADVENTURES, EMPTIED INTO A
WELL OF ENDLESS INK,

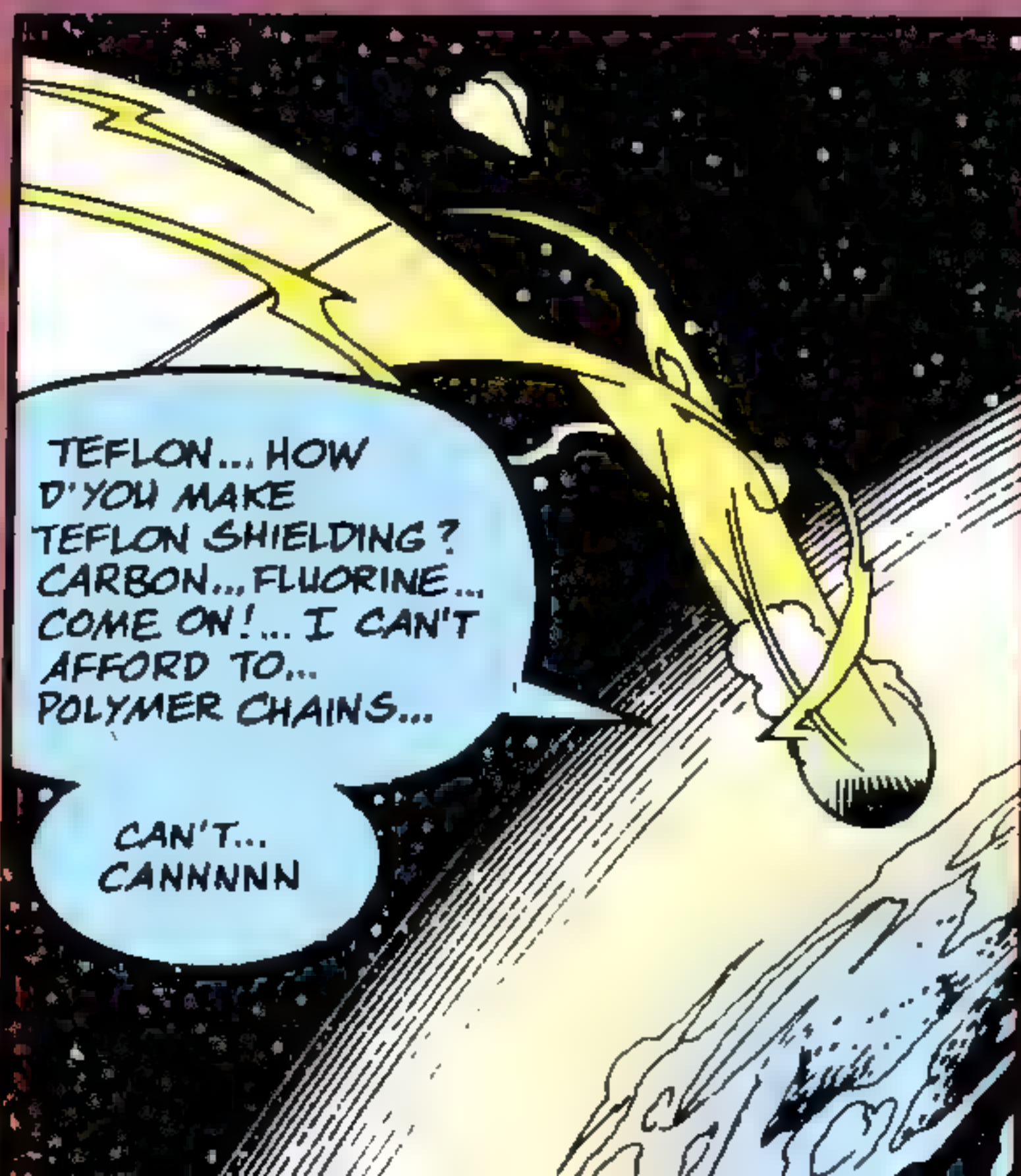
KANTAR RO'S
GAMMA GONG
SLICES OVERHEAD,
AND IS GONE.



REX!
META-
MORPHO!

I'M TRYING
TO HELP
COOL HIM DOWN
BUT I DON'T THINK
HE CAN HEAR ME
ANYMORE.

HE
CAN'T
DO
THIS...

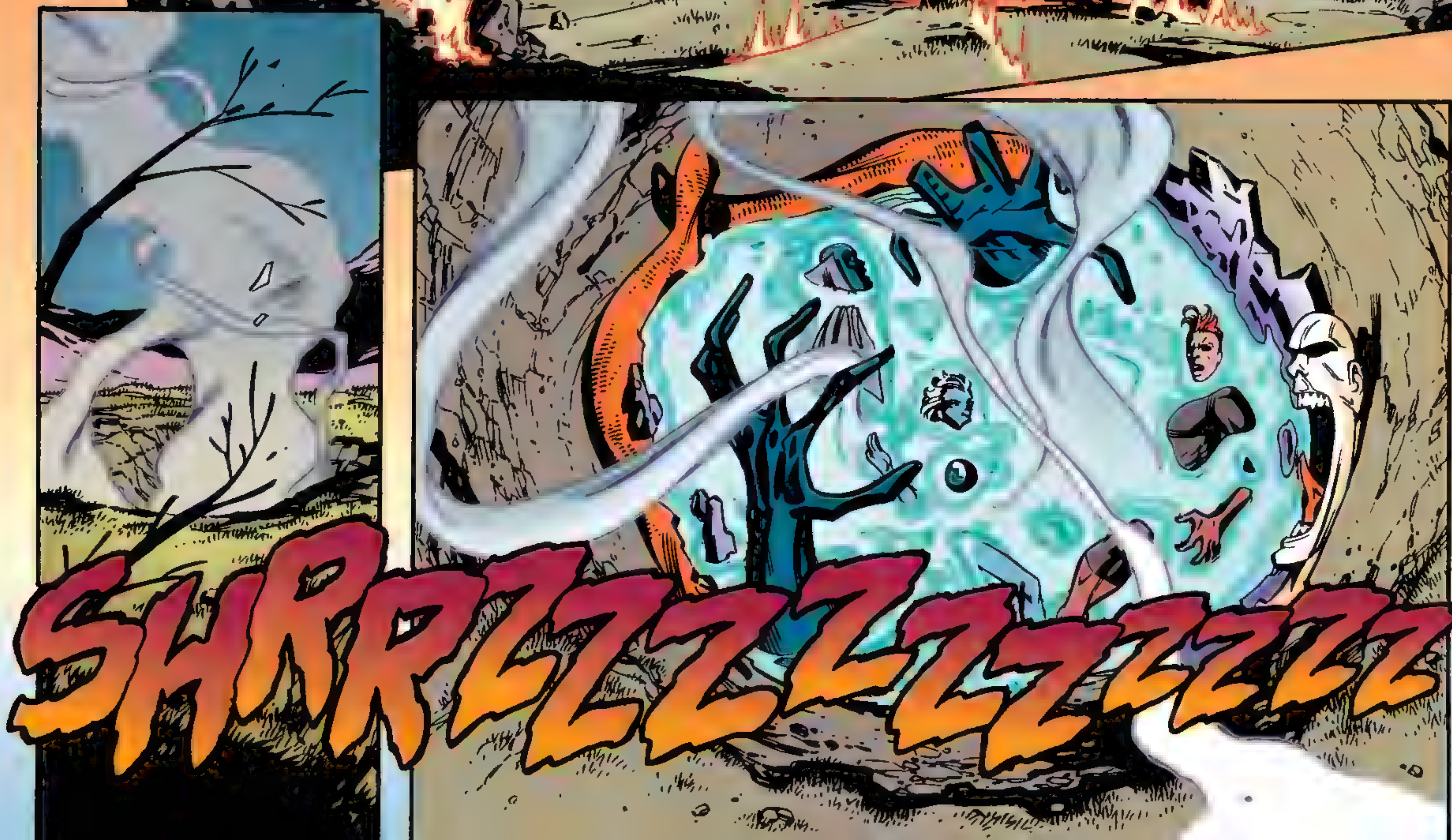
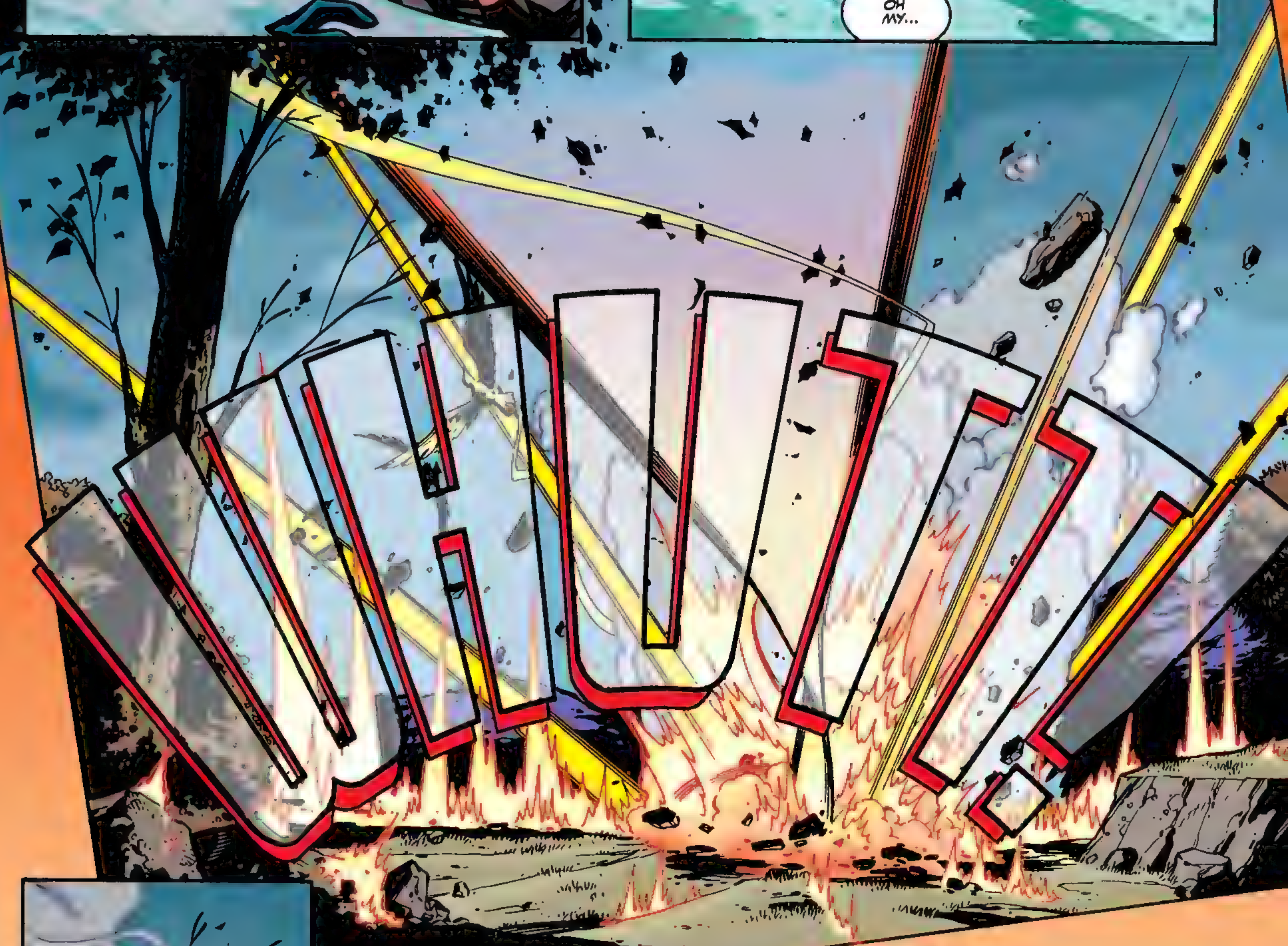


TEFLON... HOW
D'YOU MAKE
TEFLON SHIELDING?
CARBON... FLUORINE...
COME ON!... I CAN'T
AFFORD TO...
POLYMER CHAINS...

CAN'T...
CANNNNN

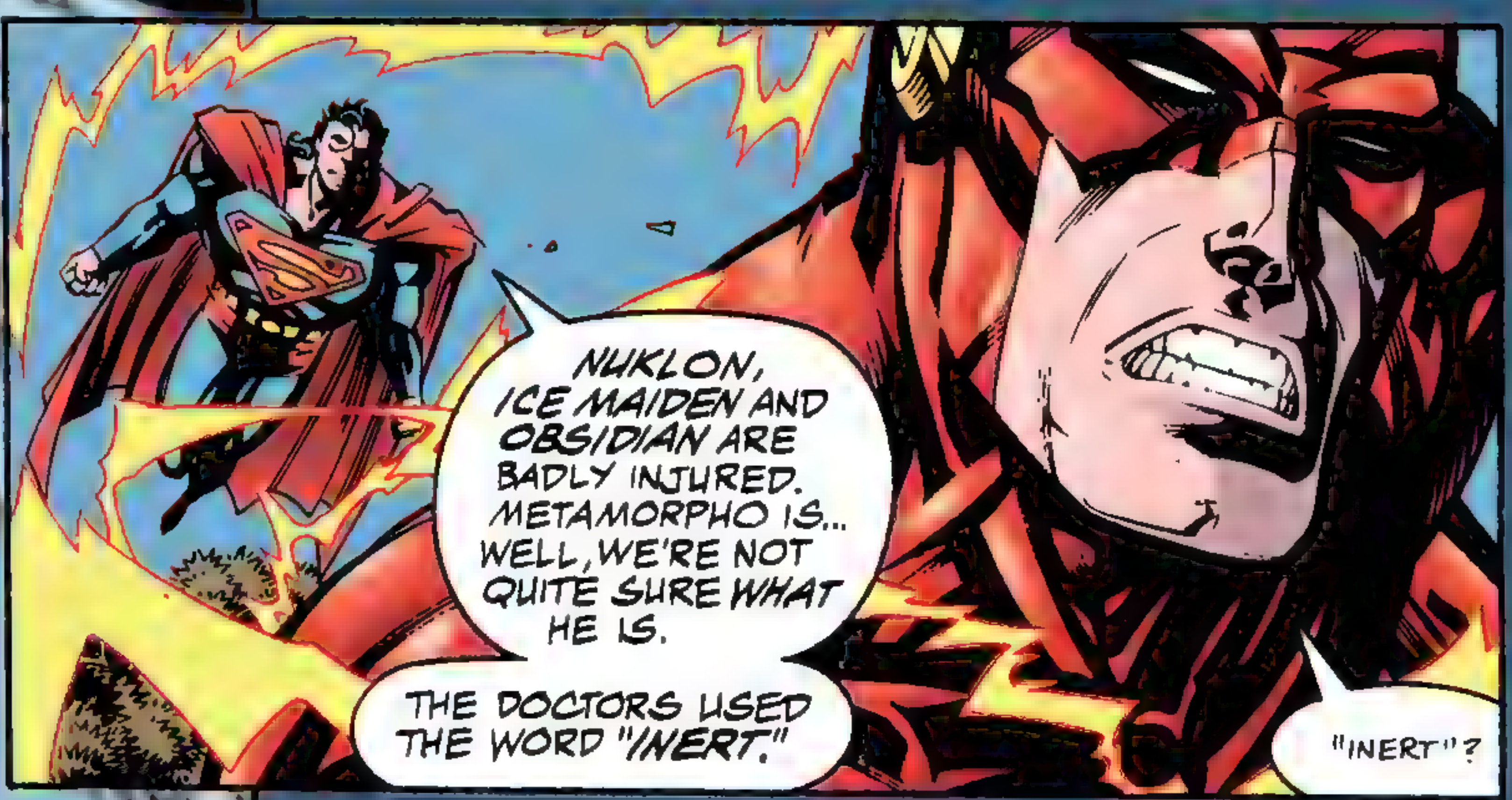


SSSSAAAPPHIRE!





IT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT.



NUKLON, ICE MAIDEN AND OBSIDIAN ARE BADLY INJURED. METAMORPHO IS... WELL, WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE WHAT HE IS.

THE DOCTORS USED THE WORD "INERT."

"INERT"?

I WENT WITH THEM TO THE HOSPITAL, THEN I ACTIVATED THE PRIORITY ALARM, THEN I MET YOU.

WAIT A MINUTE.

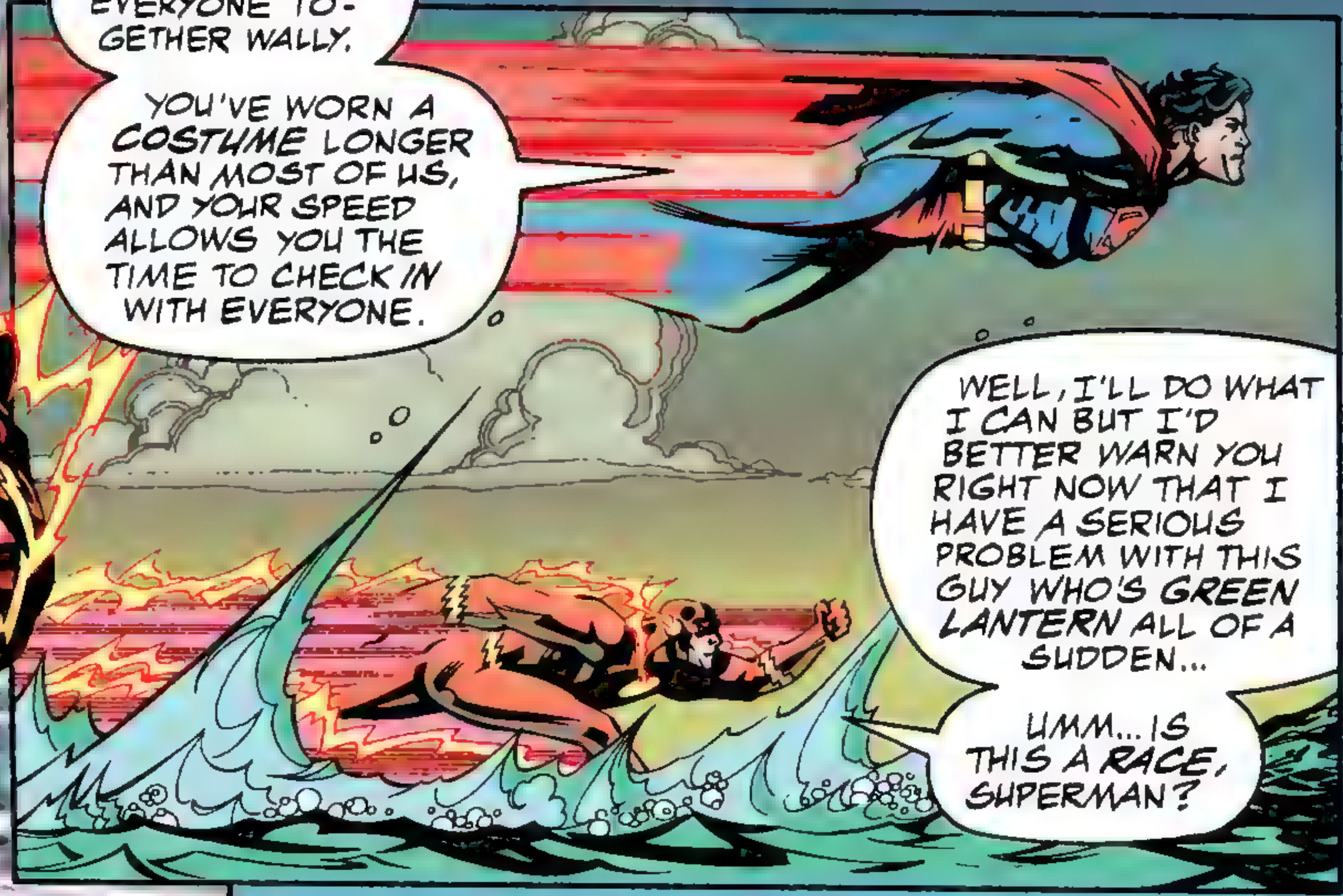
YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT METAMORPHO IS... WHAT EXACTLY?



WHUT THE...?

... COUNTING ON YOU TO KEEP EVERYONE TOGETHER WALLY.

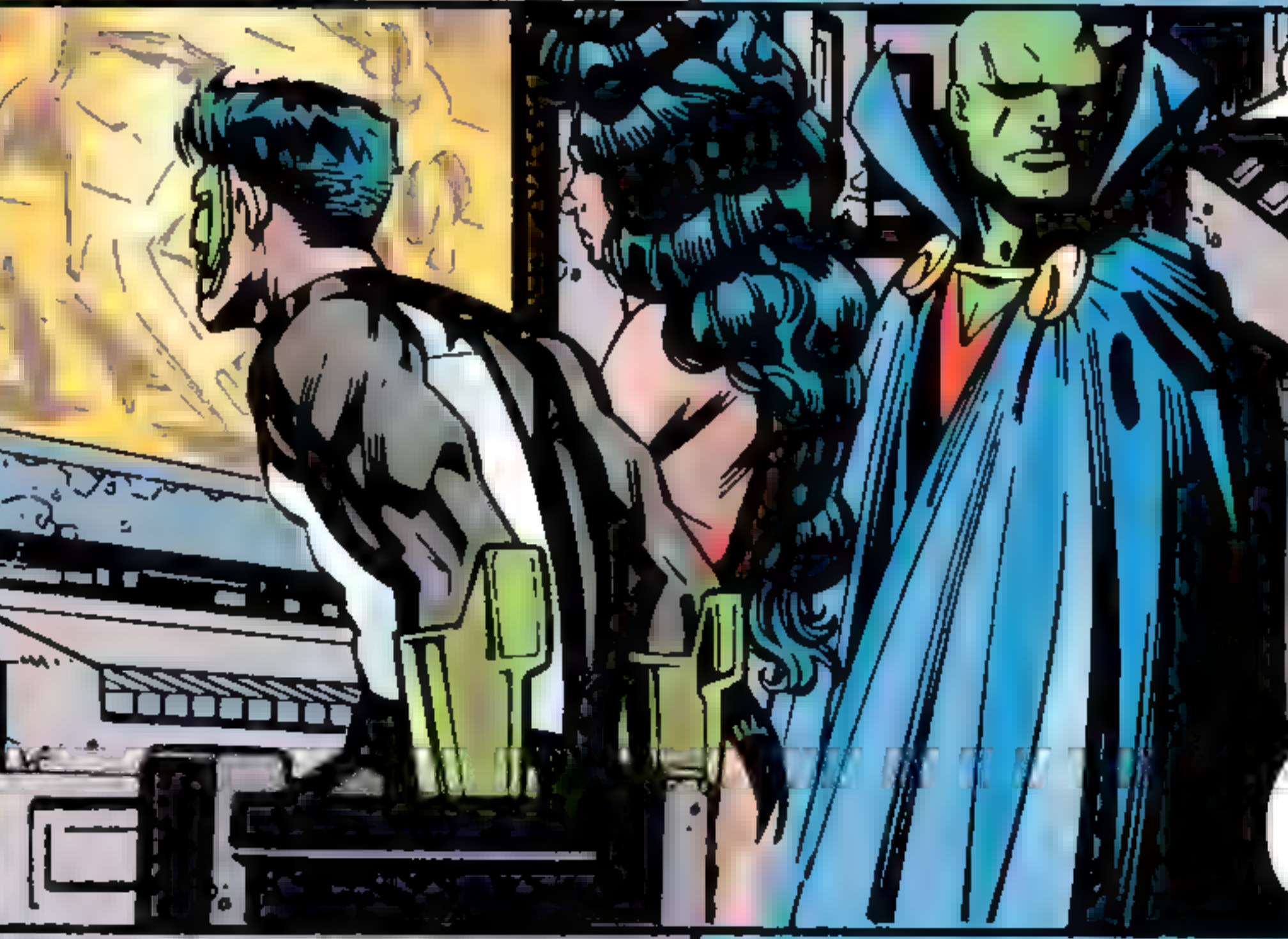
YOU'VE WORN A COSTUME LONGER THAN MOST OF US, AND YOUR SPEED ALLOWS YOU THE TIME TO CHECK IN WITH EVERYONE.



WELL, I'LL DO WHAT I CAN BUT I'D BETTER WARN YOU RIGHT NOW THAT I HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM WITH THIS GUY WHO'S GREEN LANTERN ALL OF A SUDDEN...

UMM... IS THIS A RACE, SUPERMAN?

...PUBLIC OPINION SWINGS ONCE MORE AGAINST THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, IN SPITE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ITS SATELLITE HEAD-QUARTERS IN WHAT WAS DESCRIBED AS A "MYSTERY EXPLOSION!"



FLASH!

HI, J'ONN.

DID YOU HEAR THIS ABOUT METAMORPHO?



IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THE MAN IN THE STREET IS MORE INCENSED BY THE IMPLICATION THAT THE HYPERCLAN MAY HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN THE DISASTER.

PROTEX, NAMED "THE SEXIEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE" BY READERS OF THE SUNDAY PLANET MAGAZINE, SPOKE EXCLUSIVELY TO WGBS.

"THE JUSTICE LEAGUE SEEMS HELLBENT ON MANUFACTURING A CONFRONTATION.

"I PRAY IT NEEDN'T COME TO THAT.

"I WOULD RATHER WE WERE ALLIES IN THE SERVICE OF THIS WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE."

HE'S LYING NOW.

I CAN'T HELP THINKING, "WHAT IF THEY'RE RIGHT?" WHAT IF WE HAVEN'T DONE ENOUGH?

THEY'VE TAKEN LIVES, THEY'VE CREATED SUPERFICIAL DISPLAYS OF POWER...

UH... IS EVERYBODY IN?

AQUAMAN HASN'T RESPONDED. WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR BATMAN.

NO SURPRISES THE...

I'M HERE.

I'VE BEEN HERE FOR AN HOUR.

DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE IT, BUT GOTHAM'S BEEN... QUIET.

MORNING, EVERYONE.

I SPOKE TO PROTEX LAST NIGHT. HE DENIED ANY HYPERCLAN INVOLVEMENT IN WHAT HAPPENED. HE WAS LYING.

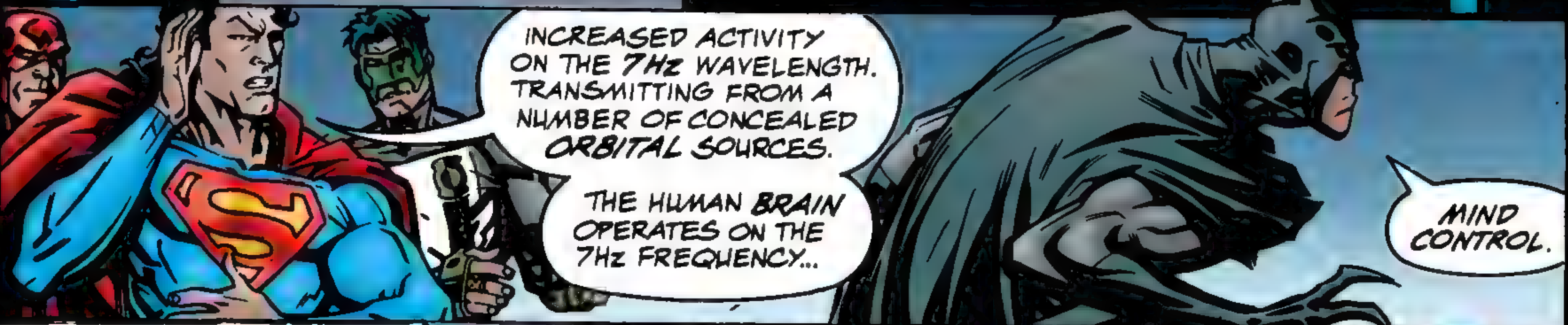


STRANGE. I DIDN'T HEAR YOUR HEARTBEAT.

HH!
GADGET WORKED.

ARE YOU ABLE TO DETECT MICROWAVES, SUPERMAN?

NO PROBLEM.



INCREASED ACTIVITY ON THE 7HZ WAVELENGTH. TRANSMITTING FROM A NUMBER OF CONCEALED ORBITAL SOURCES.

THE HUMAN BRAIN OPERATES ON THE 7HZ FREQUENCY...

MIND CONTROL.

THIS IS A PLANNED INVASION. WE'RE FACING AN UNKNOWN, IMMENSELY POWERFUL ENEMY. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY THERE ARE AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT.

FIRST BLOOD GOES TO THEM BUT NOW IT'S OUR TURN.

MY SUGGESTION IS *THIS*: WE MAKE PLANS, WE MOVE FAST AND WE HIT HARD.



THIS IS WAR!





JLA #2

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY HOWARD PORTER, WITH INKS

BY JOHN DELL AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY

The Day The EARTH Stood Still

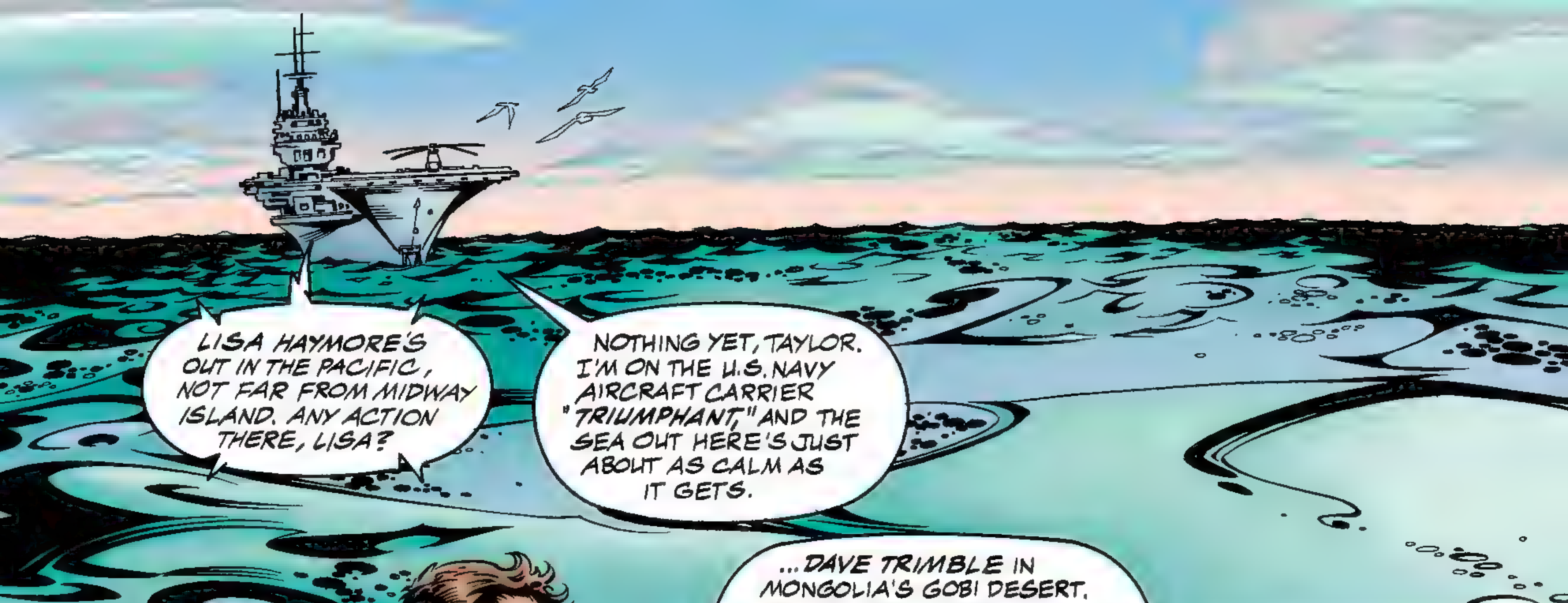
THIS IS TAYLOR MILLS, *WGBS NEWS*, REPORTING FROM THE COLDEST PLACE I'VE EVER BEEN.

WE'RE HERE, WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD'S MEDIA, IN THE *ANTARCTIC* ICE FIELDS. THE STRUCTURE YOU SEE BEHIND ME IS THE GLOBAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE *HYPERCLAN*.

THESE ALIEN SUPERHEROES HAVE CAPTURED THE HEARTS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MIRACULOUS FEATS. *PROTEX*, THE LEADER, HAS PROMISED ANOTHER FANTASTIC DISPLAY TODAY AND THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THREE LOCATIONS WHERE THE *HYPERCLAN* INTEND TO WORK THEIR MAGIC.

LET'S CHECK IN WITH THE *OTHERS* WHILE WE'RE WAITING TO SEE JUST WHAT THE ALIEN TEAM HAS IN STORE FOR AN EAGER PUBLIC THIS TIME.





LISA HAYMORE'S
OUT IN THE PACIFIC,
NOT FAR FROM MIDWAY
ISLAND. ANY ACTION
THERE, LISA?

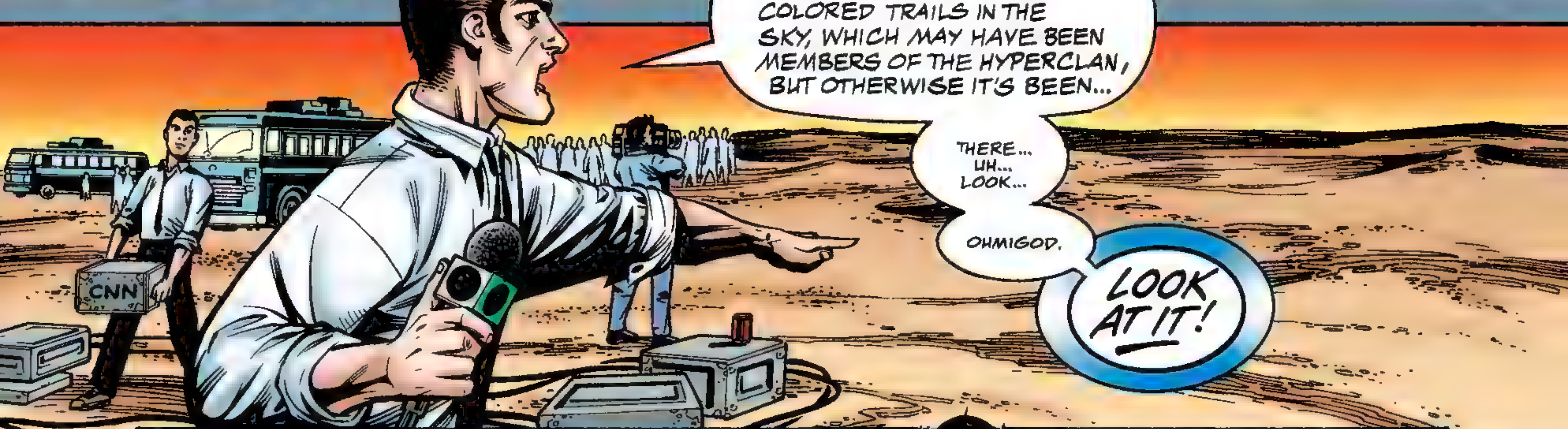
NOTHING YET, TAYLOR.
I'M ON THE U.S. NAVY
AIRCRAFT CARRIER
"TRIUMPHANT," AND THE
SEA OUT HERE'S JUST
ABOUT AS CALM AS
IT GETS.

... DAVE TRIMBLE IN
MONGOLIA'S GOBI DESERT.
WE DID SEE A COUPLE OF
COLORED TRAILS IN THE
SKY, WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN
MEMBERS OF THE HYPERCLAN,
BUT OTHERWISE IT'S BEEN...

THERE...
UH...
LOOK...

OHMIGOD.

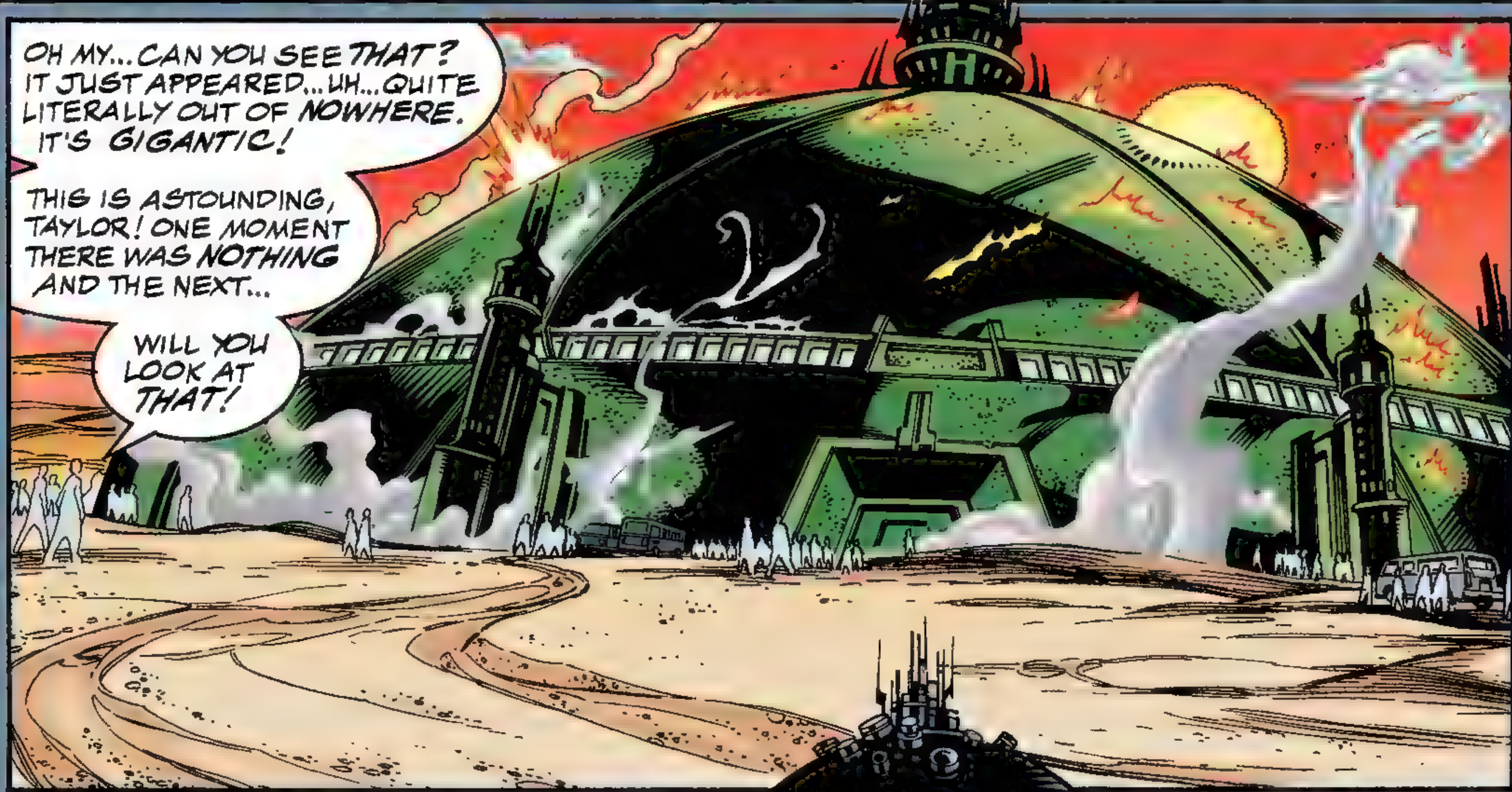
**LOOK
AT IT!**



OH MY... CAN YOU SEE THAT?
IT JUST APPEARED... UH... QUITE
LITERALLY OUT OF NOWHERE.
IT'S GIGANTIC!

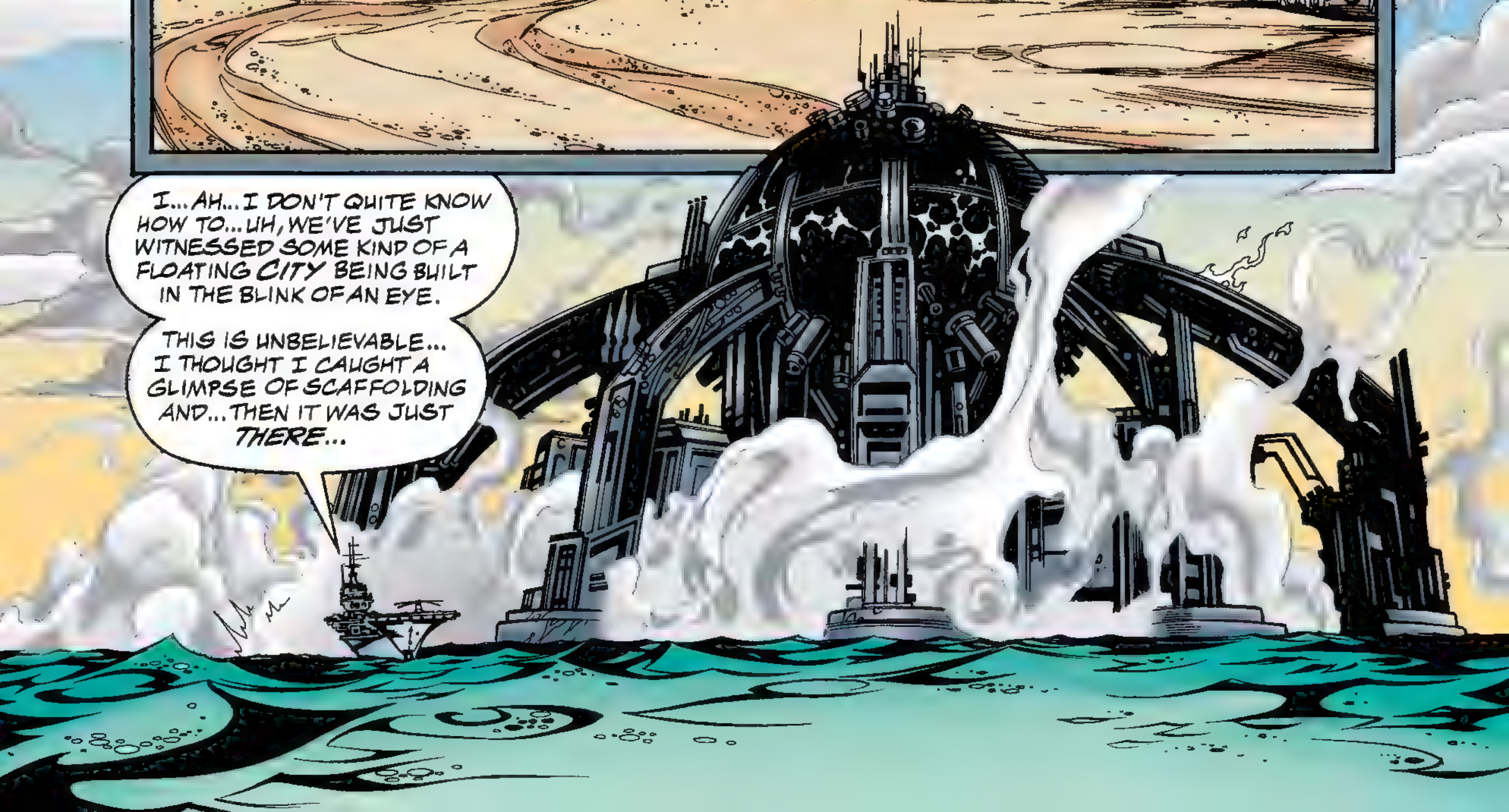
THIS IS ASTOUNDING,
TAYLOR! ONE MOMENT
THERE WAS NOTHING
AND THE NEXT...

WILL YOU
LOOK AT
THAT!



I... AH... I DON'T QUITE KNOW
HOW TO... UH, WE'VE JUST
WITNESSED SOME KIND OF A
FLOATING CITY BEING BUILT
IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE...
I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A
GLIMPSE OF SCAFFOLDING
AND... THEN IT WAS JUST
THERE...





I'M GOING TO HAVE TO STOP YOU RIGHT THERE, LISA, BECAUSE **THREE** OF THE **HYPER-CLAN** HAVE JUST JOINED US HERE.

SORRY TO KEEP YOU ALL WAITING.



JUST A SMILE FOR THE CAMERAS, PRIMAID!

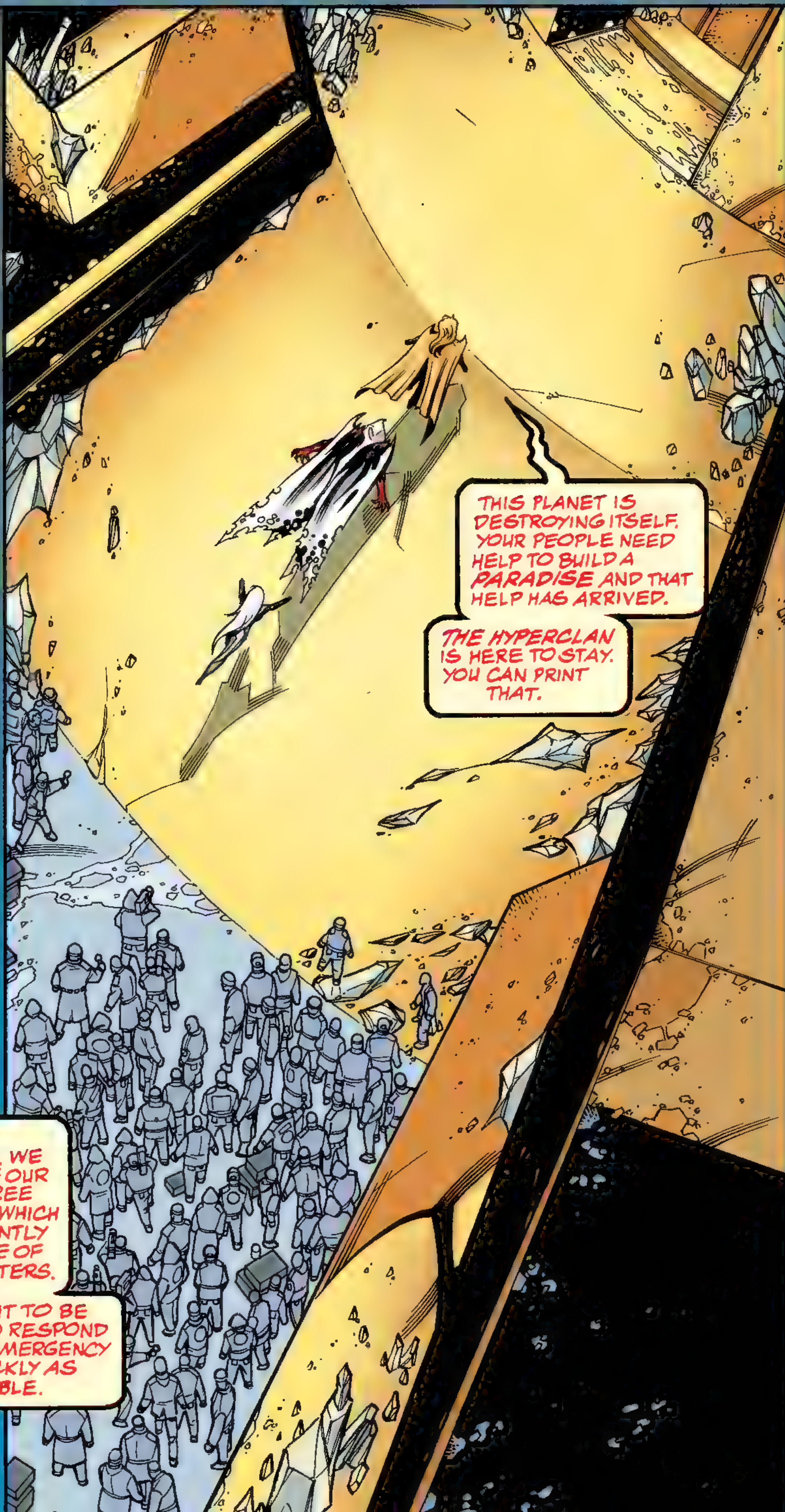
PROTEX! CAN YOU TELL US THE PURPOSE OF THESE STRUCTURES?

ARE YOU CONSIDERING PLASTIC SURGERY, A-MORTAL?

NO COMMENT

CALL THEM **WATCHTOWERS**. WE INTEND TO DIVIDE OUR FORCES INTO **THREE** GROUPS, EACH OF WHICH WILL BE PERMANENTLY STATIONED IN ONE OF THESE HEADQUARTERS.

WE WANT TO BE ABLE TO RESPOND TO ANY EMERGENCY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.



THIS PLANET IS DESTROYING ITSELF. YOUR PEOPLE NEED HELP TO BUILD A **PARADISE** AND THAT HELP HAS ARRIVED.

THE **HYPERCLAN** IS HERE TO STAY. YOU CAN PRINT THAT.



THE FLYING SAUCER
OVER WASHINGTON IS
SOME KIND OF SOPHISTICATED
PROTECTION, AS
YOU SUSPECTED, BATMAN.

WELL?

WE COULDN'T
FIND ANY SIGN
OF THE ORBITAL
MIND CONTROL
TRANSMITTERS.

I TRIED
SCANNING WITH THE
RING BUT IT'S LIKE
THE TRANSMISSIONS
ARE COMING OUT OF
NOWHERE.

IT DOESN'T MATTER;
THEY JUST SET UP THREE
EARTH STATIONS, PUMPING
OUT "HATE THE JUSTICE
LEAGUE" AND OTHER
GOLDEN OLDIES 24
HOURS A DAY.



SO BASICALLY WE STILL DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THESE GUYS EXCEPT THAT THEY HAVE, LIKE, SUPERMAN'S POWERS AND THEY'VE TURNED THE WHOLE WORLD AGAINST US IN A FEW DAYS.

WHAT'S THE PLAN, BATMAN?

J'ONN?

WE DO WHAT WE ALWAYS DO; DIVIDE OUR FORCES AND INVESTIGATE THE THREAT. DESTROY THEIR TRANSMISSION FACILITIES IF NEED BE.

I SUGGEST BATMAN AND SUPERMAN TRAVEL TO THE ANT-ARCTIC NERVE CENTER --

AND PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC, WONDER WOMAN.



FINE.

SO WHAT ABOUT ME?

SHOULDN'T I BE GOING WITH HER?

YOU AND FLASH CAN ACCOMPANY ME TO THE GOBI DESERT.



RUNNER'S WORLD

POFFT

GREAT.

GOOD CHOICES, J'ONN.



TRY TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY, GREEN LANTERN.

WONDER WOMAN

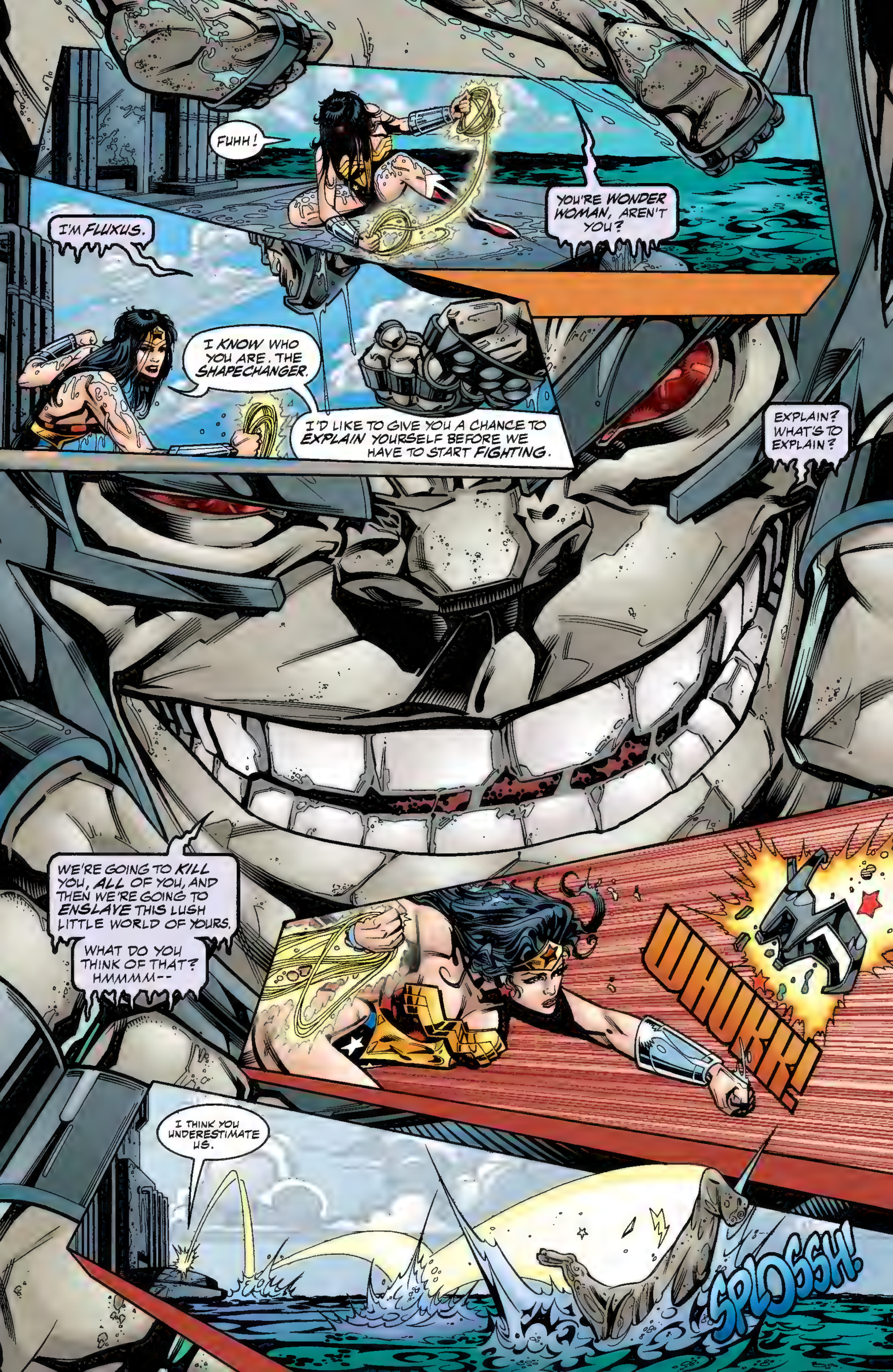
THE TRIP FROM RHODE ISLAND TO THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE TAKES HER JUST OVER AN HOUR AT THE SPEED OF HERMES-- CURRENTLY MACH THREE.

SHE'S THINKING, OF ALL THINGS, ABOUT THE CORIOLIS FORCE WHICH CAUSES WATER IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE TO DRAIN IN A CLOCKWISE DIRECTION.

LIFE IS FULL OF STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

THAT'S WHEN SHE NOTICES THE WHIRLPOOL BELOW, SPINNING COUNTERCLOCKWISE.

FOOSH



FUHH!

I'M FLUXUS.

YOU'RE WONDER
WOMAN, AREN'T
YOU?

I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE. THE
SHAPECHANGER.

I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO
EXPLAIN YOURSELF BEFORE WE
HAVE TO START FIGHTING.

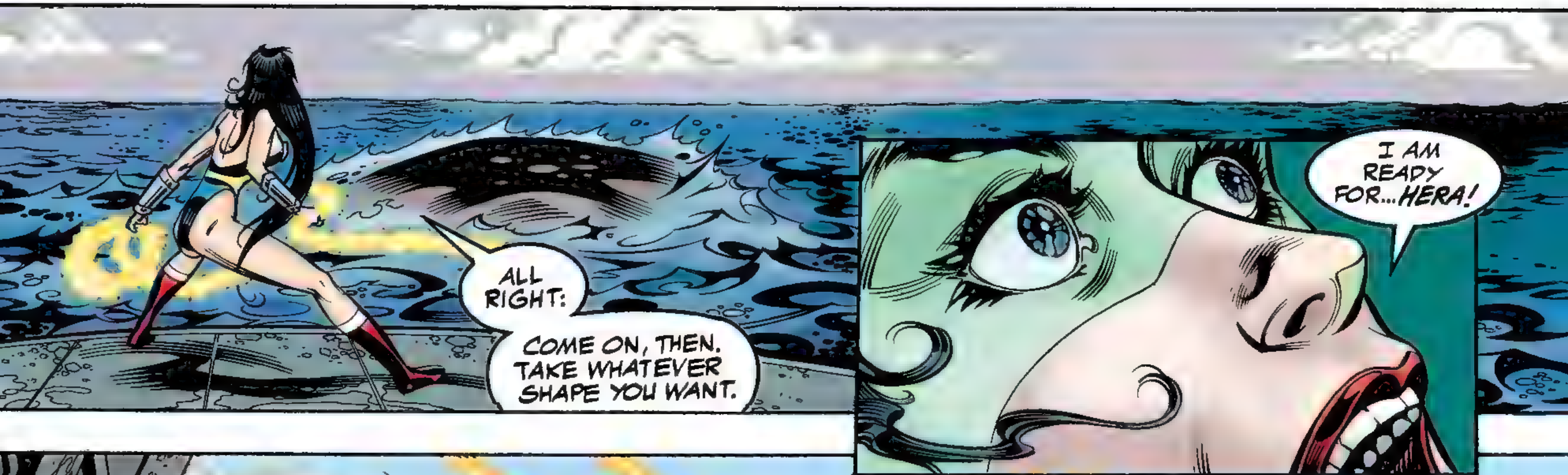
EXPLAIN?
WHAT'S TO
EXPLAIN?

WE'RE GOING TO KILL
YOU, ALL OF YOU, AND
THEN WE'RE GOING TO
ENSLAVE THIS LUSH
LITTLE WORLD OF YOURS.

WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THAT?
HMMMM--

I THINK YOU
UNDERESTIMATE
US.

GROOSH!





WELL, THE READER'S DIGEST VERSION HAS AN ALIEN SUPERTeam ABOUT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD, AQUAMAN.

DID YOU NOT HEAR THE JUSTICE LEAGUE ALARM?

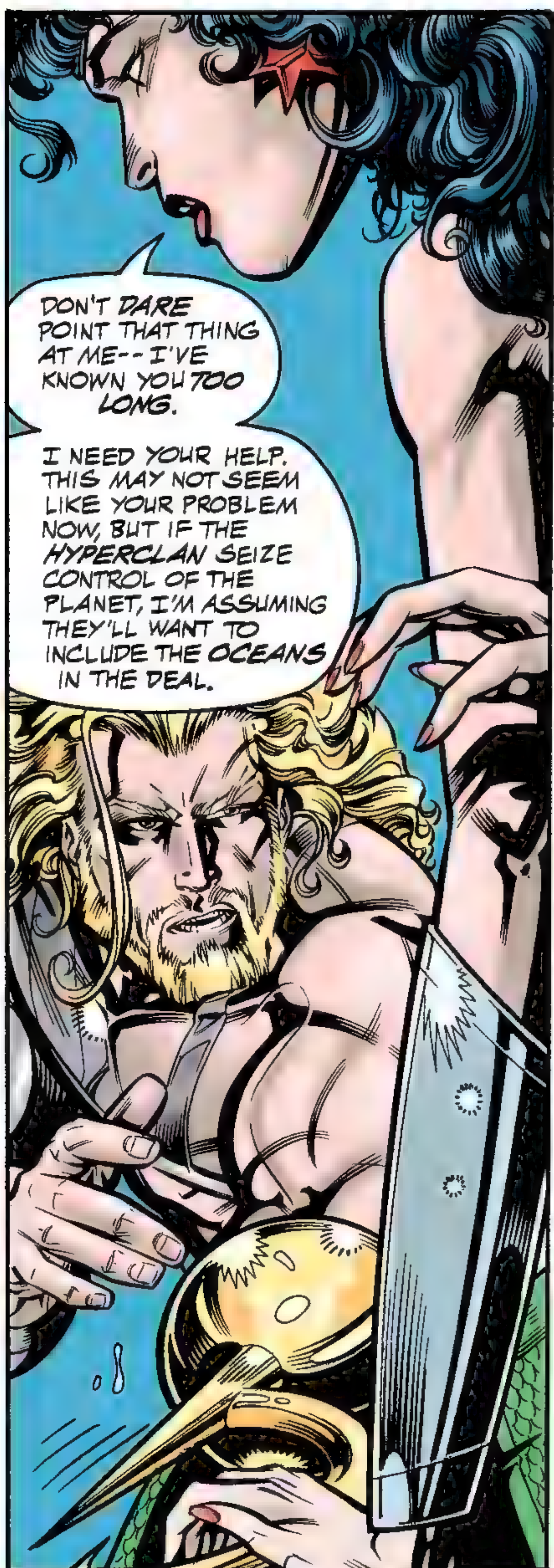
I HEARD IT. I IGNORED IT.

I HAVE NO INTEREST IN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OR ITS BUSINESS. HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU PEOPLE BEFORE IT SINKS IN?

UNDER-
STAND?

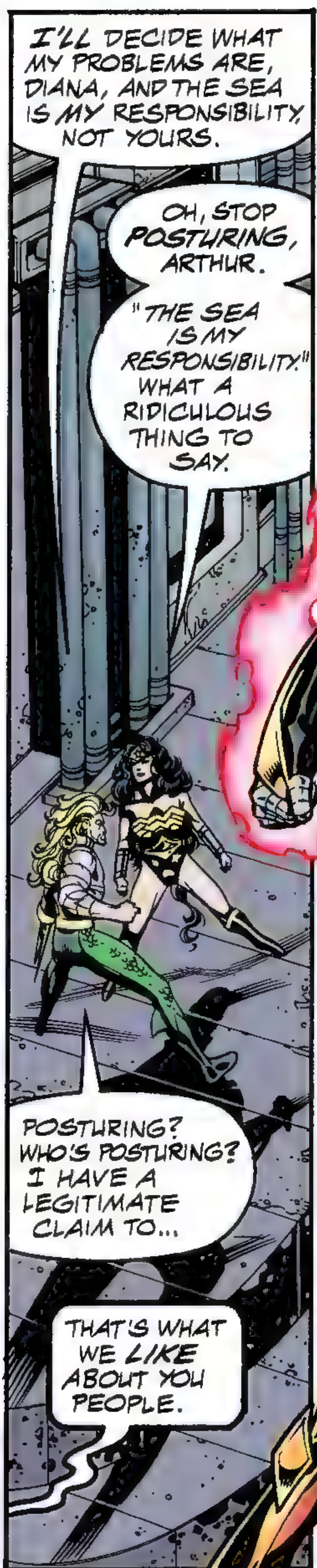
I DON'T NEED YOU HERE. I DON'T WANT YOU HERE. IF THERE'S A PROBLEM, I'LL DEAL WITH IT.

YES. AND THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'D BETTER UNDERSTAND.



DON'T DARE POINT THAT THING AT ME-- I'VE KNOWN YOU TOO LONG.

I NEED YOUR HELP. THIS MAY NOT SEEM LIKE YOUR PROBLEM NOW, BUT IF THE HYPERCLAN SEIZE CONTROL OF THE PLANET, I'M ASSUMING THEY'LL WANT TO INCLUDE THE OCEANS IN THE DEAL.



I'LL DECIDE WHAT MY PROBLEMS ARE, DIANA, AND THE SEA IS MY RESPONSIBILITY, NOT YOURS.

OH, STOP POSTURING, ARTHUR.

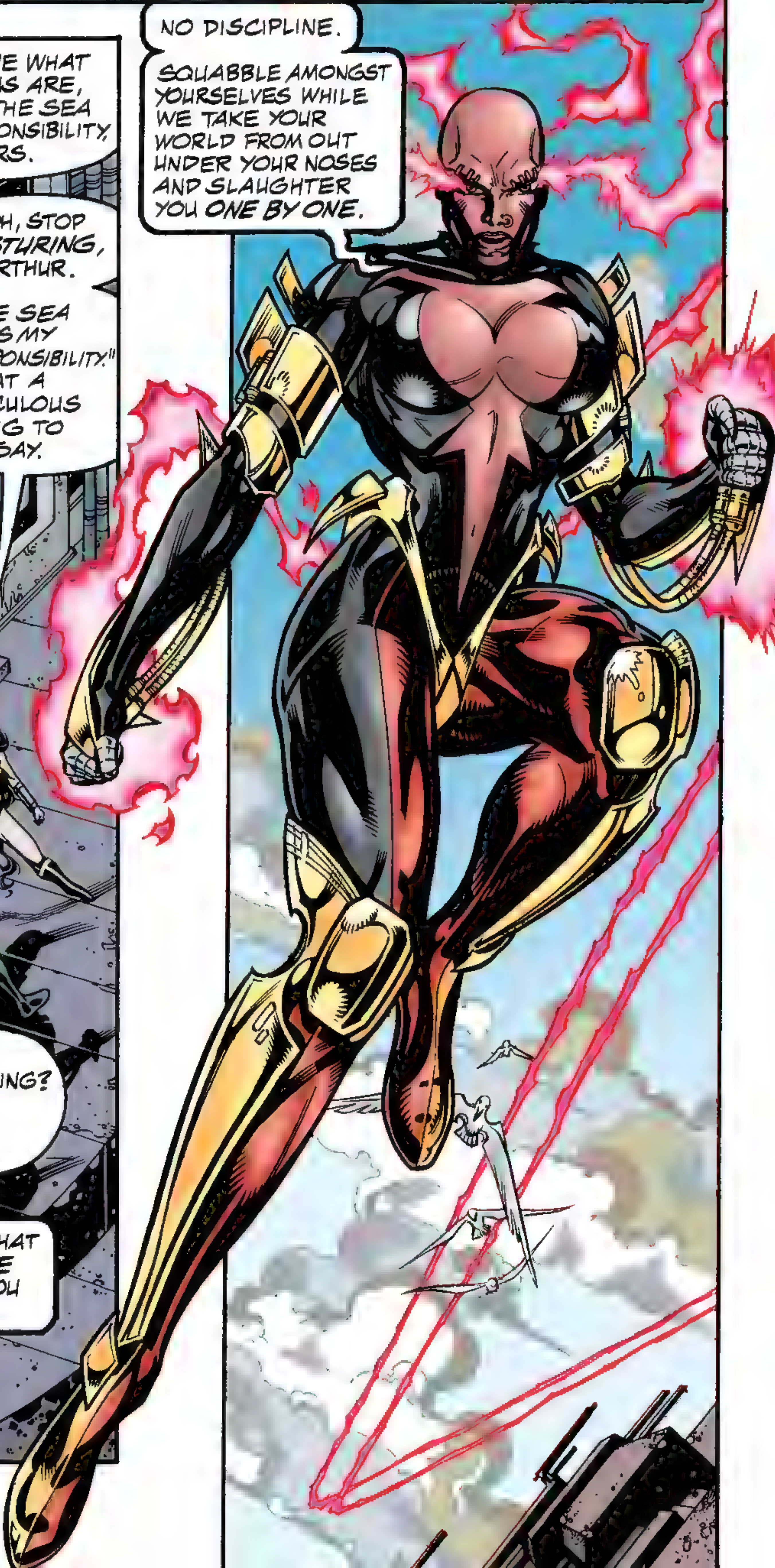
"THE SEA IS MY RESPONSIBILITY." WHAT A RIDICULOUS THING TO SAY.

POSTURING? WHO'S POSTURING? I HAVE A LEGITIMATE CLAIM TO...

THAT'S WHAT WE LIKE ABOUT YOU PEOPLE.

NO DISCIPLINE.

SQUABBLE AMONGST YOURSELVES WHILE WE TAKE YOUR WORLD FROM OUT UNDER YOUR NOSES AND SLAUGHTER YOU ONE BY ONE.





I'LL DEAL WITH TRONIX, YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN TO STOP THIS STATION TRANSMITTING...

WHAT?
LOOK, I DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM ANY...

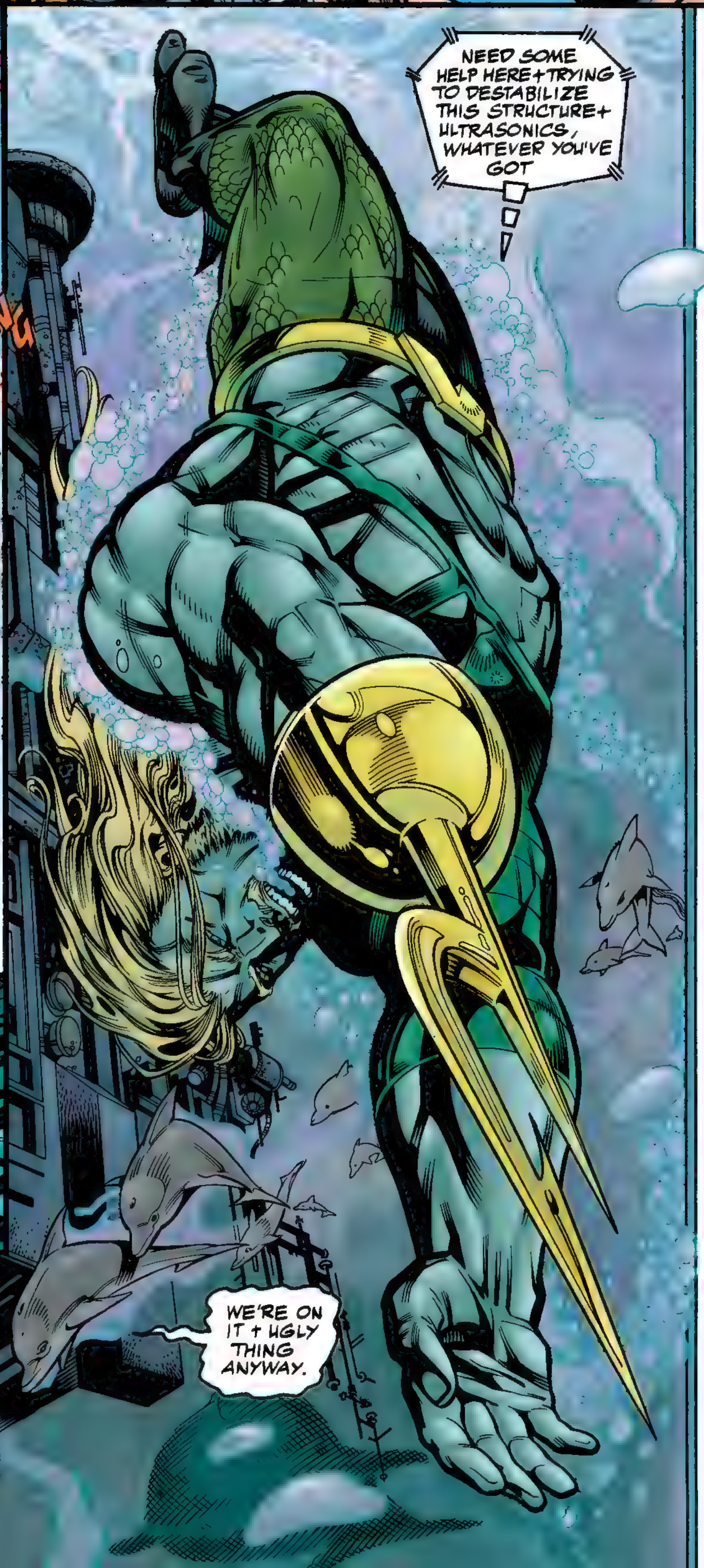


ZZZZING

ZZAANG

...ONE.

...



NEED SOME HELP HERE+TRYING TO DESTABILIZE THIS STRUCTURE+ULTRASONICS, WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT

WE'RE ON IT + UGLY THING ANYWAY.



SO WHO BROUGHT THE WHALE? + WHY WON'T HE SPEAK TO US?

NEVER MIND THE WHALE, JUST GIVE ME...

NOT WHALE! + NOT WHALE! + IT'S

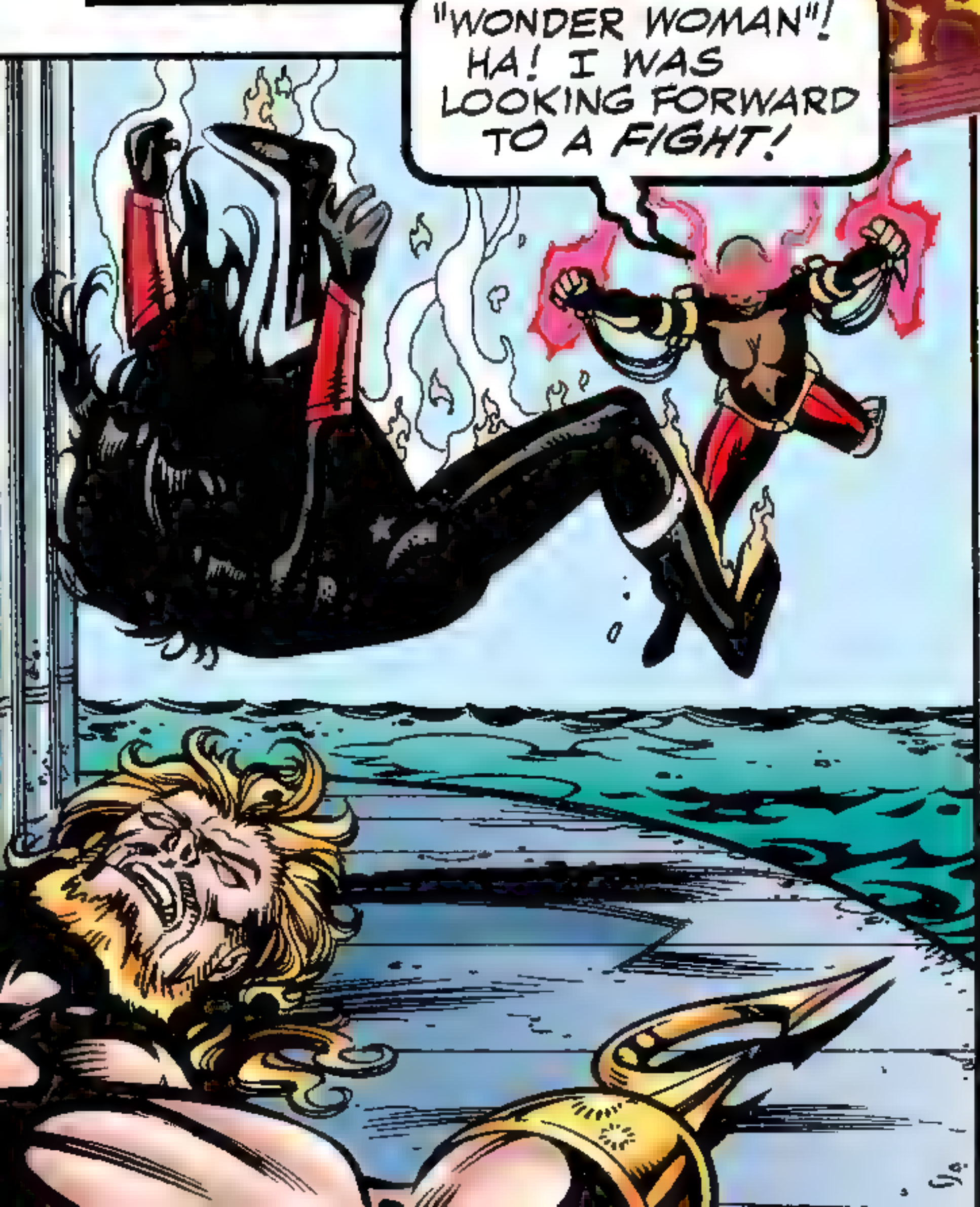


WHUNNCH

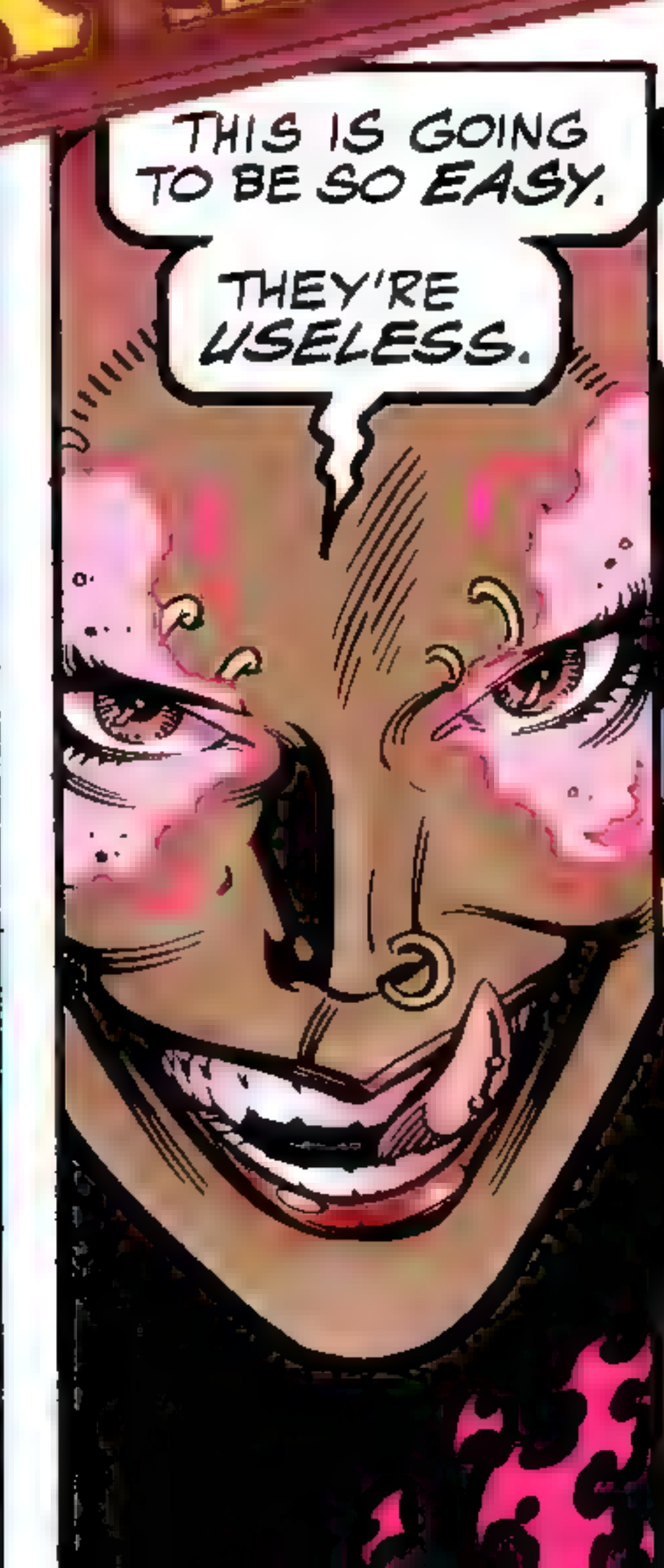
ARTHUR? WHAT...

YES!

SHRRR

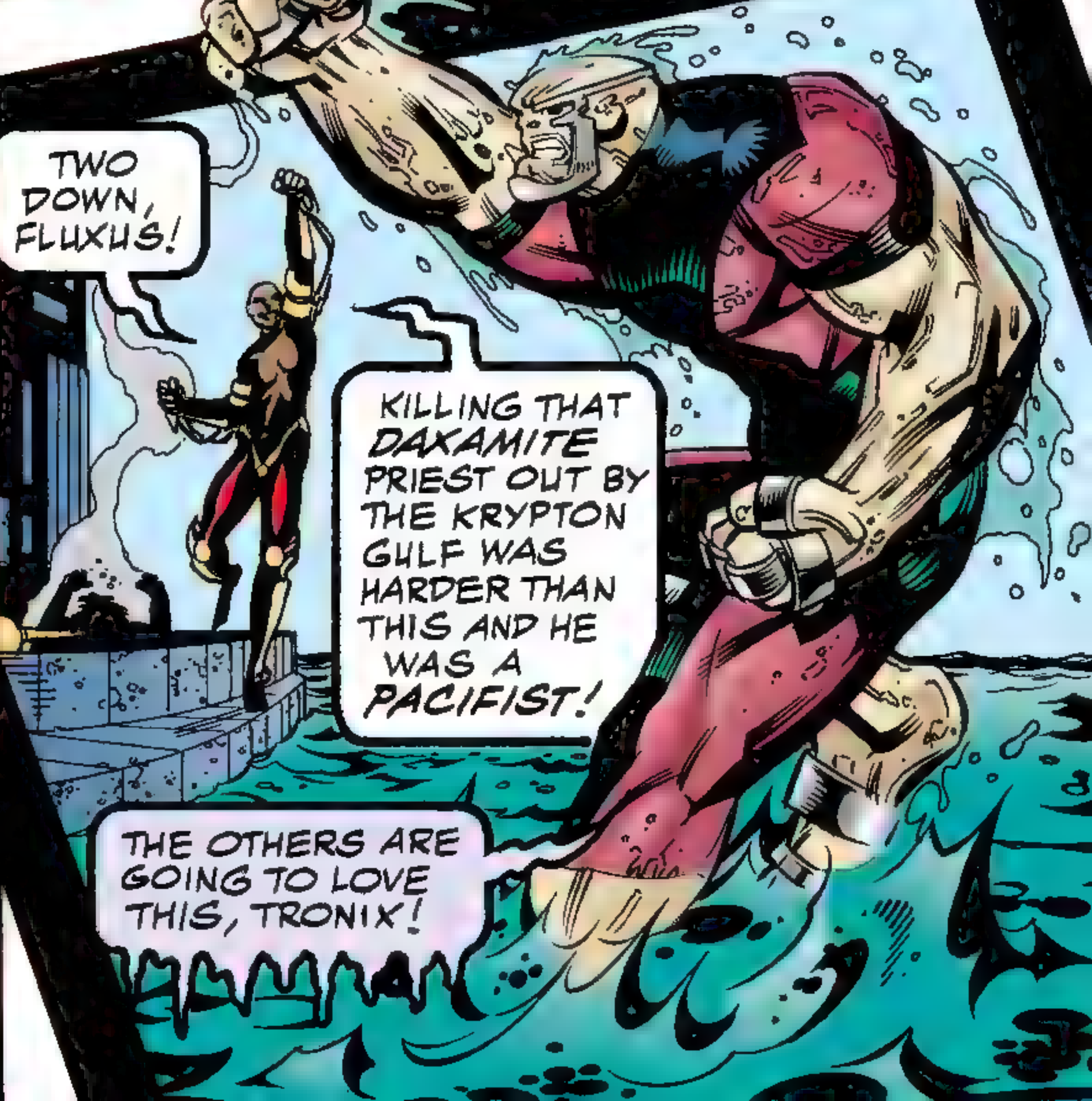


"WONDER WOMAN"! HA! I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A FIGHT!



THIS IS GOING TO BE SO EASY.

THEY'RE USELESS.



TWO DOWN, FLUXUS!

KILLING THAT DAXAMITE PRIEST OUT BY THE KRYPTON GULF WAS HARDER THAN THIS AND HE WAS A PACIFIST!

THE OTHERS ARE GOING TO LOVE THIS, TRONIX!



THE FLASH

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR AGES.

YEAH, LIKE THREE MINUTES.

GREEN LANTERN

LONG ENOUGH.

SO WHERE'S J'ONN? HE'S USUALLY RIGHT BEHIND.

DUNNO. I LOST HIM OVER THAT SEA. WHAT'S IT CALLED? THE ONE BETWEEN ALASKA AND RUSSIA. THE BERING...

I THINK IT'S ALL TOILET. YOU COULD TRY ASKING THEM BUT THEY HAVEN'T MOVED AN INCH SINCE I GOT HERE.

IT'S LIKE THEY'RE... WORSHIPPING THAT THING.

YEAH. THE MIND CONTROL EMISSIONS ARE GONNA BE STRONGEST 'ROUND THE TRANSMITTERS, I GUESS.

THINK THIS PLACE HAS A TOILET?

HEY!

LOOKS LIKE THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT'S ON HIS WAY.

YEAH, AND HE'S GOT
SUPER-HEARING SO
WATCH WHAT YOU...
WAIT A MINUTE, THAT'S
NOT J'ONN.

J'ONN
WOULD
FLY...

IT'S

ZUM!

I'LL HANDLE THIS.

SHRRUUUUUU



VRIIIIT!

TRY
DYING!



I HAVE HIM,
ARMEK!

STOMP HIS
FACE TO
BLOODY
PASTE!

FORGET THE
FACE, I'M
GOING FOR
HIS HANDS!

THRRRRMMBLL

YOU'VE NEVER REALLY BEEN ONE OF THEM, HAVE YOU J'ONN? AT BEST THEY'VE TOLERATED YOU, TREATED YOU AS A MASCOT.

THAT'S WHY YOU ASKED TO MEET ME IN SECRET, ISN'T IT?

GROWN TIRED OF PRETENDING TO BE HUMAN? GROWN WEARY OF THEIR BANAL CONVERSATION, THEIR BRIEF LIVES.

YOU'RE FAR FROM HOME, WITH ONLY MEMORIES OF A LONG DEAD WORLD. I UNDERSTAND THAT.

WE'RE THE SAME, YOU AND I. BOTH STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND.

SURELY YOU MUST HAVE ASKED YOURSELF WHY YOU'VE NEVER SHOWED THEM YOUR TRUE FORM.

PERHAPS THEY'D BE AFRAID OF ME.

THEN GIVE THEM A REASON TO BE AFRAID J'ONN SEIZE YOUR DESTINY.

JOIN US.

**MARTIAN
MANHUNTER**



SUPERMAN

FEEL FREE
TO PULL AHEAD,
SUPERMAN. I
KNOW I CAN'T
KEEP UP WITH
YOU.

I'D RATHER
STAY AND
TALK.

J'ONN'S
VERY ASTUTE,
DON'T YOU
THINK?

BATMAN

HE HAS
A FINE
TACTICAL
MIND.

HE'S BEEN WITH
THE JUSTICE LEAGUE
SINCE THE BEGINNING
AND HE UNDERSTANDS
GROUP DYNAMICS
BETTER THAN ANYONE
I'VE EVER MET.

BUT YOU DON'T
LIKE THIS, DO
YOU? YOU DON'T
LIKE WORKING
WITH... WITH
SUPERPEOPLE.

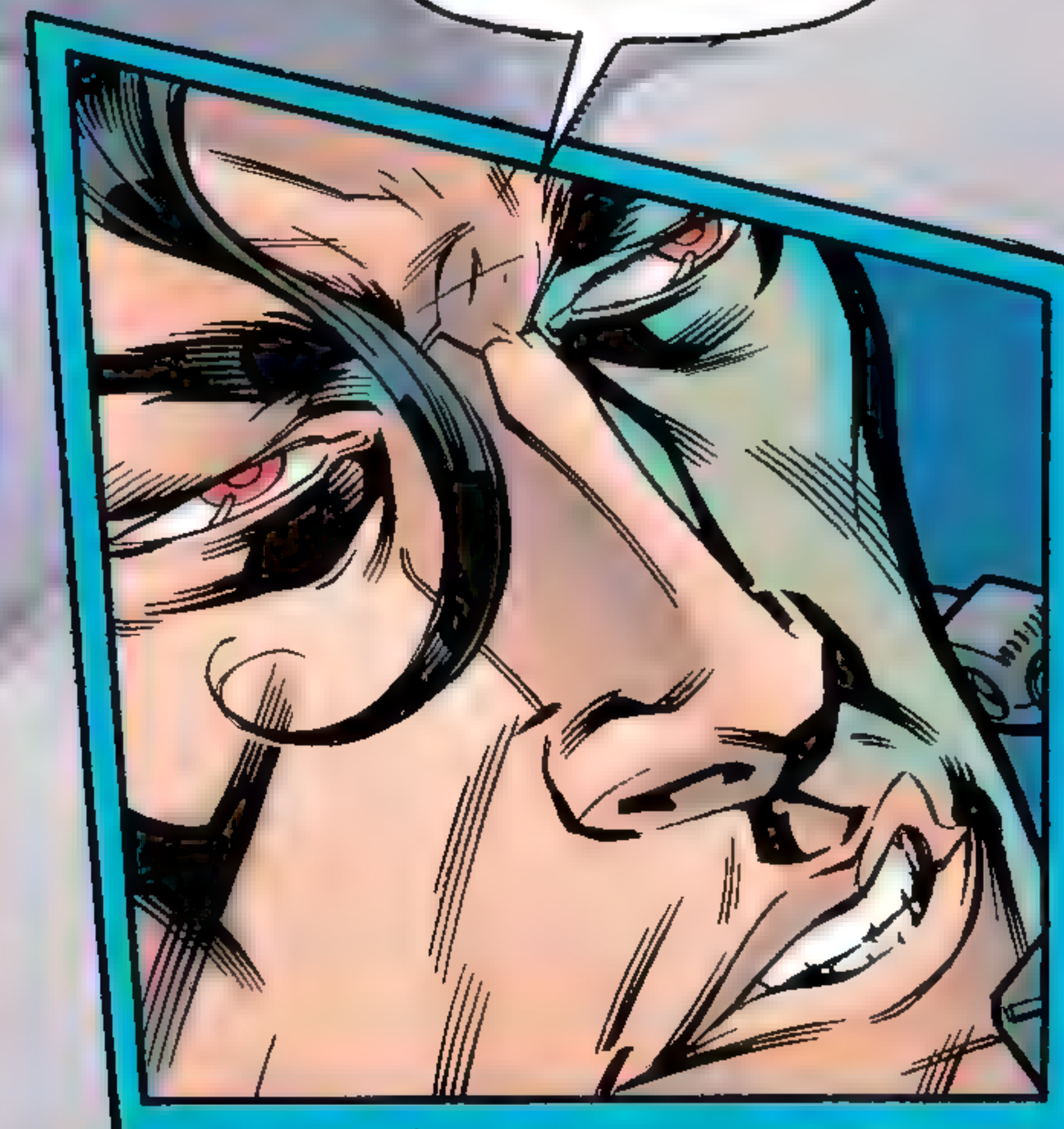
I DON'T HAVE SUPERSPEED
OR INVULNERABILITY. I CAN'T
RISK WEARING A BRIGHT COSTUME
THAT MAKES ME A TARGET AND
I CAN'T AFFORD TO TRUST
POORLY-TRAINED PEOPLE WHO DO.
PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED, OF...

WAIT...
THERE'S
SOMETHING
ON MY
SCREENS.

I
SEE
IT!

IT'S ONE
OF THEM!
PRIMAID!

NOT MUCH
TIME TO PREPARE
OUR DEFENSES.
RANGE 200 MILES
AND...





SUPERMAN?!

SUPERMAN?
ARE YOU
THERE?

CAN
YOU HEAR
ME?

I THINK
I'VE
STUNNED
HIM.
I'LL FINISH
THIS ONE,
IF YOU TAKE
THE OTHER.

SPLAT!

HE'S
MINE
WHEREVER
HE IS, HE'S



TARGETING.

LOCKED.

KLIKT!

SHROOOM!

SHROOOM!

UNFF...
YOUR WEAPONS
ARE RUBBISH

I'D SEND
THEM BACK
IF I WERE
YOU



YOU HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT WE ARE, DO
YOU? DID YOU THINK
YOU COULD ROUND US
UP AND TAKE US
TO PRISON AS
THOUGH WE WERE ONE
MORE INEPT GANG OF
SUPER-CRIMINALS?

KRYTONITE,
SUPERMAN,
FEEL IT?

UHHHHH

EVERY LAST
DETAIL OF THIS
OPERATION HAS
BEEN CAREFULLY
PLANNED.

INCLUDING
THIS.

KRAK

SHOULDN'T I
CHECK FOR THE
BATMAN'S
BODY?

BEST NOT
RISK THE
FLAMES. IF
HE SURVIVED
THE CRASH,
THE COLD WILL
FINISH HIM; HE'S
ONLY HUMAN,
AFTER ALL.

WE HAVE
WHAT WE
WANT
HERE.

...WE'LL
STOP YOU...

WHO WILL STOP US?
THE PEOPLE OF THIS
EARTH BELIEVE WE ARE
THEIR SAVIOURS AND
AS FOR YOUR
COLLEAGUES...

BATMAN IS
DEAD. WONDER
WOMAN IS DEAD.
THE FLASH.
GREEN LANTERN.
AQUAMAN. ALL
DEAD.

THERE'S
ONLY YOU.
AND US.







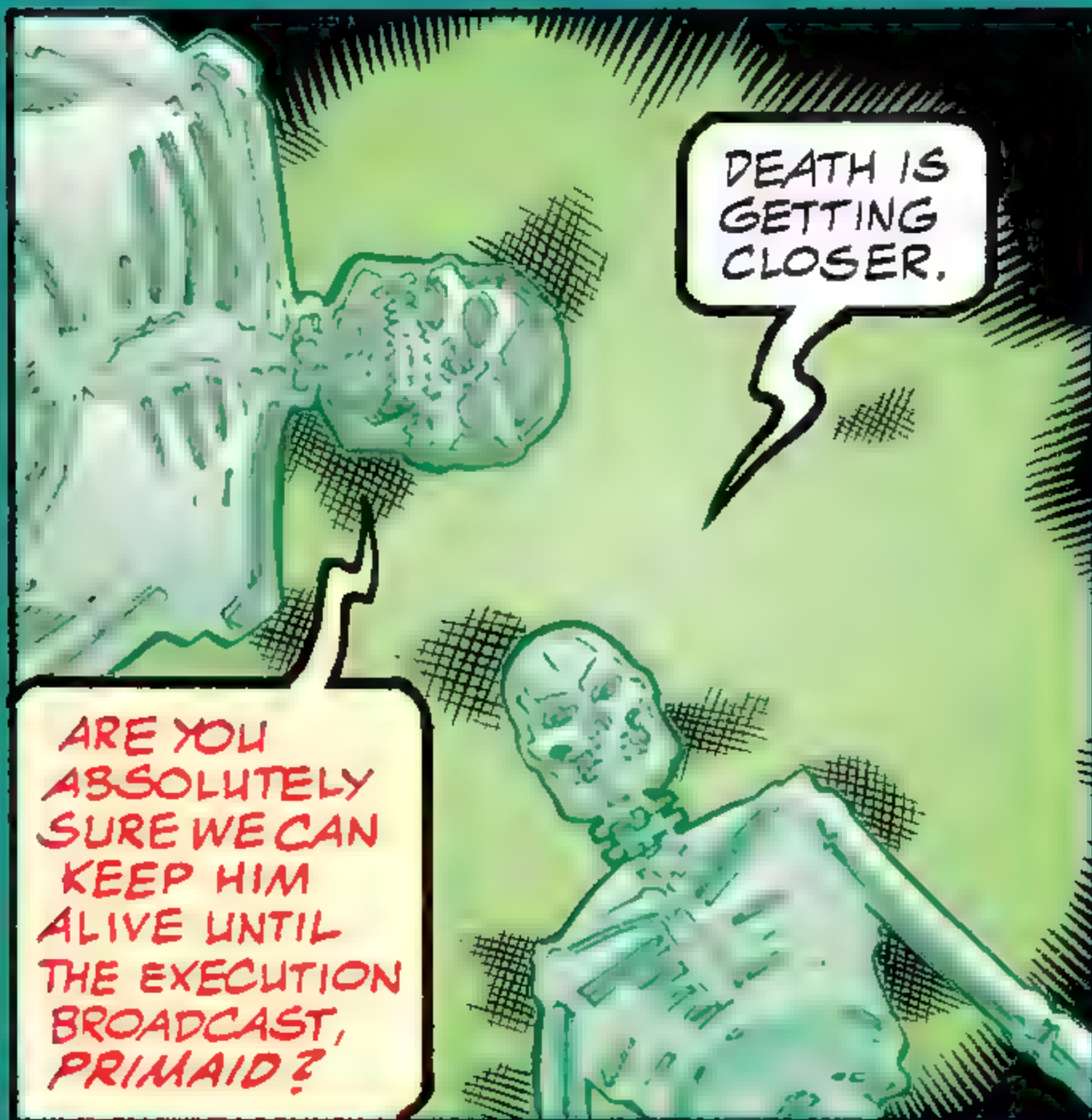


JLA #3

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY HOWARD PORTER, WITH INKS

BY JOHN DELL AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY



DEATH IS
GETTING
CLOSER.

ARE YOU
ABSOLUTELY
SURE WE CAN
KEEP HIM
ALIVE UNTIL
THE EXECUTION
BROADCAST,
PRIMAID?



OF COURSE WE
CAN. THE RADIATION
PULSES
ARE COMPLETELY
UNDER OUR
CONTROL.

WE CAN DO
ANYTHING
WE WANT
WITH HIM.

WHO'S
THAT?



WHO'S
THERE?

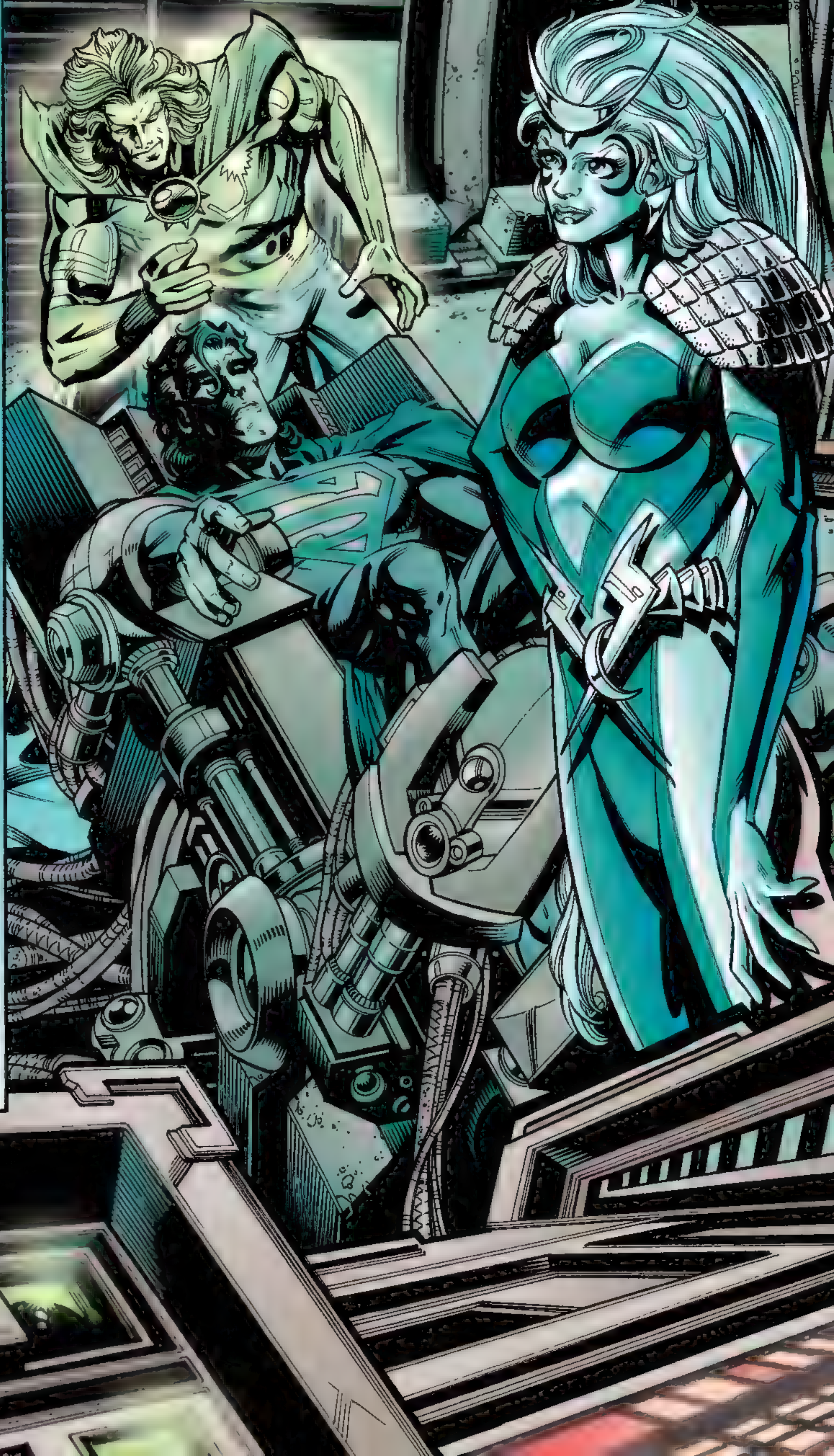
YOU LOOK CONFUSED,
SUPERMAN, DELIRIOUS
ALMOST. IT'S PROTEx.
SURELY YOU
RECOGNIZE ME.

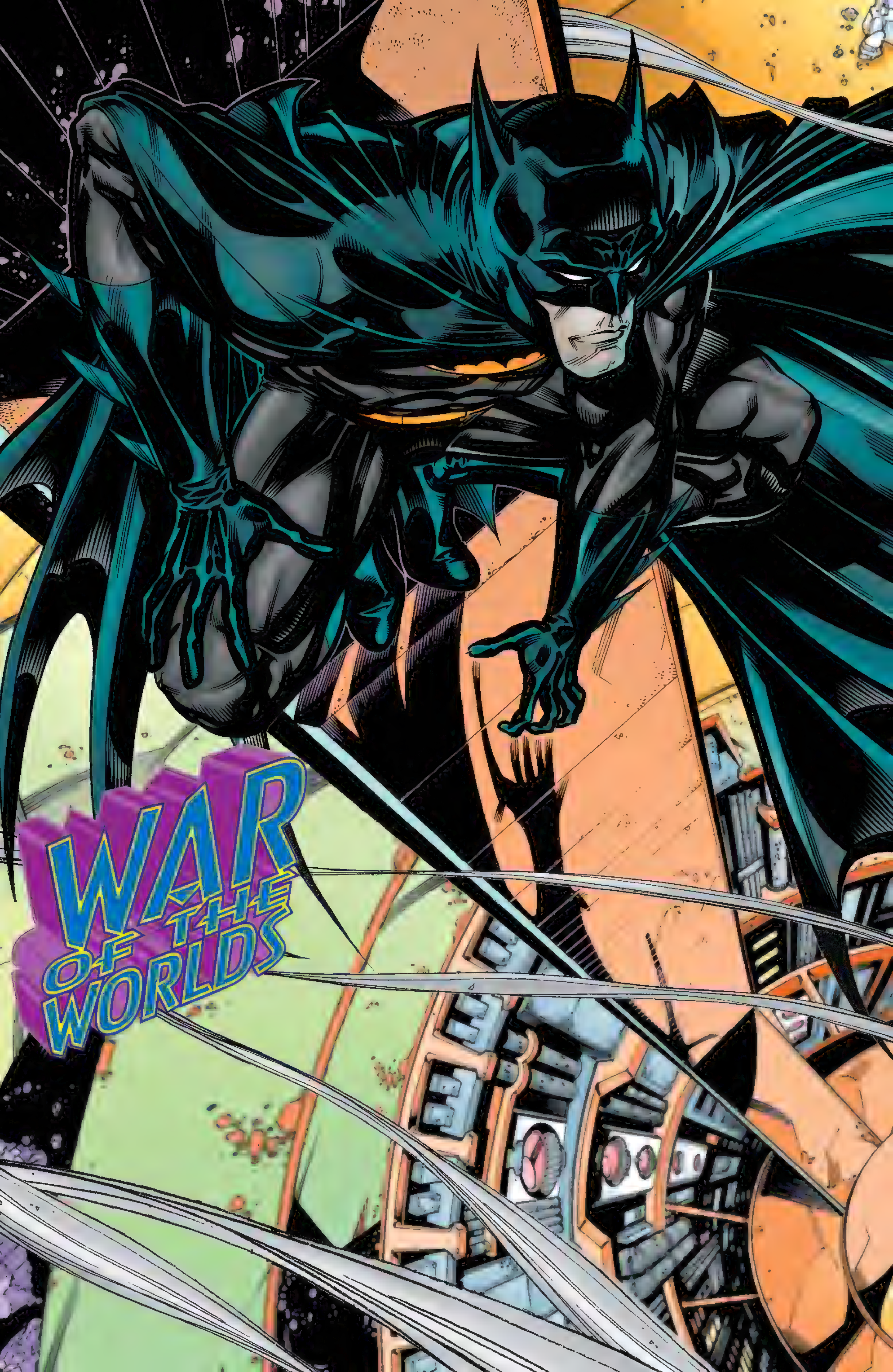
PERHAPS
YOUR EYES
ARE PLAYING
TRICKS ON
YOU.

I'M SURE I DON'T
HAVE TO TELL YOU
THAT'S ONE OF THE
SYMPTOMS OF ADVANCED
KRYPTONITE POISONING.

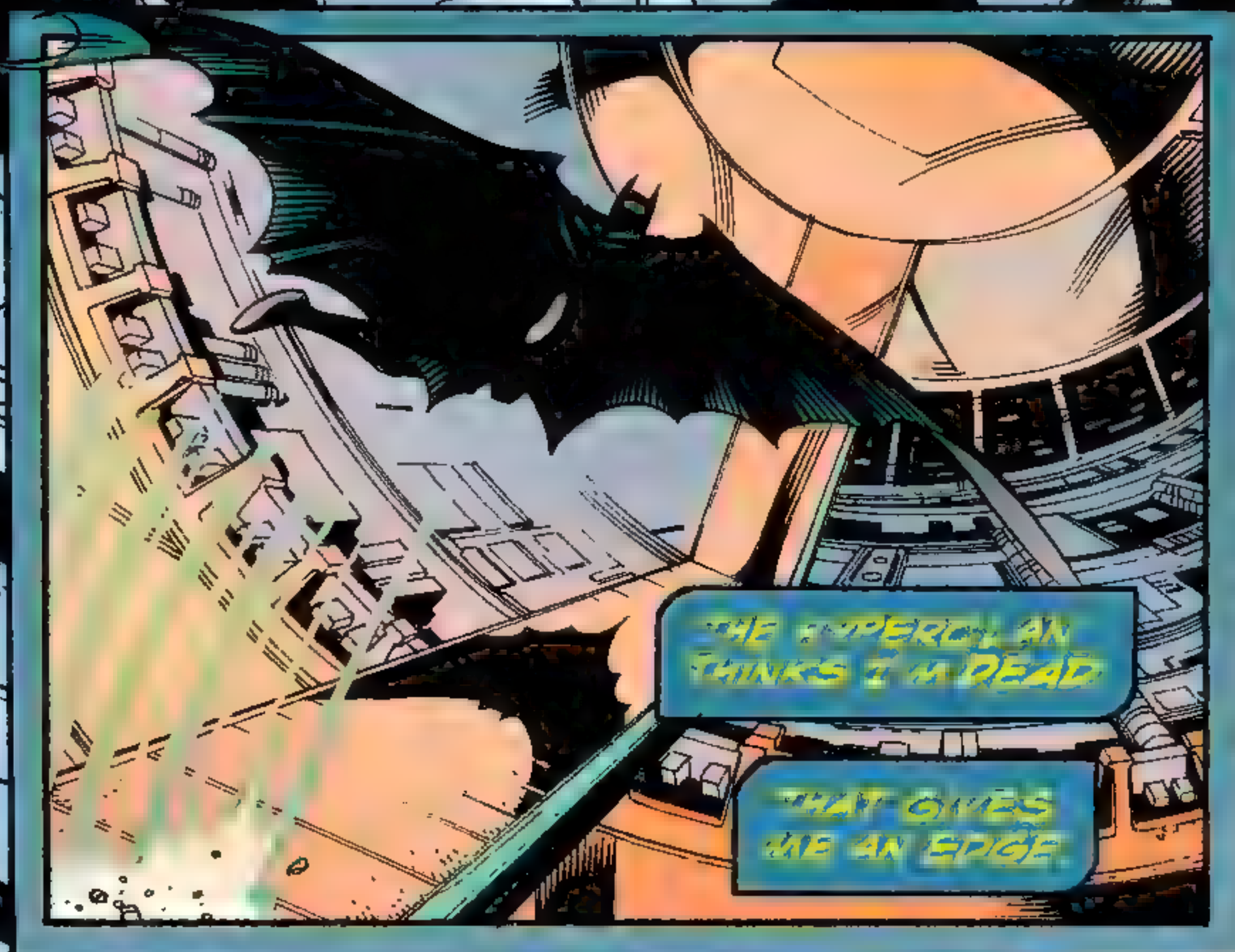
OH, SUPERMAN...
ALL THOSE PEOPLE
YOU'VE SAVED OVER
THE YEARS: WHERE
ARE THEY NOW?

NO ONE IS
COMING. NO
ONE CARES.
YOU ARE ALONE,
AT THE END
OF THE WORLD.
COMPLETELY
ALONE.





WAR OF THE WORLDS

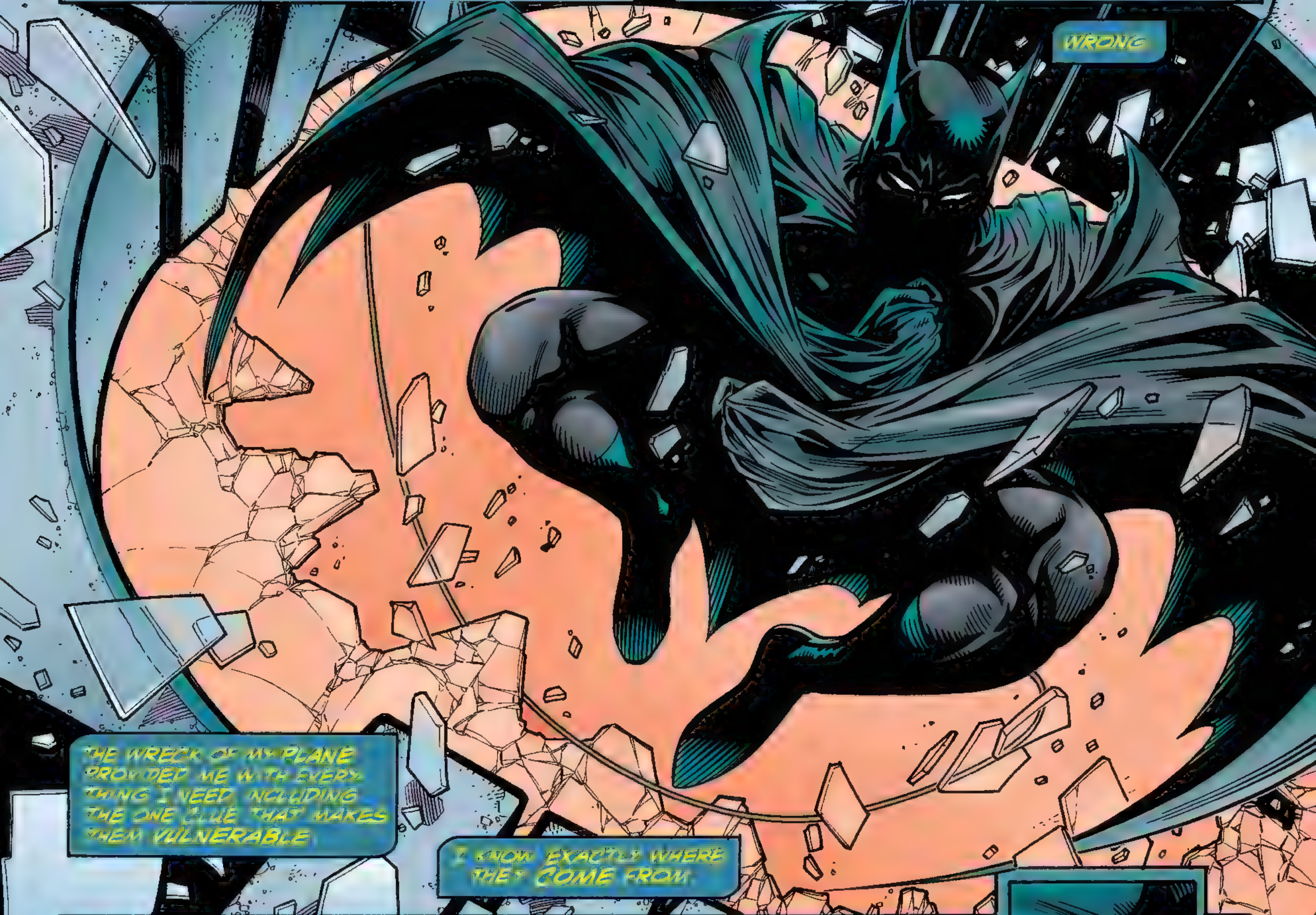


THE HYPERCLAN
THINKS I'M DEAD

THAT GIVES
ME AN EDGE



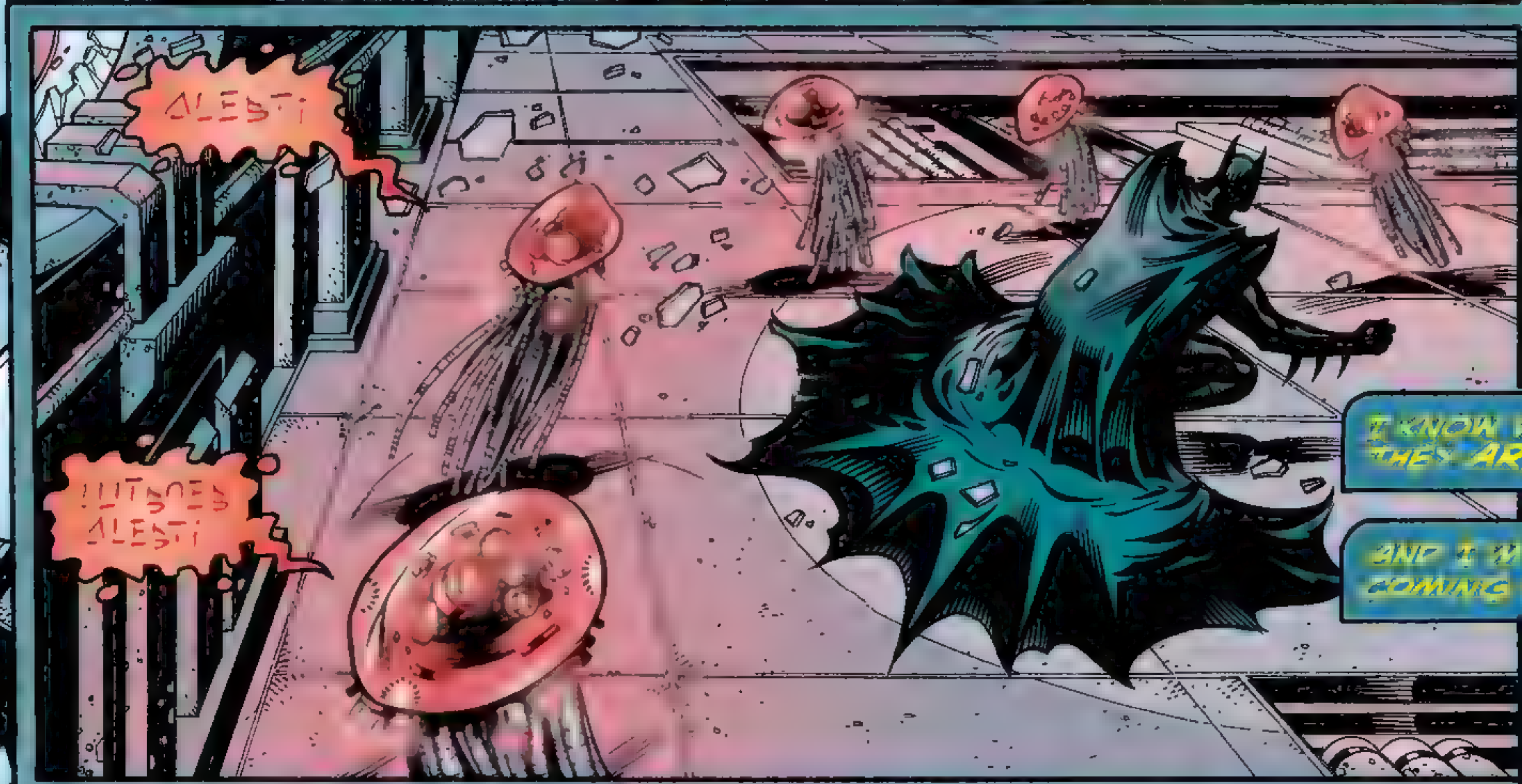
I'M ONLY HUMAN
THEY DON'T BELIEVE
I CAN PENETRATE
THEIR STRONGHOLD
THEY DON'T BELIEVE
I POSE A THREAT



WRONG

THE WRECK OF MY PLANE
PROVIDED ME WITH EVERY
THING I NEED INCLUDING
THE ONE CLUE THAT MAKES
THEM VULNERABLE

I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE
THEY COME FROM

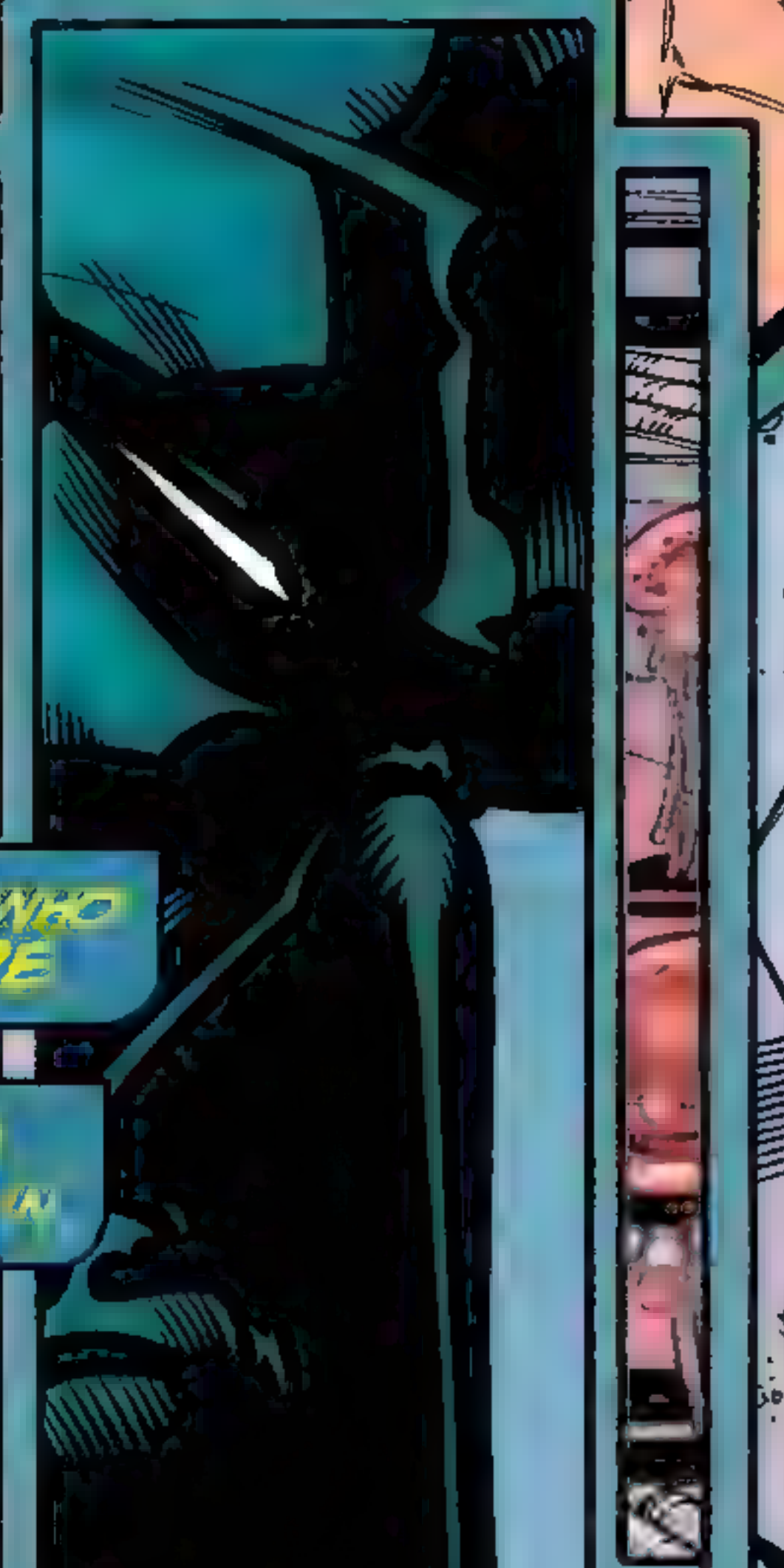


ALESTI

!UTSUES
ALESTI

I KNOW WHO
THEY ARE

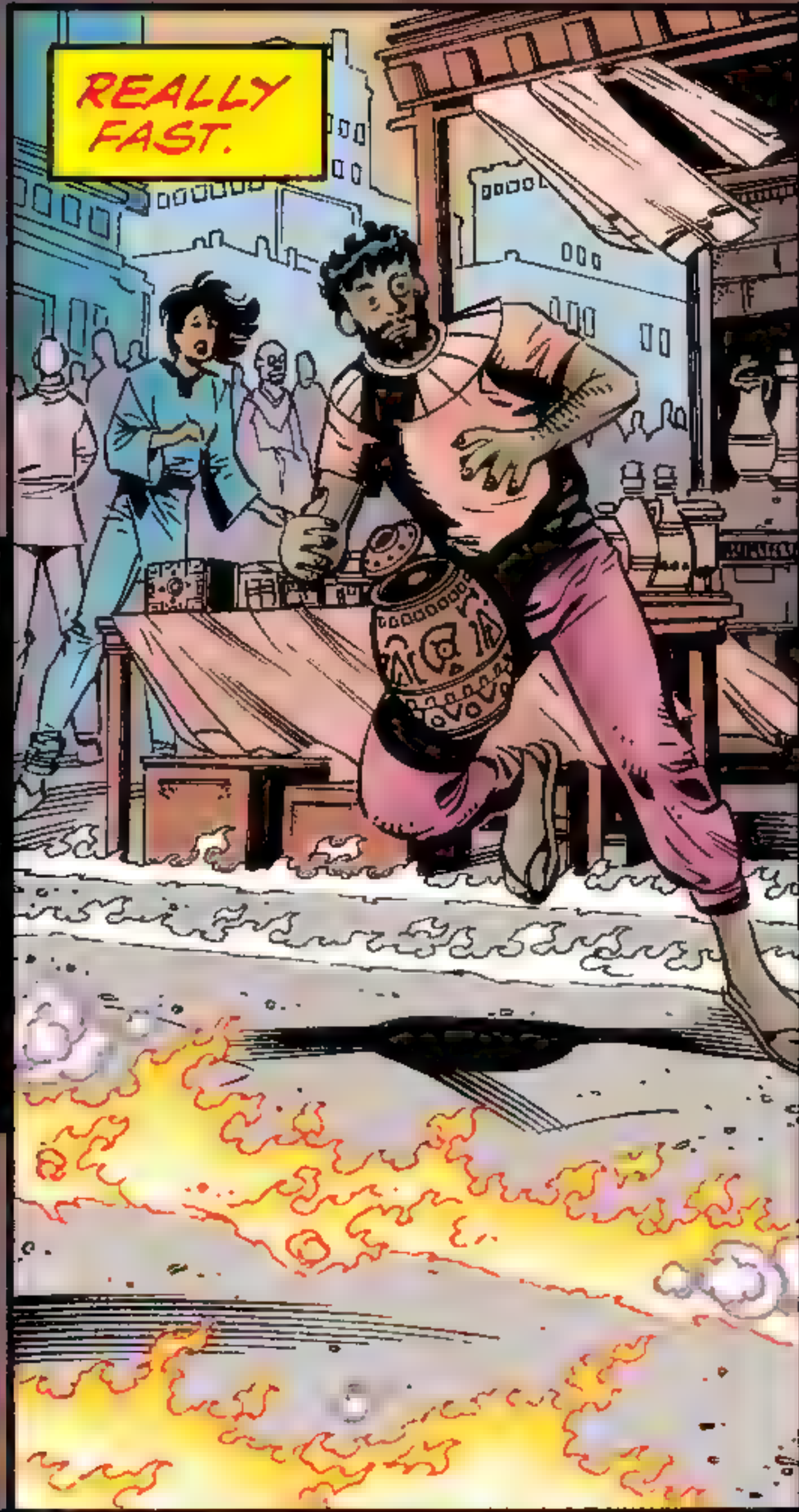
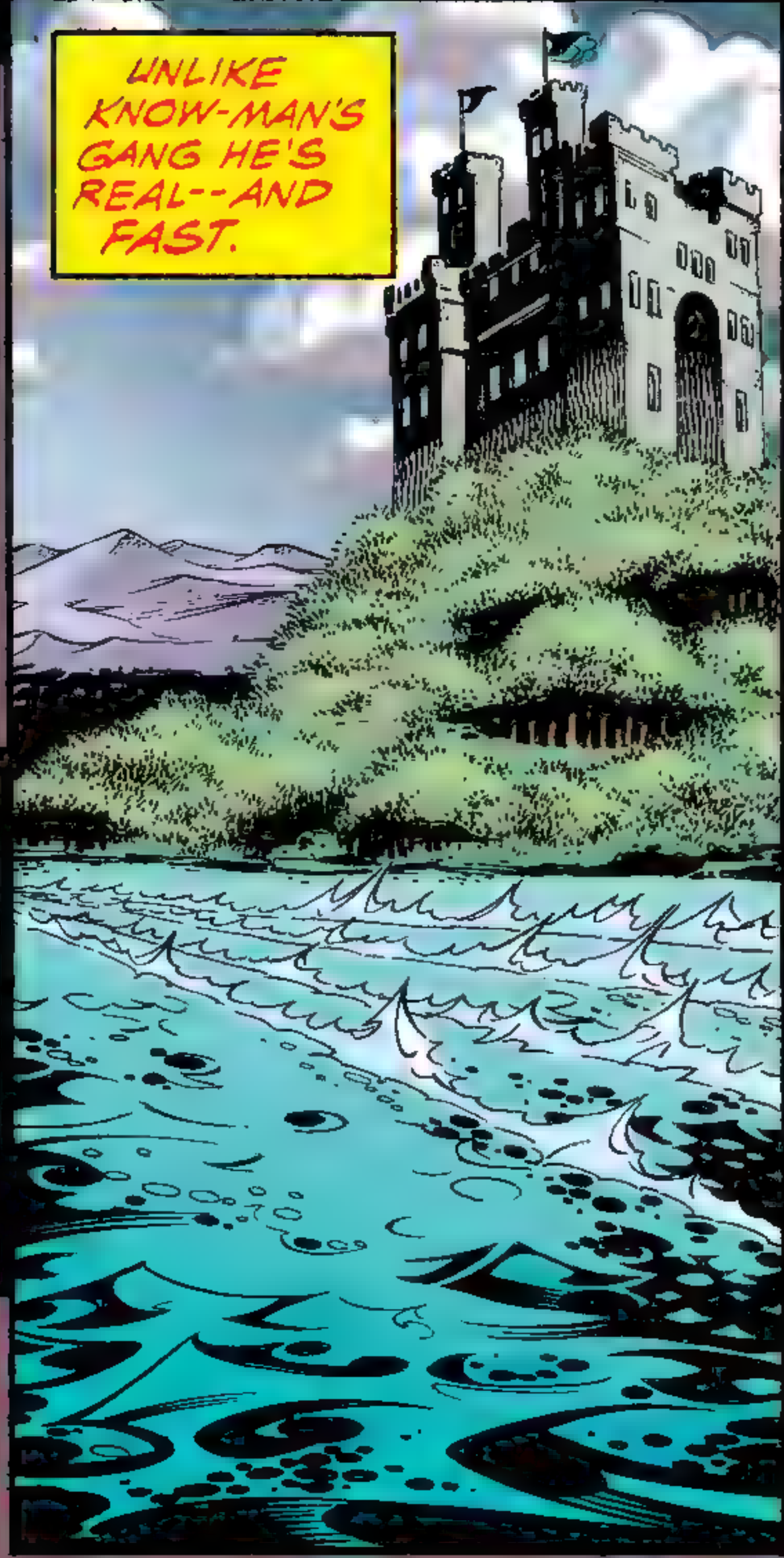
AND I'M
COMING IN

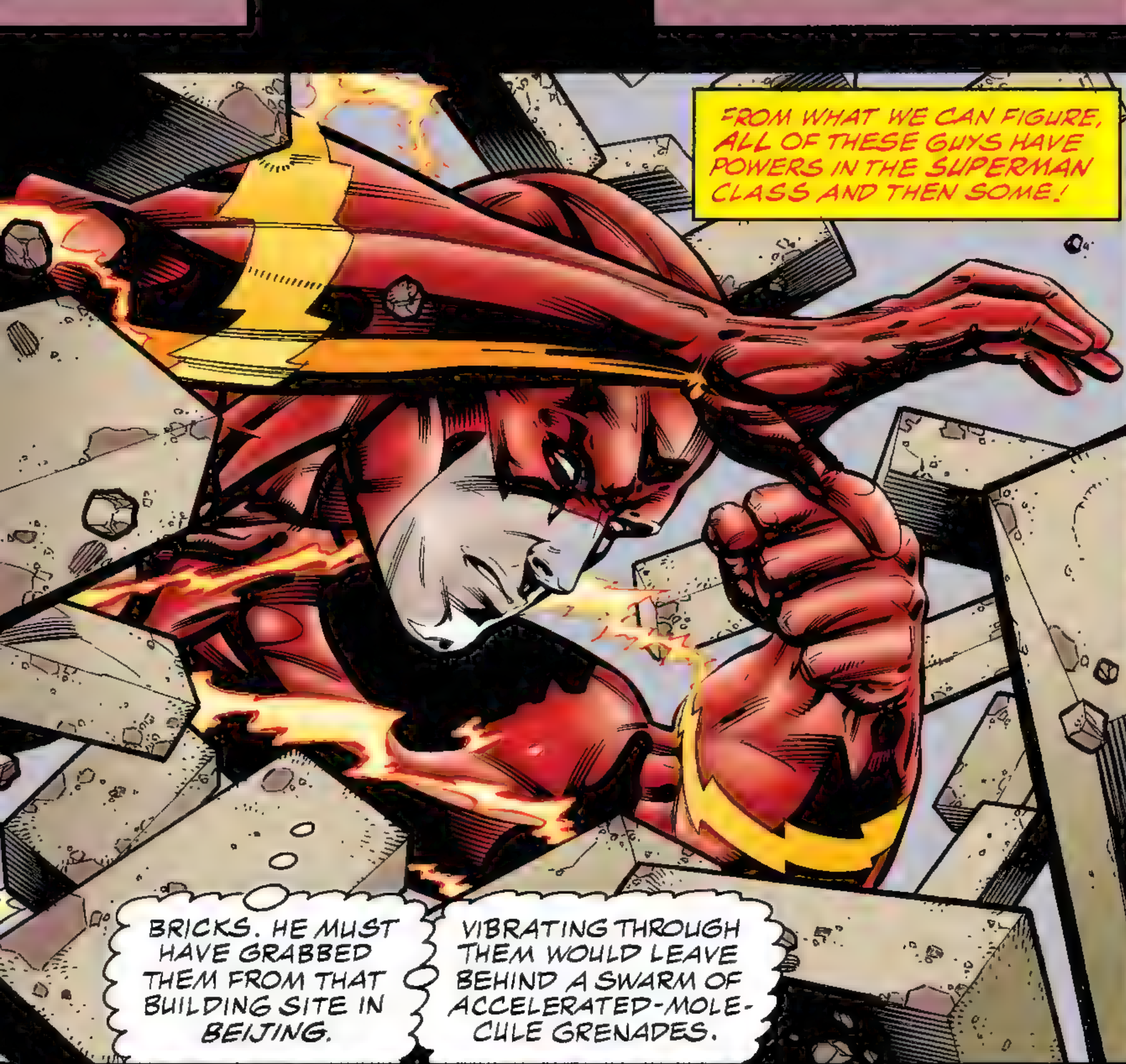


MY NAME'S WALLY WEST. I'M THE FLASH. I WAS THE FASTEST MAN ON EARTH.

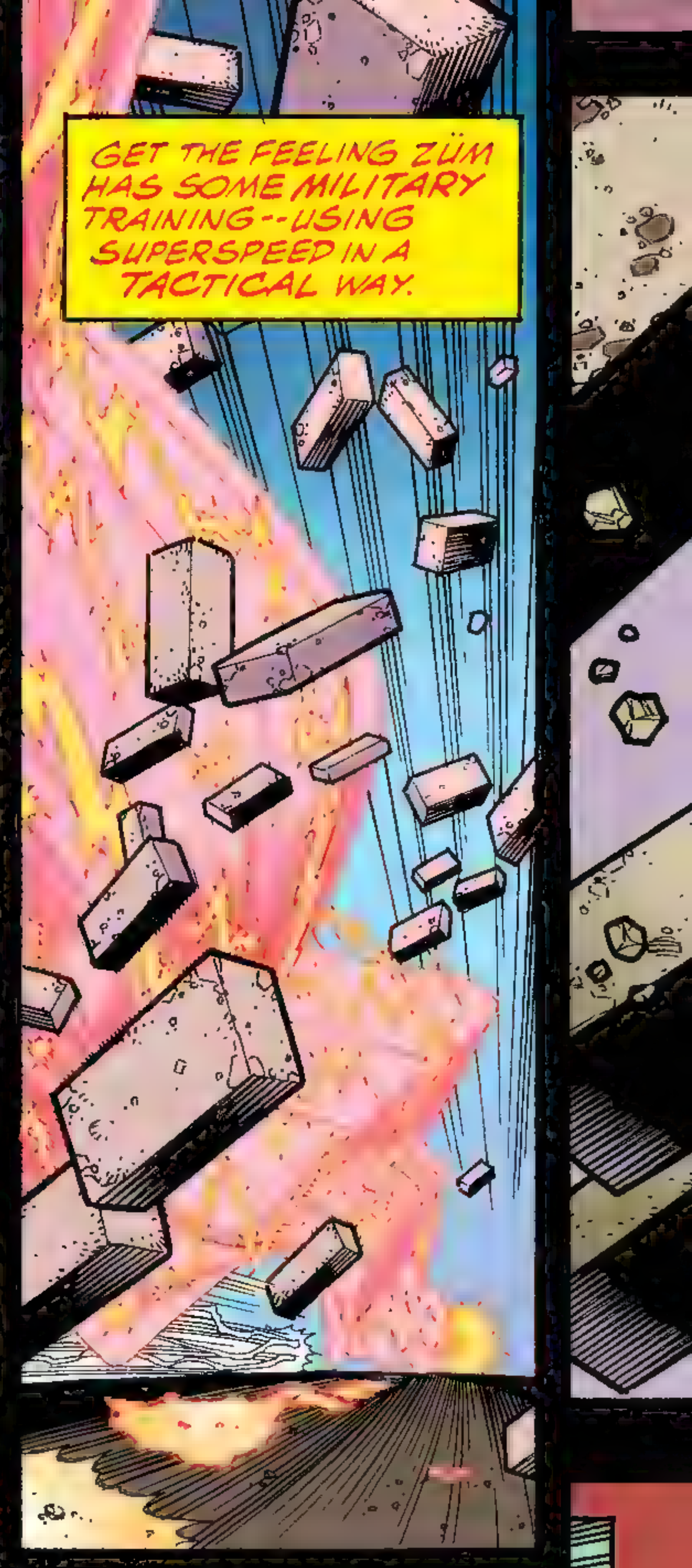
UNTIL HE TOUCHED DOWN.

ZÜM, ONE OF A BUNCH OF SUPER-POWERED ALIENS CALLED THE HYPERCLAN WHO'VE FOOLED EVERYONE INTO THINKING THEY'RE THE GOOD GUYS.





FROM WHAT WE CAN FIGURE, ALL OF THESE GUYS HAVE POWERS IN THE SUPERMAN CLASS AND THEN SOME!



GET THE FEELING ZUM HAS SOME MILITARY TRAINING--USING SUPERSPEED IN A TACTICAL WAY.

BRICKS. HE MUST HAVE GRABBED THEM FROM THAT BUILDING SITE IN BEIJING.

VIBRATING THROUGH THEM WOULD LEAVE BEHIND A SWARM OF ACCELERATED-MOLECULE GRENADES.

IF I DON'T START THINKING THE WAY HE DOES, I'M IN TROUBLE.

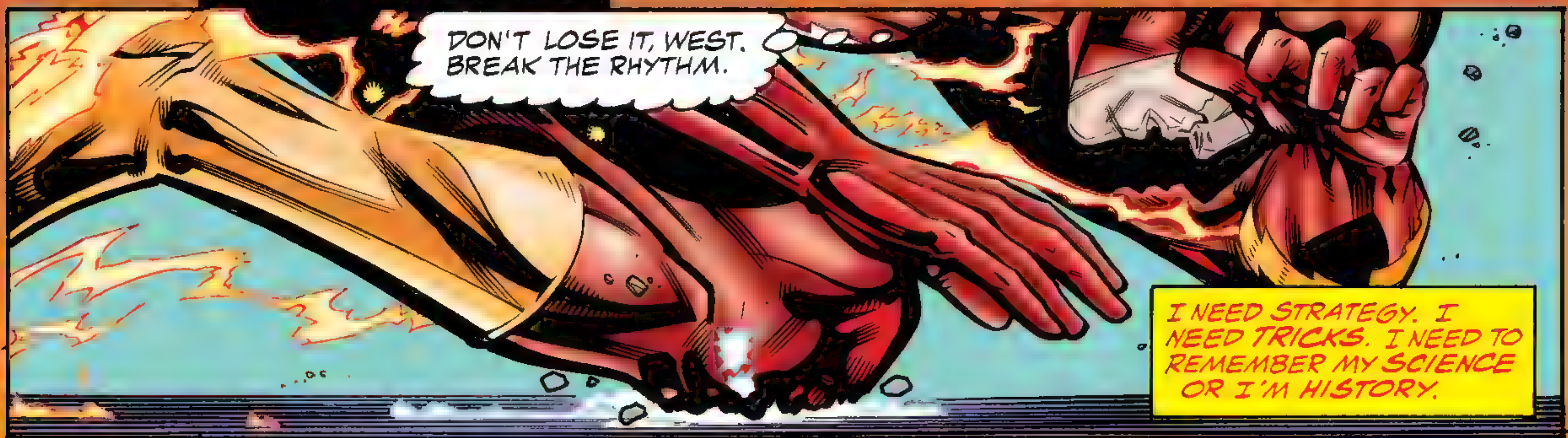


JUST RUNNING FAST ISN'T GOING TO GET ME THROUGH THIS ONE. ZUM'S SMART.



DOZENS OF HIM, MODULATING THE FREQUENCY OF HIS AFTERIMAGES TO CREATE A STROBE FLICKER.

FREQUENCIES MESSING WITH MY HEAD.



DON'T LOSE IT, WEST. BREAK THE RHYTHM.

I NEED STRATEGY. I NEED TRICKS. I NEED TO REMEMBER MY SCIENCE OR I'M HISTORY.

THIS IS ANOTHER OF THOSE TIMES
I WISH I COULD BE MORE LIKE BARRY.
HE KNEW EVERYTHING.

ACCELERATING
INTO THE SPEED
FIELD, MOVING
TOWARDS
LIGHTSPEED.

BACK WHEN I WAS
TRAINING AS KID FLASH,
HE WOULD PULL OUT
TIDBITS OF USELESS
INFORMATION.

HE CALLED THEM
HIS "FLASH FACTS".

THE SPEED FIELD BEGINNING
TO FORM AROUND ME; A
FLOWING WORLD OF MYSTERY,
SILVER, MORPHING HYPER-
DIMENSIONAL GELS. SPEED
HEAVEN, THE SOURCE OF
MY POWER.

FLASH FACT:
RELATIVISTIC EFFECTS
TAKE OVER AS A BODY
APPROACHES LIGHT-
SPEED.

VISUAL INPUT
WILL BEGIN
TO BLUESHIFT
AND MY BODY'S
MASS WILL
INCREASE
TOWARDS
INFINITY.

THERE'S ZÜM,
AT THE END OF
A TUNNEL OF
COMPRESSED
PHOTONS.

AT THESE SPEEDS, I'LL
APPEAR TO HIM AS A
CONTINUOUS BEAM OF
LIGHT. I COULD HIT HIM
A THOUSAND TIMES
BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE
TO BLINK.

ONCE OUGHT TO DO IT.

I DON'T
THINK ZÜM IS
CONNECTED
TO THE FIELD.
I DON'T THINK
HE'S AS FAST
AS I AM.

IF I TAKE
THE LONG WAY
AROUND HIM...

MAYBE HE IS AS TOUGH
AS THE MAN OF STEEL.

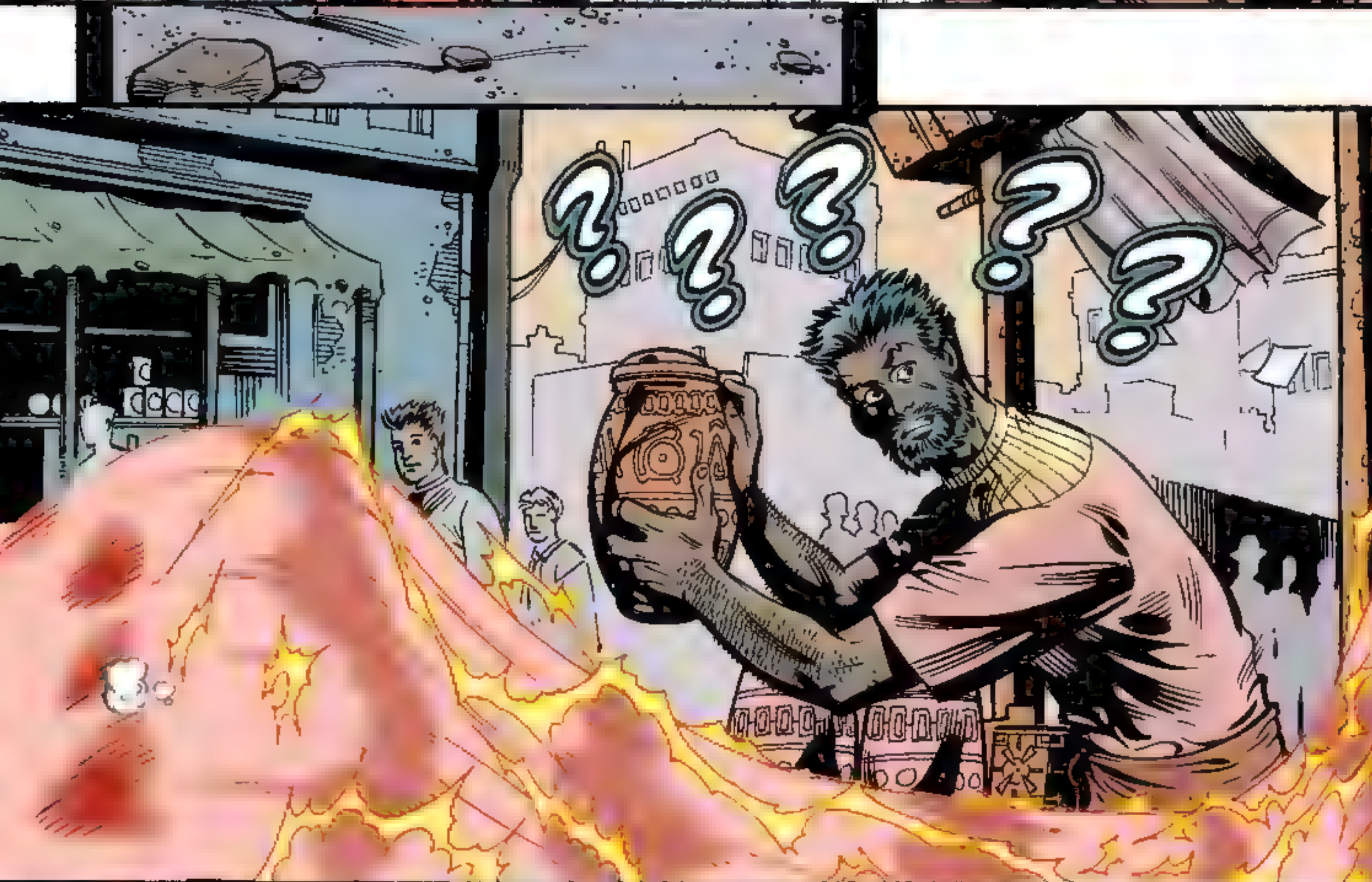
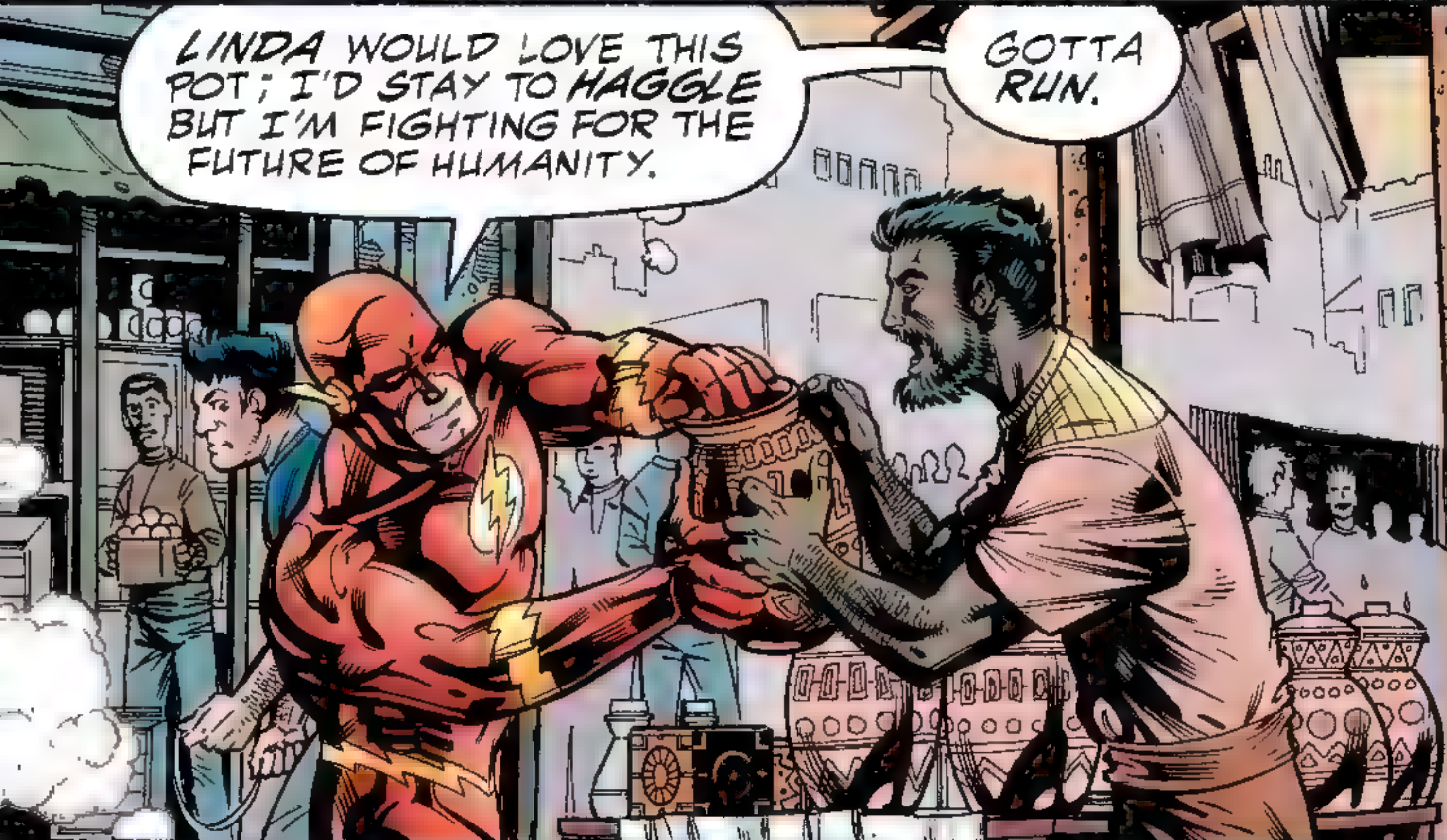
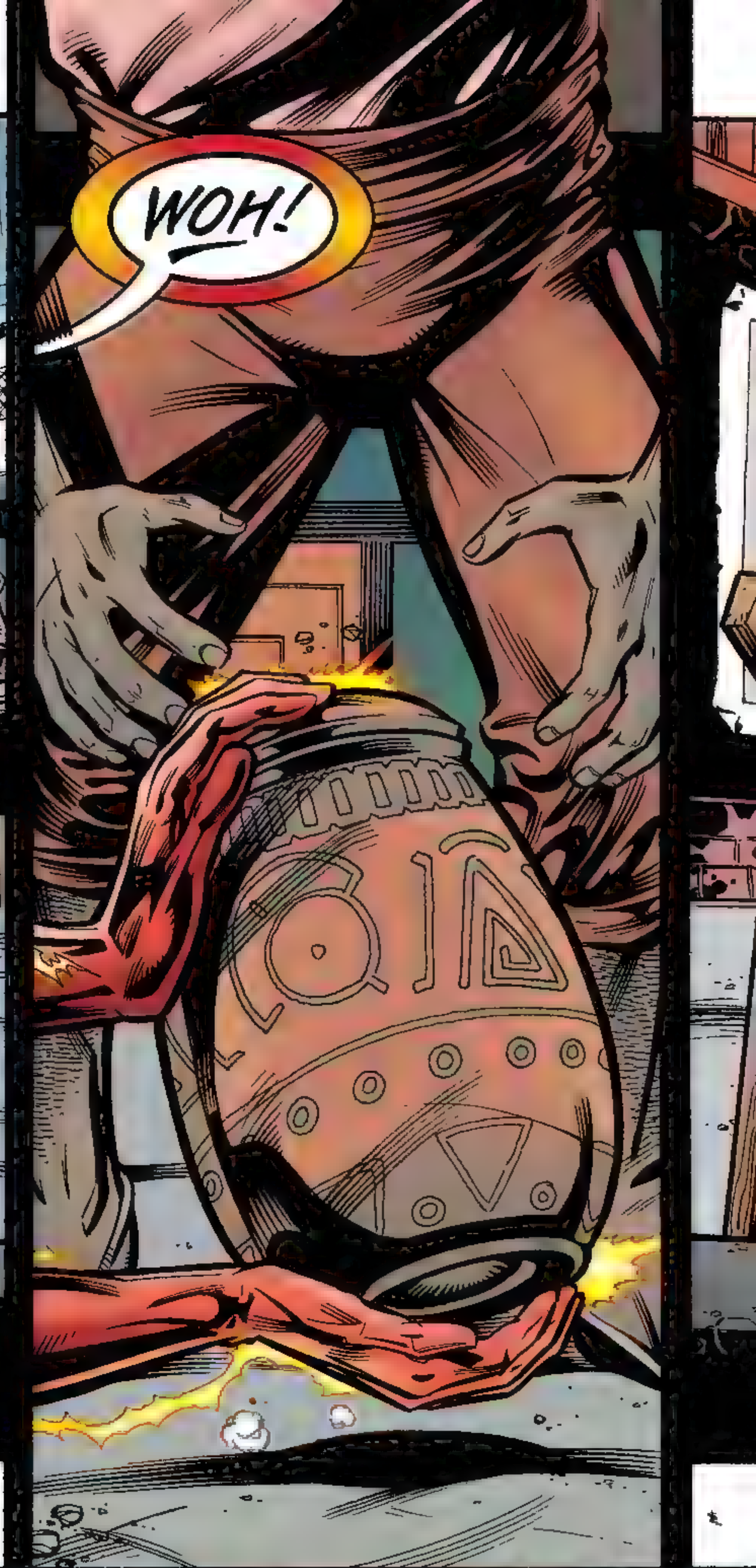
BUT PACKING THE
MASS I MENTIONED--

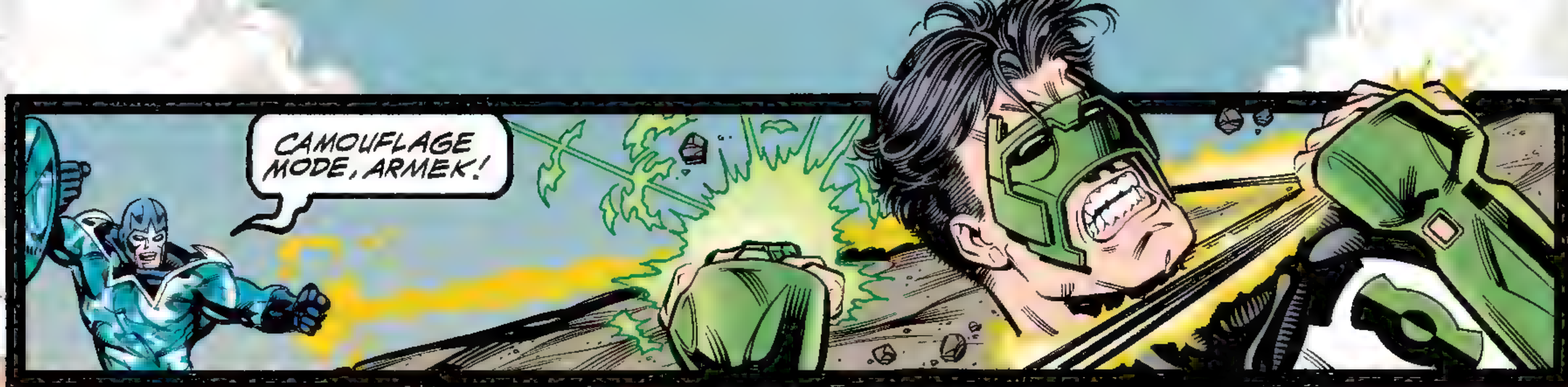
I'M SURE HE FELT THAT.

WONDER HOW FAST HE'S TRAVELLING. AT LEAST SEVEN MILES PER SECOND.

THAT'S ESCAPE VELOCITY, BY THE WAY.

FLASH FACT.

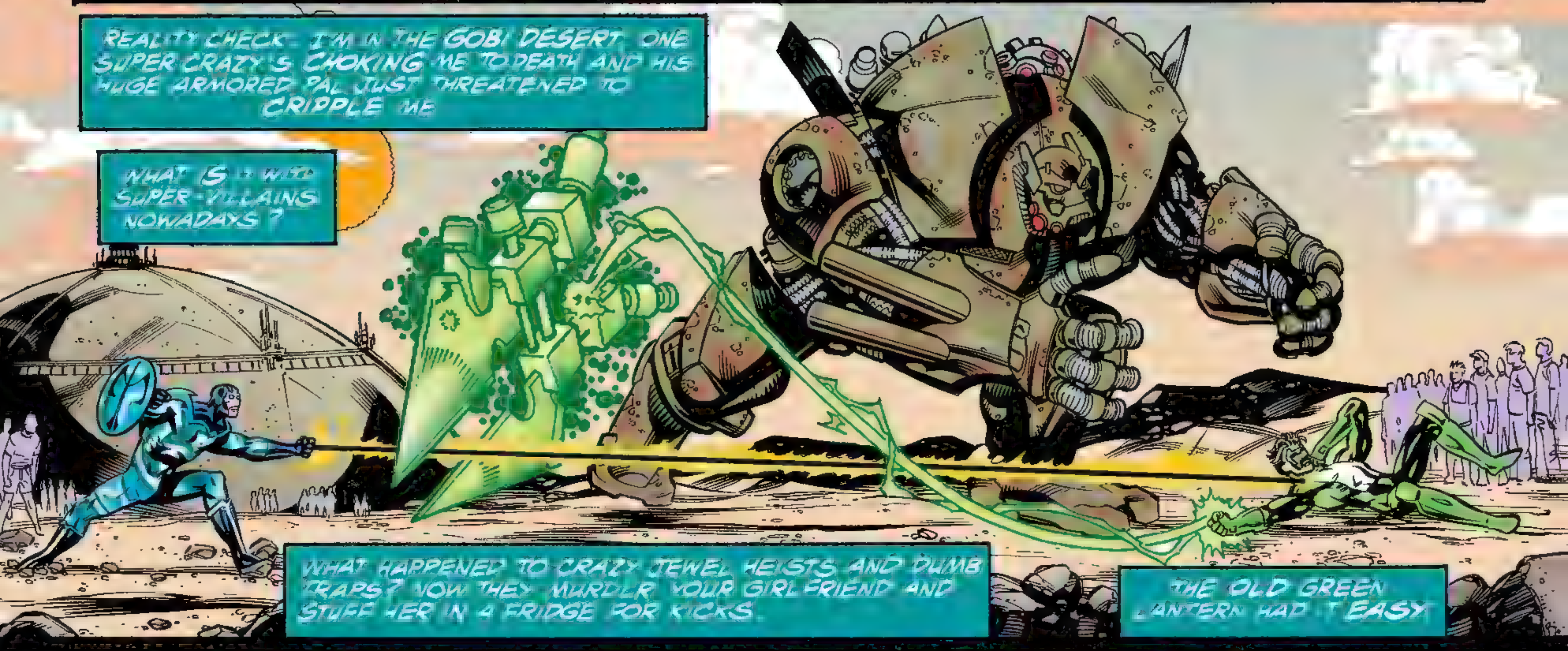




CAMOUFLAGE
MODE, ARMEK!

REALITY CHECK. I'M IN THE GOBI DESERT. ONE
SUPER CRAZY'S CHOKING ME TO DEATH AND HIS
HUGE ARMORED PAL JUST THREATENED TO
CRIPPLE ME

WHAT IS IT WITH
SUPER-VILLAINS
NOWADAYS?



WHAT HAPPENED TO CRAZY JEWEL HEISTS AND DUMB
TRAPS? NOW THEY MURDER YOUR GIRL FRIEND AND
STUFF HER IN A FRIDGE FOR KICKS

THE OLD GREEN
LANTERN HAD IT EASY



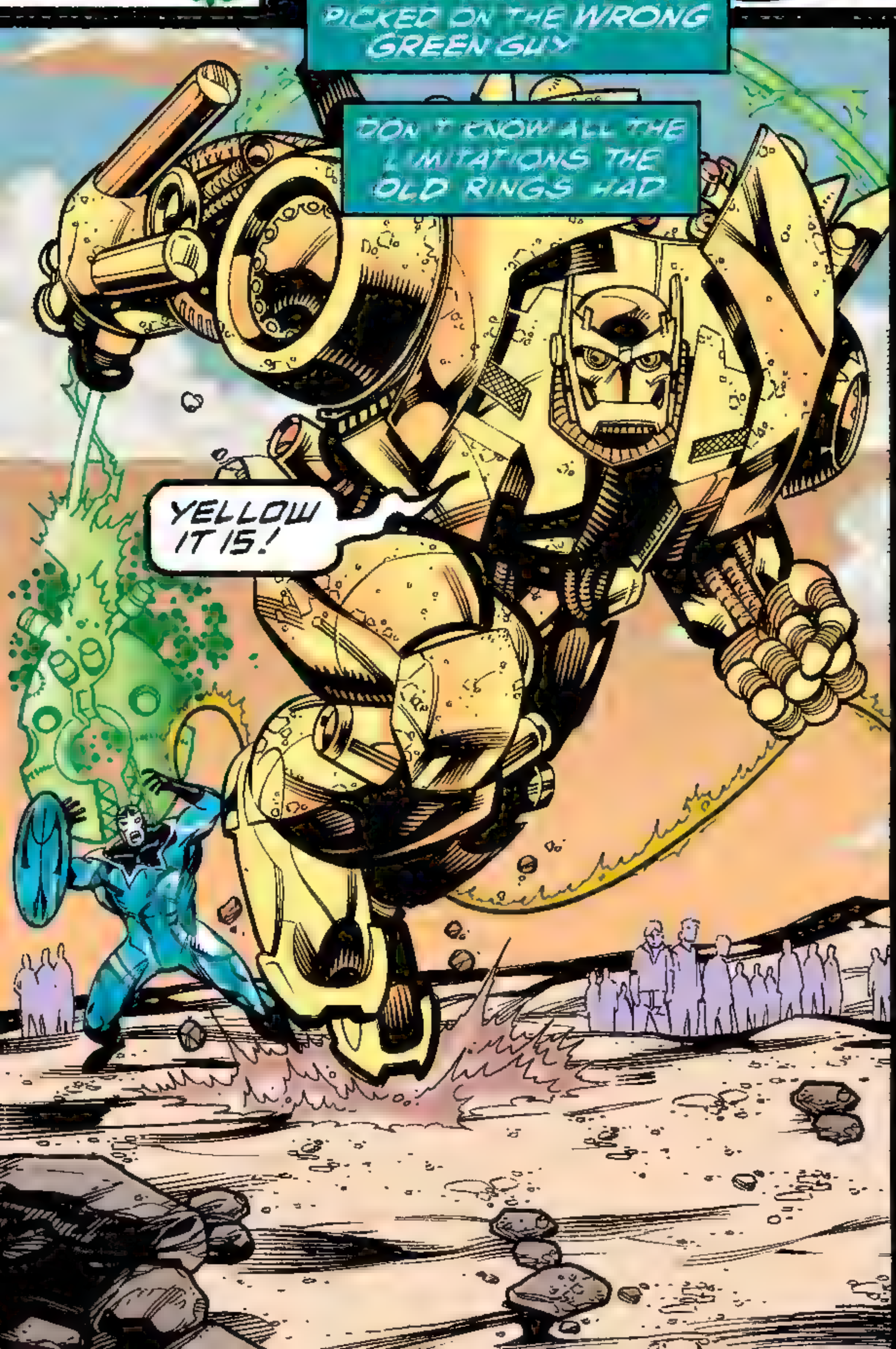
THIS ONE
CREATES PLASMA
SCULPTURES
WITH HIS OAN
POWER RING!

THE RING HAS A FLAW
WHICH MAKES IT
POWERLESS AGAINST
THE COLOR YELLOW,

NICE TRY BUT YOU JUST
PICKED ON THE WRONG
GREEN GUY

DON'T KNOW ALL THE
LIMITATIONS THE
OLD RINGS HAD

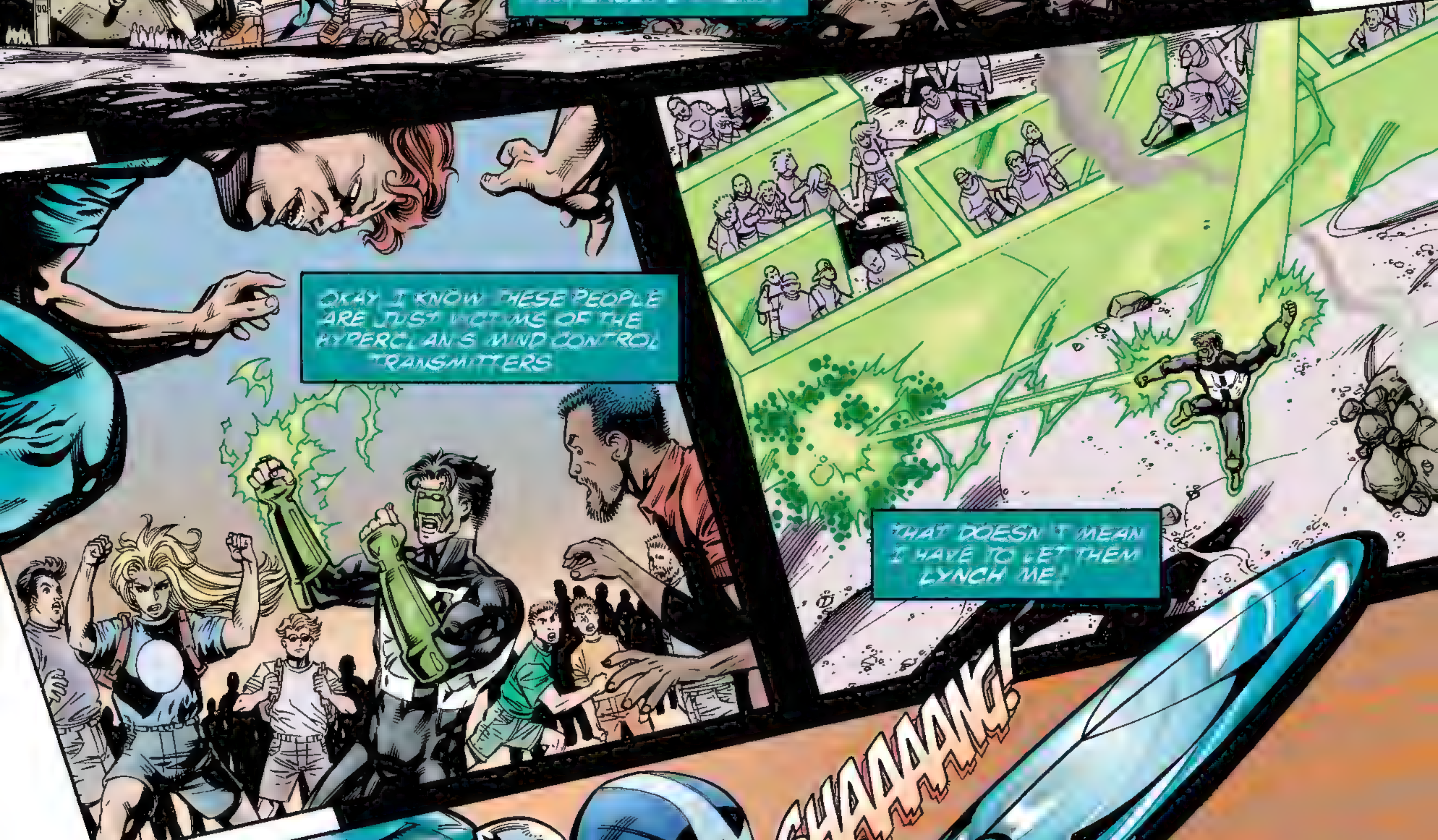
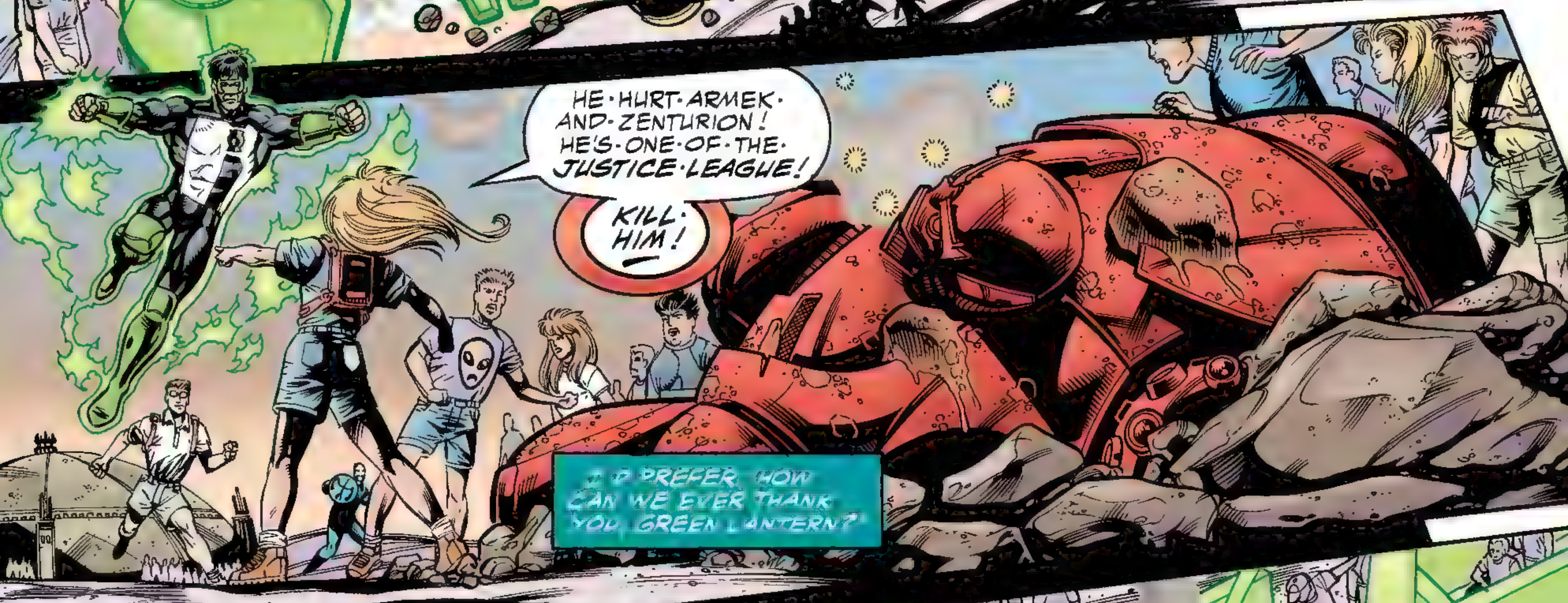
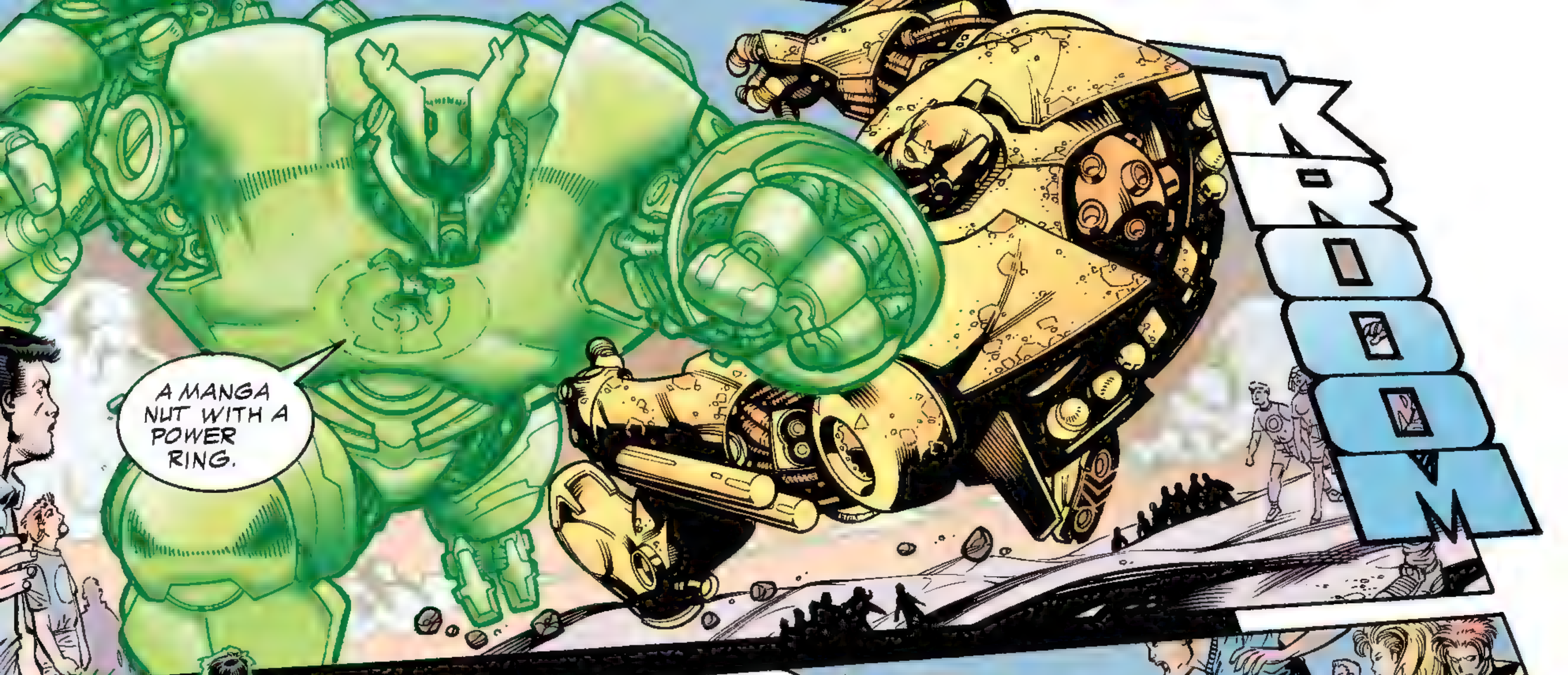
YELLOW
IT IS!

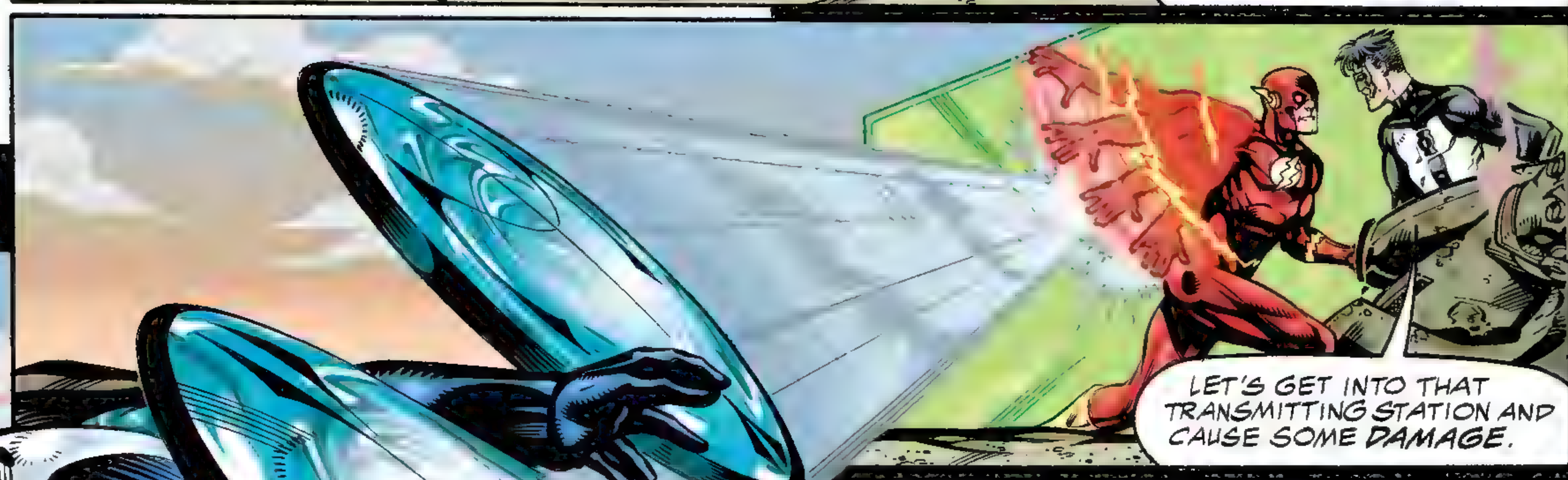
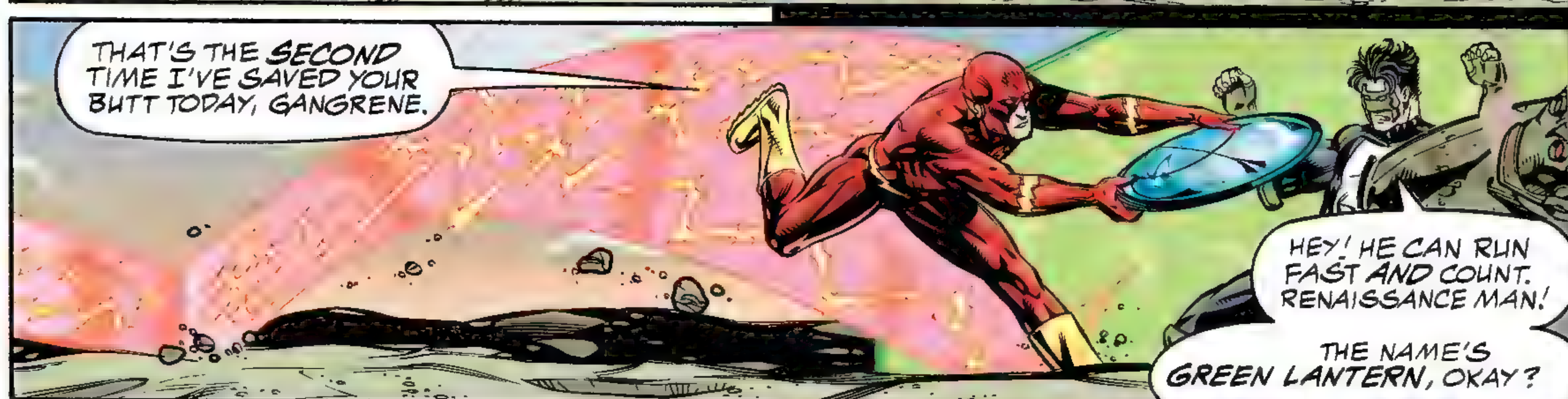
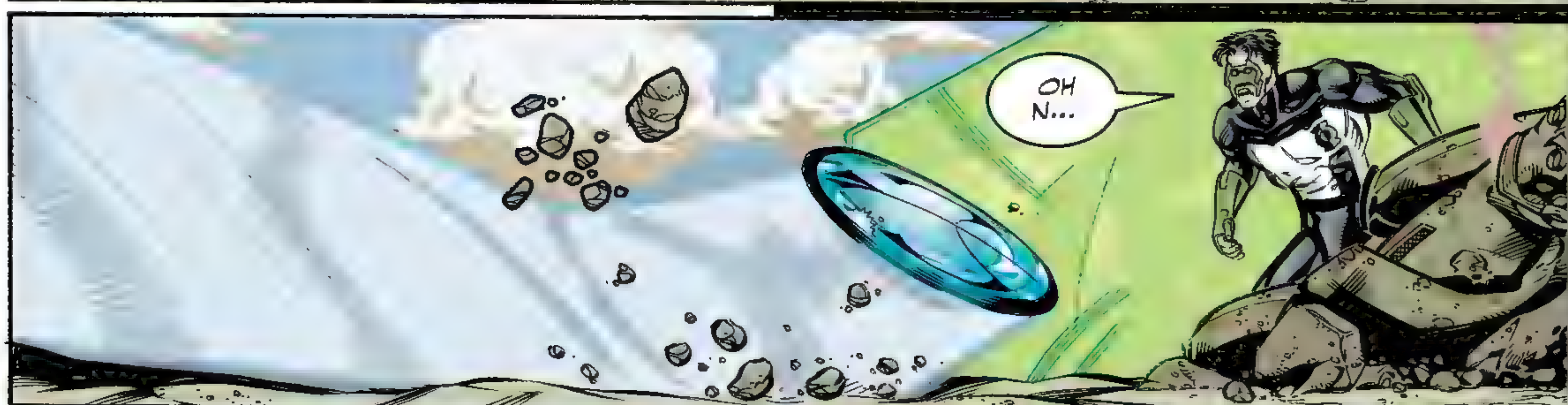


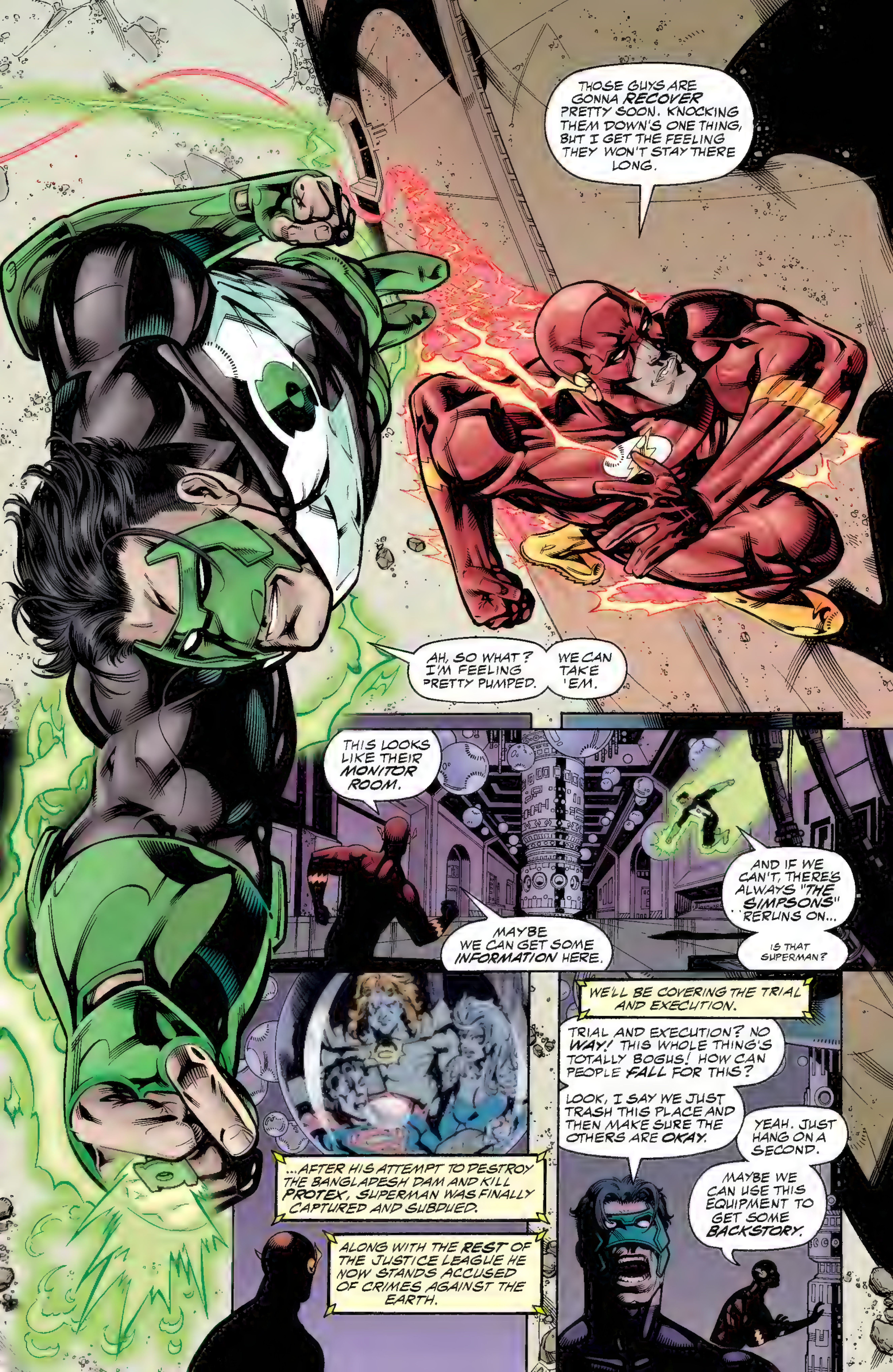
I'M
YOUR WORST
NIGHTMARE,
PAL.

BUT BY THE TIME I GOT
A RING IT DIDN'T HAVE
ANY OF THOSE BUGS

I CAN DO JUST
ABOUT ANYTHING







THOSE GUYS ARE GONNA RECOVER PRETTY SOON. KNOCKING THEM DOWN'S ONE THING, BUT I GET THE FEELING THEY WON'T STAY THERE LONG.

AH, SO WHAT? I'M FEELING PRETTY PUMPED.

WE CAN TAKE 'EM.

THIS LOOKS LIKE THEIR MONITOR ROOM.

MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME INFORMATION HERE.

AND IF WE CAN'T, THERE'S ALWAYS "THE SIMPSONS" RERUNS ON...

IS THAT SUPERMAN?

WE'LL BE COVERING THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION? NO WAY! THIS WHOLE THING'S TOTALLY BOGUS! HOW CAN PEOPLE FALL FOR THIS?

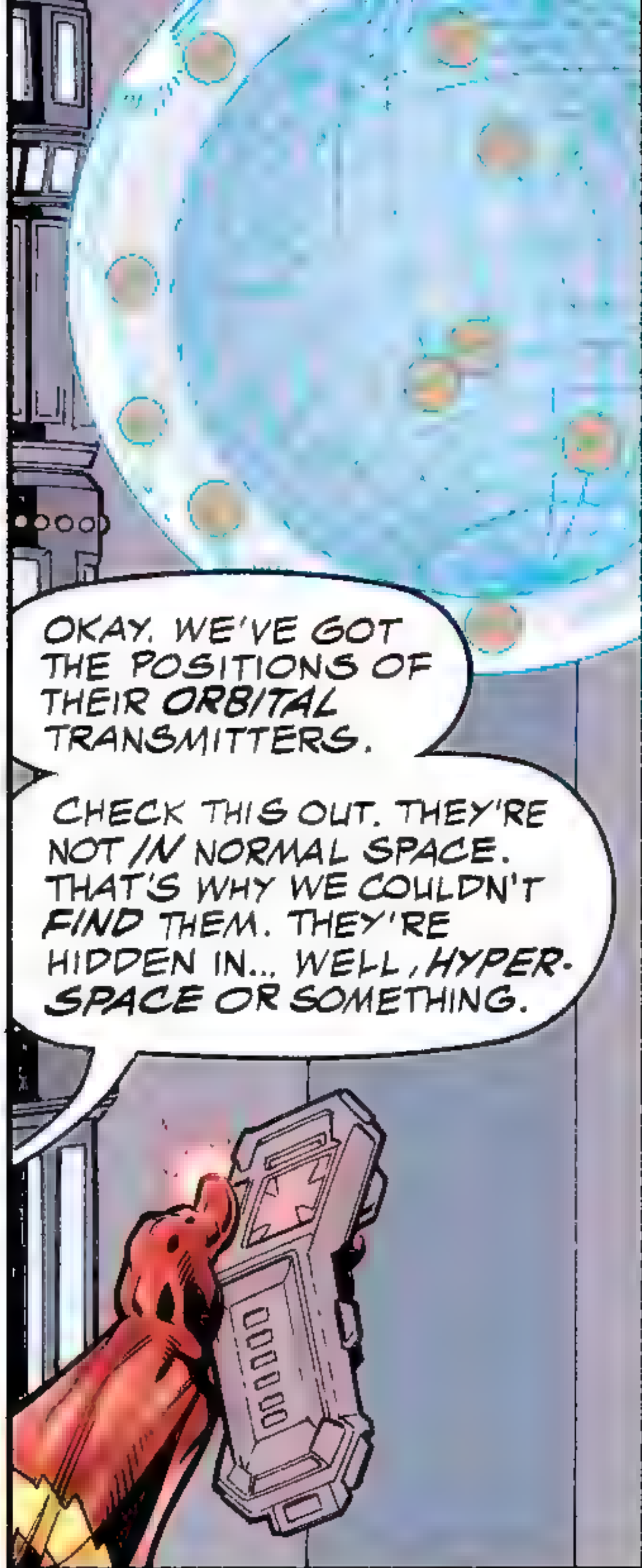
LOOK, I SAY WE JUST TRASH THIS PLACE AND THEN MAKE SURE THE OTHERS ARE OKAY.

YEAH. JUST HANG ON A SECOND.

MAYBE WE CAN USE THIS EQUIPMENT TO GET SOME BACKSTORY.

...AFTER HIS ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE BANGLADESH DAM AND KILL PROTEX, SUPERMAN WAS FINALLY CAPTURED AND SUBDUED.

ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE HE NOW STANDS ACCUSED OF CRIMES AGAINST THE EARTH.



OKAY. WE'VE GOT THE POSITIONS OF THEIR ORBITAL TRANSMITTERS.

CHECK THIS OUT. THEY'RE NOT IN NORMAL SPACE. THAT'S WHY WE COULDN'T FIND THEM. THEY'RE HIDDEN IN... WELL, HYPER-SPACE OR SOMETHING.

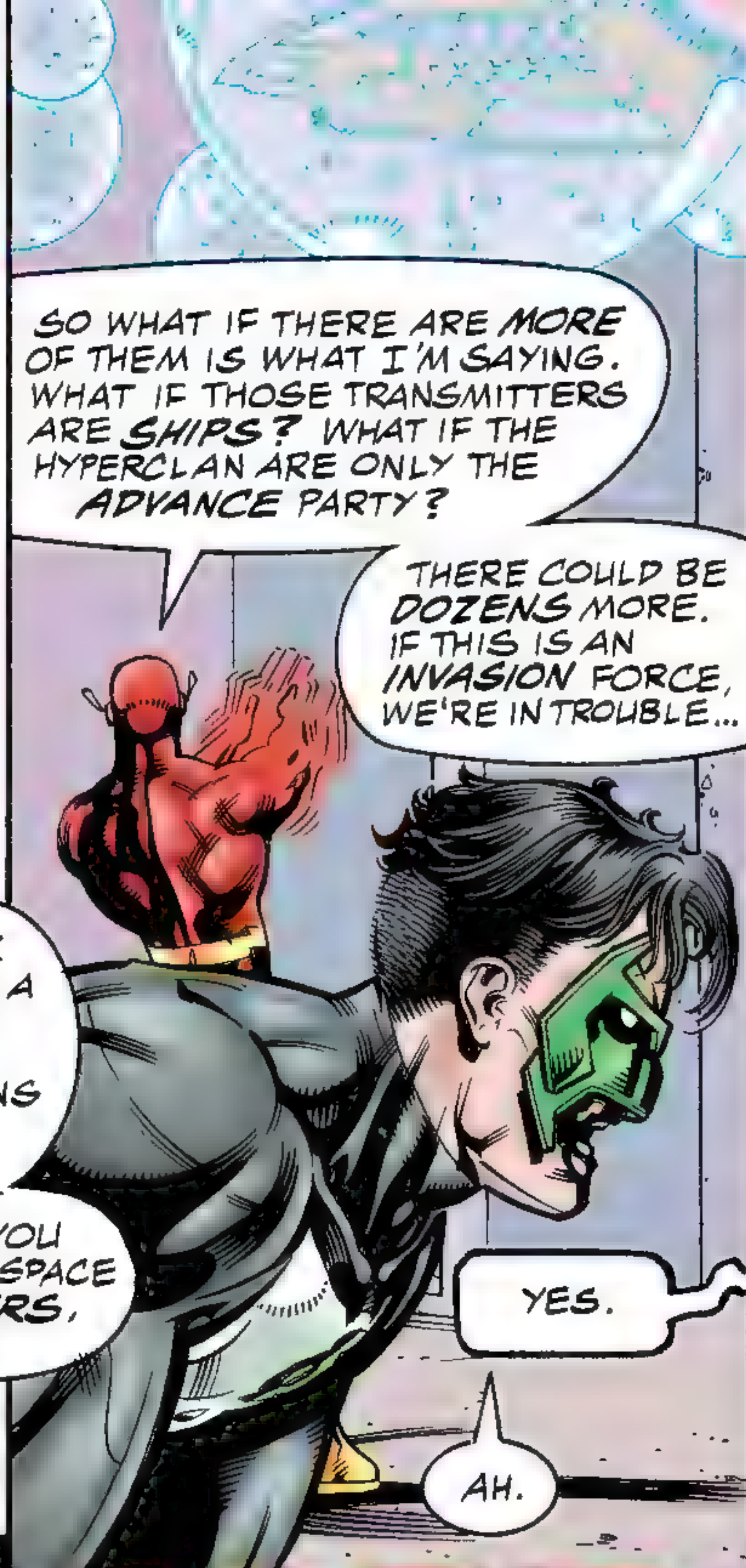


SO THAT'S HOW THE GUYS WHO ATTACKED THE SATELLITE WERE ABLE TO APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE.

HOW DID YOU GET THAT THING TO WORK FIRST TIME?

I DIDN'T. I JUST TRIED A THOUSAND DIFFERENT COMBINATIONS AT SUPER-SPEED.

THE GUYS YOU FOUGHT IN SPACE HAD POWERS, RIGHT?



SO WHAT IF THERE ARE MORE OF THEM IS WHAT I'M SAYING. WHAT IF THOSE TRANSMITTERS ARE SHIPS? WHAT IF THE HYPERCLAN ARE ONLY THE ADVANCE PARTY?

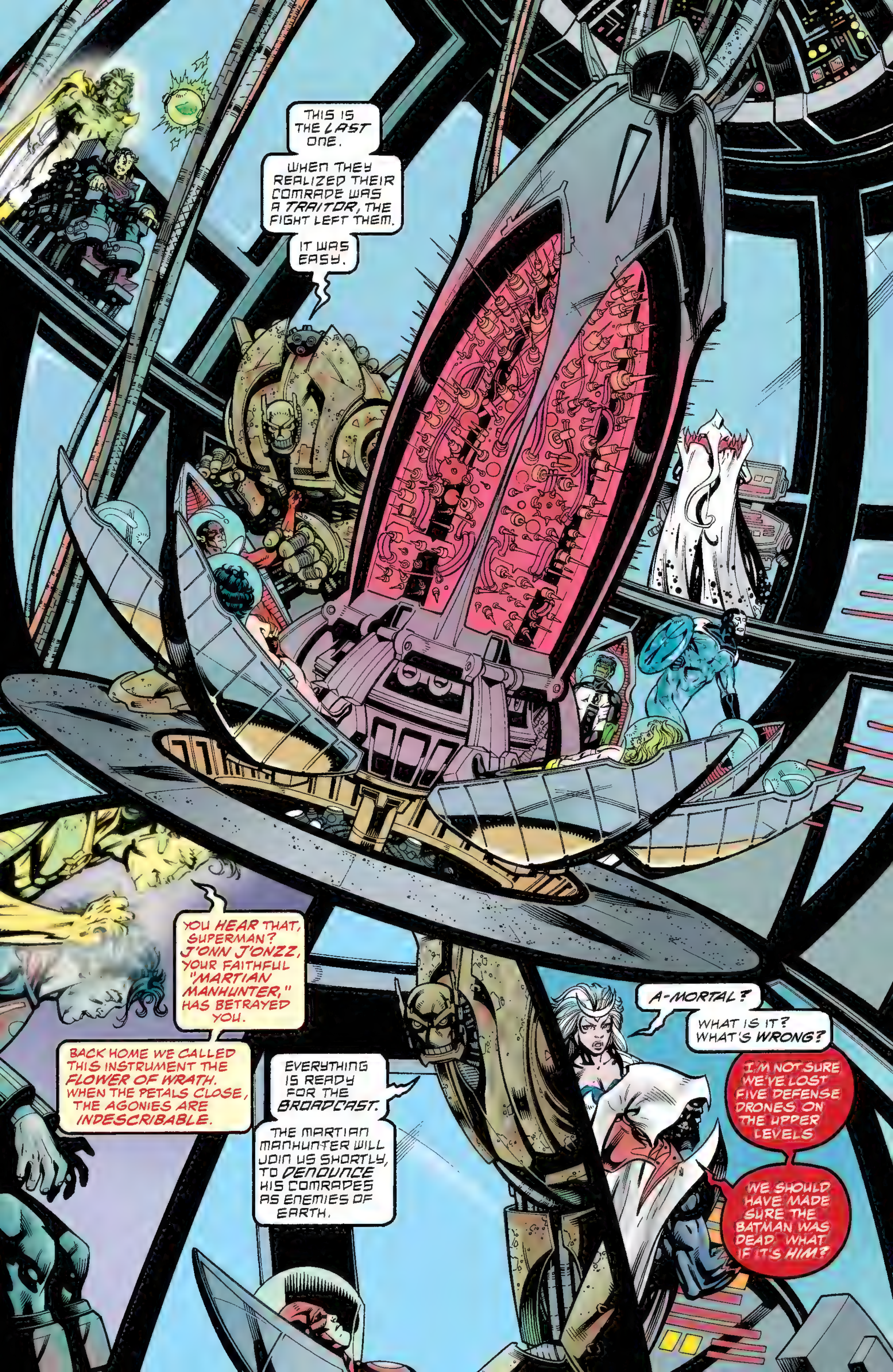
THERE COULD BE DOZENS MORE. IF THIS IS AN INVASION FORCE, WE'RE IN TROUBLE...

YES.

AH.



I'M AFRAID YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, FLASH.



THIS IS
THE LAST
ONE.

WHEN THEY
REALIZED THEIR
COMRADE WAS
A *TRAITOR*, THE
FIGHT LEFT THEM.

IT WAS
EASY.

YOU HEAR THAT,
SUPERMAN?
J'ONN J'ONZZ,
YOUR FAITHFUL
"MARTIAN
MANHUNTER,"
HAS BETRAYED
YOU.

BACK HOME WE CALLED
THIS INSTRUMENT THE
FLOWER OF WRATH.
WHEN THE PETALS CLOSE,
THE AGONIES ARE
INDESCRIBABLE.

EVERYTHING
IS READY
FOR THE
BROADCAST.

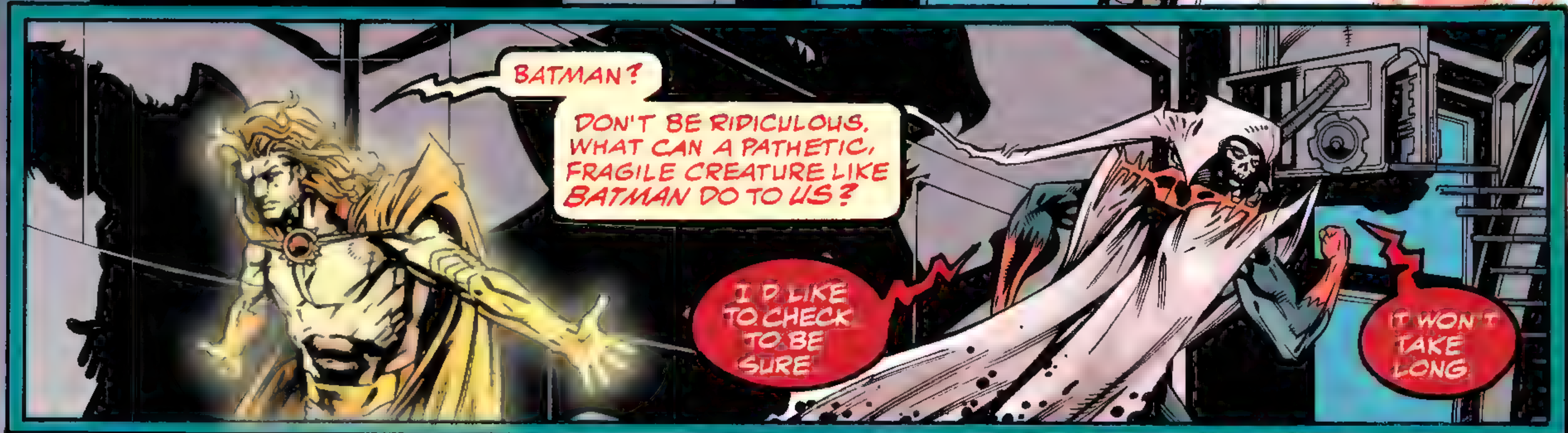
THE MARTIAN
MANHUNTER WILL
JOIN US SHORTLY,
TO *DENOUNCE*
HIS COMRADES
AS ENEMIES OF
EARTH.

A-MORTAL?

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M NOT SURE
WE'VE LOST
FIVE DEFENSE
DRONES ON
THE UPPER
LEVELS

WE SHOULD
HAVE MADE
SURE THE
BATMAN WAS
DEAD. WHAT
IF IT'S HIM?



BATMAN?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.
WHAT CAN A PATHETIC,
FRAGILE CREATURE LIKE
BATMAN DO TO US?

I'D LIKE
TO CHECK
TO BE
SURE

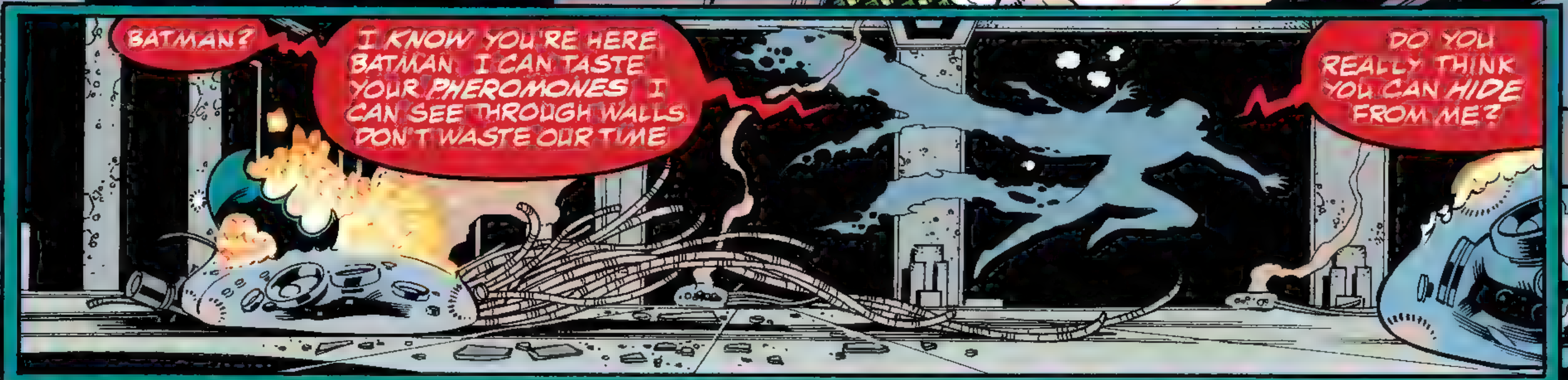
IT WON'T
TAKE
LONG



DO WHAT
YOU WANT.
OH, AND
A-MORTAL...

IF HE HAS SURVIVED,
I'D LIKE YOU TO
CRIPPLE HIM FIRST
AND THEN BRING HIM
BACK HERE.

THERE'S ALWAYS
ROOM FOR ONE
MORE ON THE
FLOWER OF WRATH.



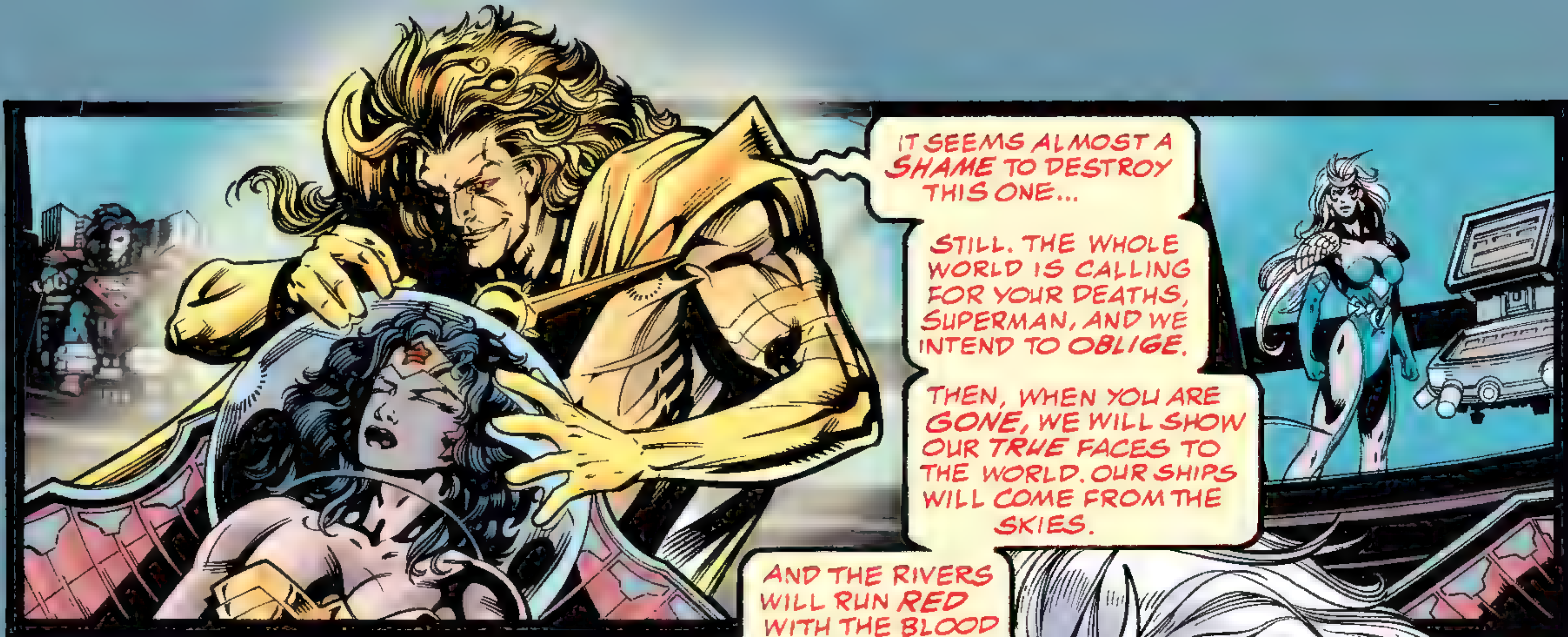
BATMAN?

I KNOW YOU'RE HERE
BATMAN. I CAN TASTE
YOUR PHEROMONES. I
CAN SEE THROUGH WALLS.
DON'T WASTE OUR TIME.

DO YOU
REALLY THINK
YOU CAN HIDE
FROM ME?



AH



IT SEEMS ALMOST A SHAME TO DESTROY THIS ONE...

STILL, THE WHOLE WORLD IS CALLING FOR YOUR DEATHS, SUPERMAN, AND WE INTEND TO OBLIGE.

THEN, WHEN YOU ARE GONE, WE WILL SHOW OUR TRUE FACES TO THE WORLD. OUR SHIPS WILL COME FROM THE SKIES.

AND THE RIVERS WILL RUN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF MANKIND.



SOMETHING'S WRONG.

A-MORTAL HASN'T REPORTED BACK...

OOH, THIS BATMAN MUST BE TOUGHER THAN WE THINK.

I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW TOUGH.



THIS IS INSANE! WE MUST HAVE A COMMUNICATIONS FAILURE! A-MORTAL'S PLAYING SOME KIND OF STUPID JOKE!

BATMAN! BATMAN!

HE'S ONLY A MAN!

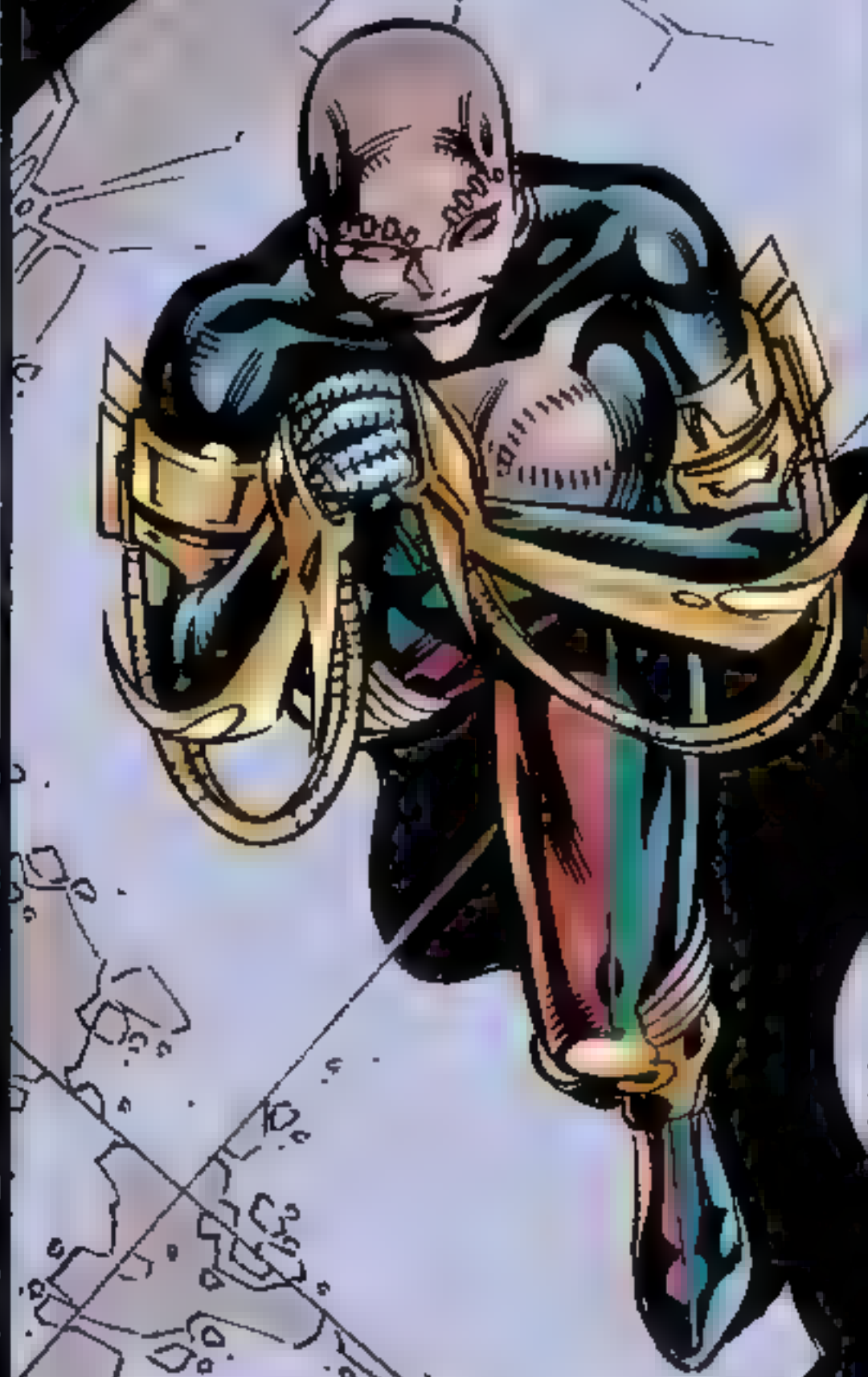


WELL...

GUESS WHOSE LUCK JUST RAN OUT.



ANY LAST WORDS?



ONE OR TWO. SUPER-STRENGTH, FLIGHT, INVULNERABILITY, SHAPE-CHANGING, MIND CONTROL: YOU'RE MARTIANS, AREN'T YOU?



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO BEAT A-MORTAL BUT WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU APART, LITTLE MAN. CELL BY CELL.

I HOPE YOU'RE READY.

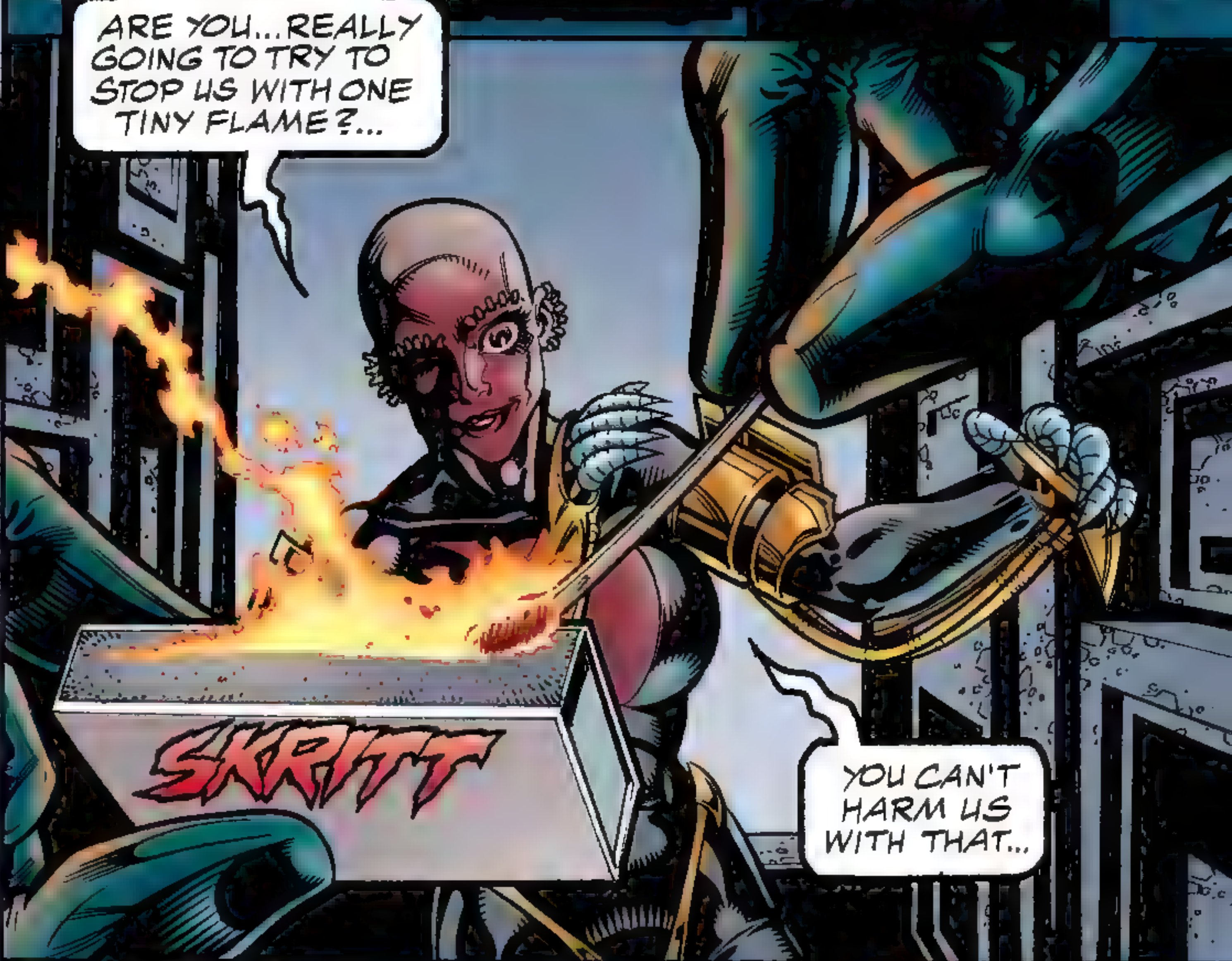
AND WHEN YOU BROUGHT DOWN MY AIRCRAFT YOU DIDN'T DARE SEARCH THE WRECKAGE BECAUSE OF THE ONE THING WHICH ROBS YOUR PEOPLE OF THEIR POWERS.



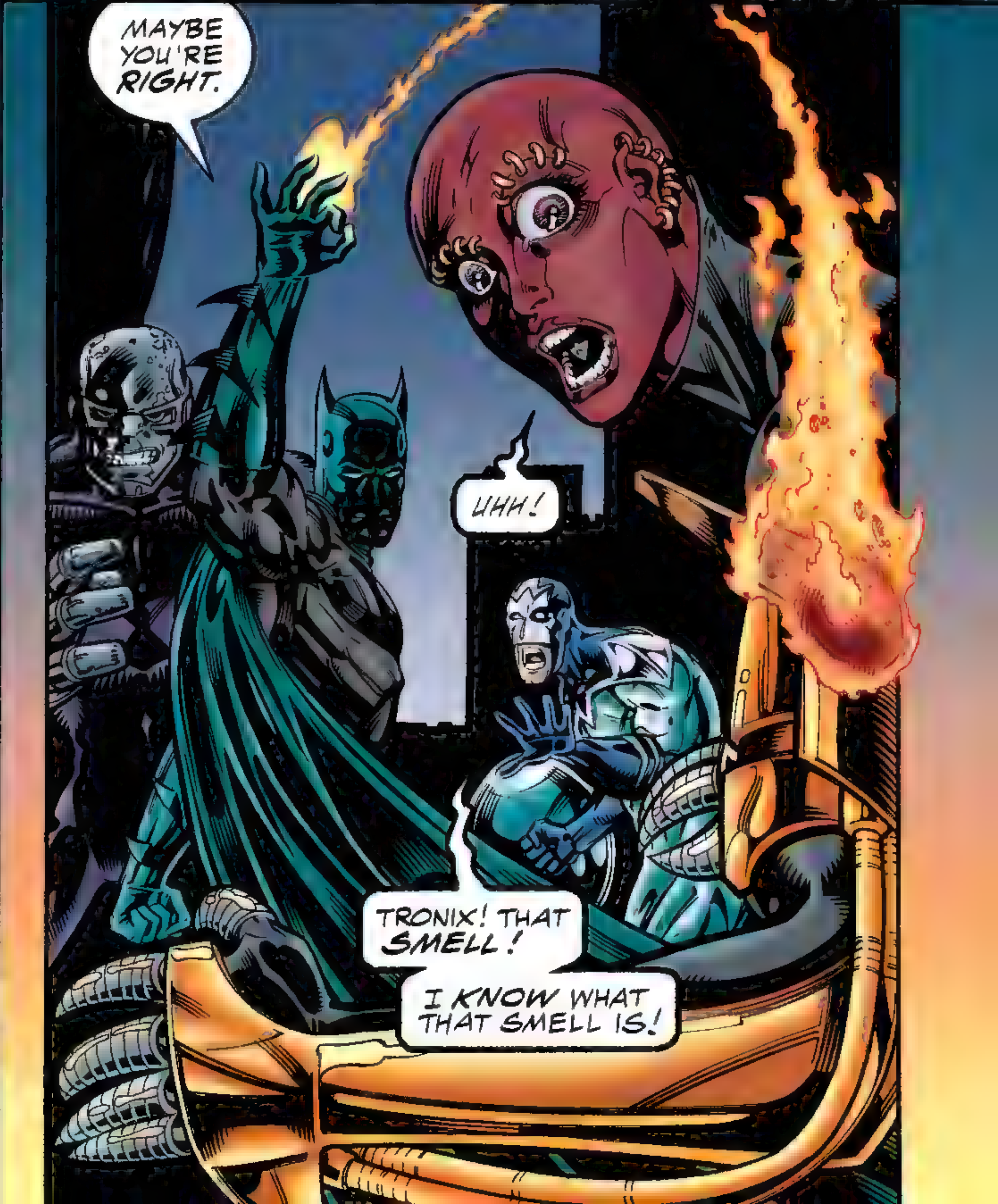
FIRE.

THAT'S...AH... THAT'S A VERY INTERESTING THEORY...

ARE YOU...REALLY GOING TO TRY TO STOP US WITH ONE TINY FLAME?...
SKRITT



YOU CAN'T HARM US WITH THAT...



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

UHH!

TRONIX! THAT SMELL!

I KNOW WHAT THAT SMELL IS!

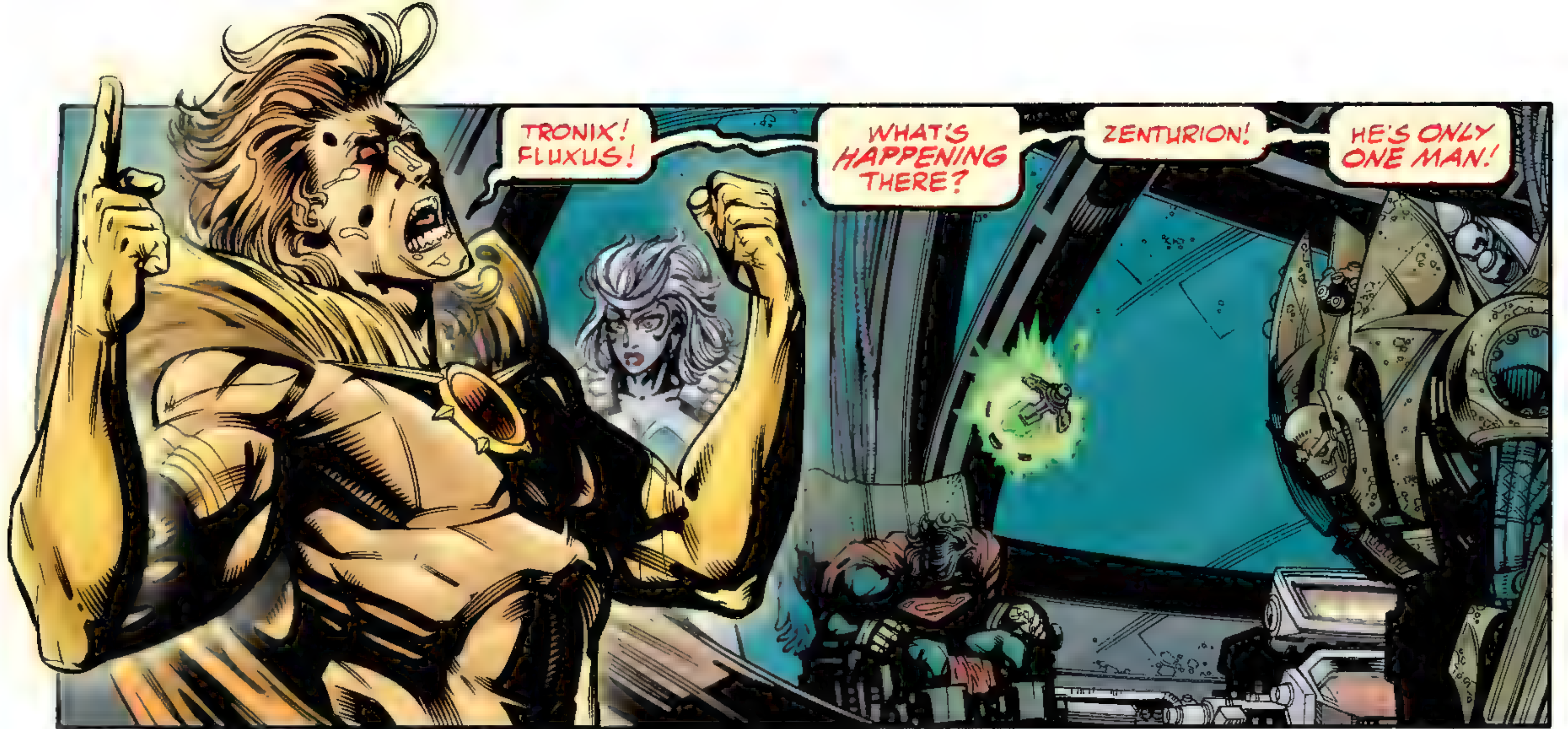
A vertical comic book panel depicting a massive fire. A large, stylized speech bubble at the top contains the word "GASOLINE." in bold, capital letters. Below the speech bubble, a tall, dark building is almost completely consumed by a towering wall of bright yellow and orange flames. The fire is intense and billowing upwards. In the foreground, there are dark, irregular shapes that appear to be pools of liquid or debris on the ground, with some smaller flames rising from them. The background is dark and textured with a grid-like pattern, suggesting a night scene or a dark interior. The overall style is that of a classic comic book illustration.

Noooo!

SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

**DO
SOMETHING!**

READY
WHEN
YOU ARE.



TRONIX!
FLUXUS!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
THERE?

ZENTURION!

HE'S ONLY
ONE MAN!

THE MOST... UH...
DANGEROUS MAN
ON EARTH...

YOUR PUH-PLANS...
ARE... FALLING
APART... PROTEX

I DON'T
THINK SO.

ARMEK! ACTIVATE THE
FLOWER OF WRATH!
KILL THE HUMANS!

SHUT
UP!

YOU'RE...

KRAK!

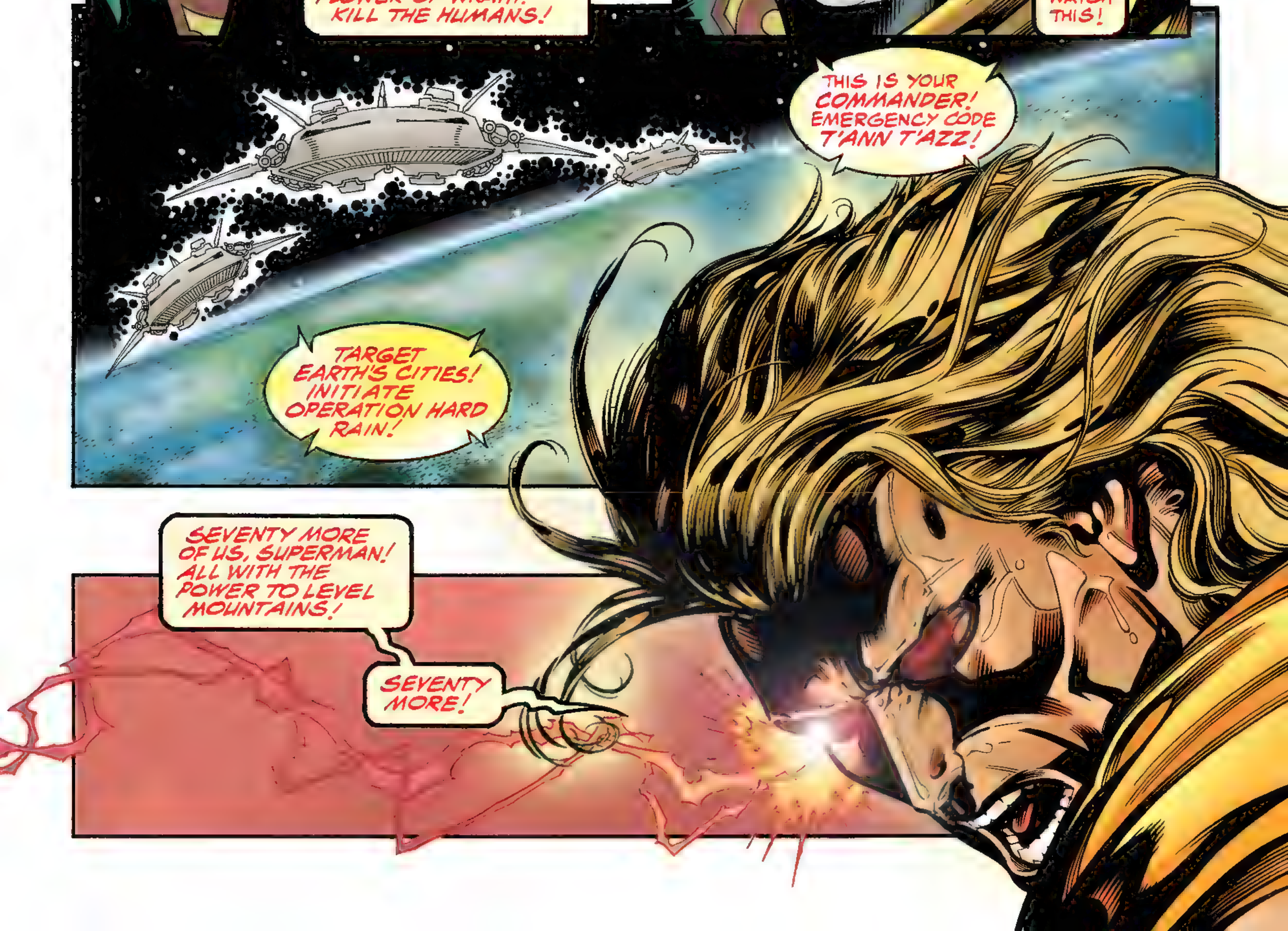
WATCH
THIS!

THIS IS YOUR
COMMANDER!
EMERGENCY CODE
T'ANN T'AZZ!

TARGET
EARTH'S CITIES!
INITIATE
OPERATION HARD
RAIN!

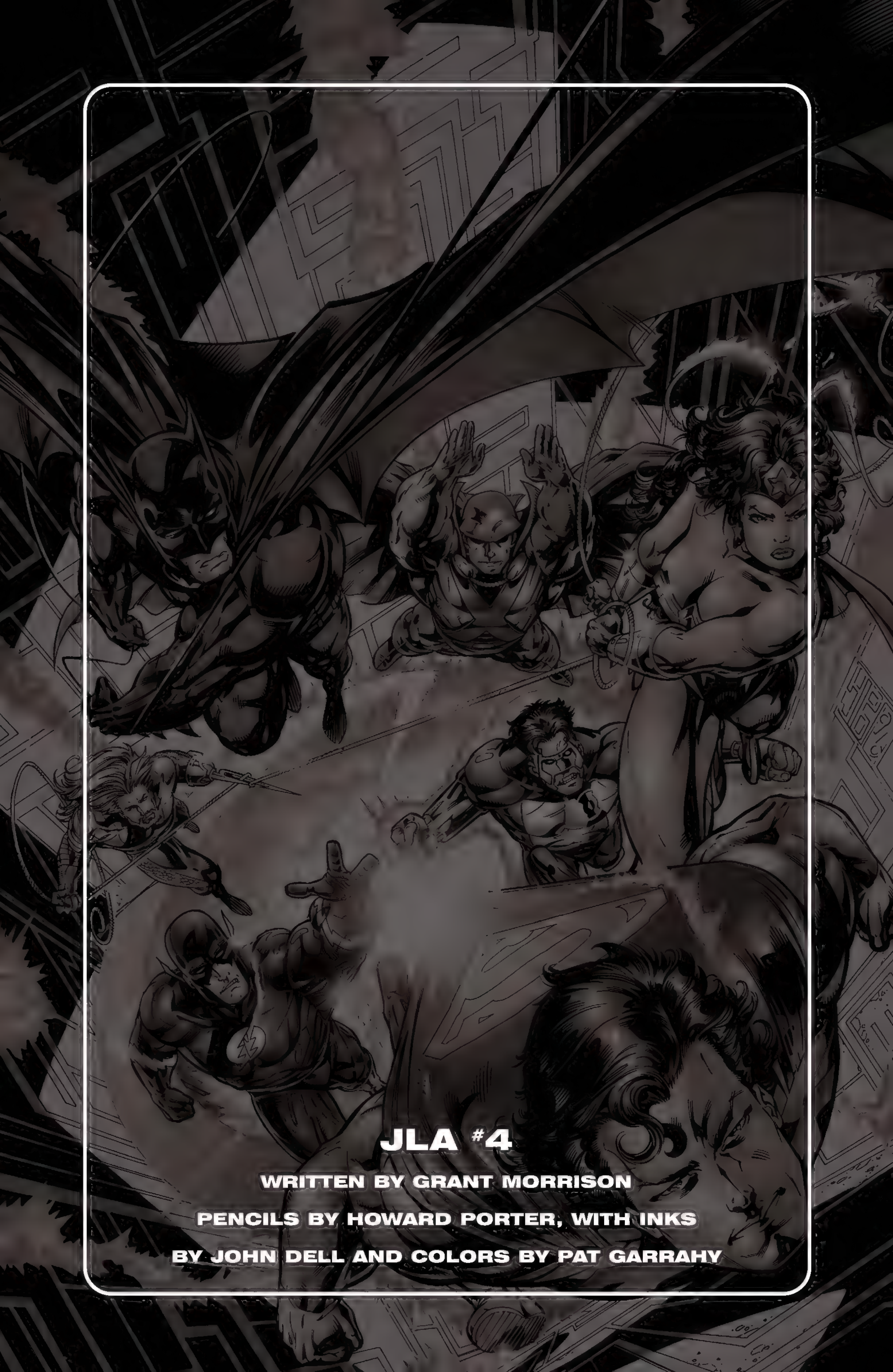
SEVENTY MORE
OF US, SUPERMAN!
ALL WITH THE
POWER TO LEVEL
MOUNTAINS!

SEVENTY
MORE!







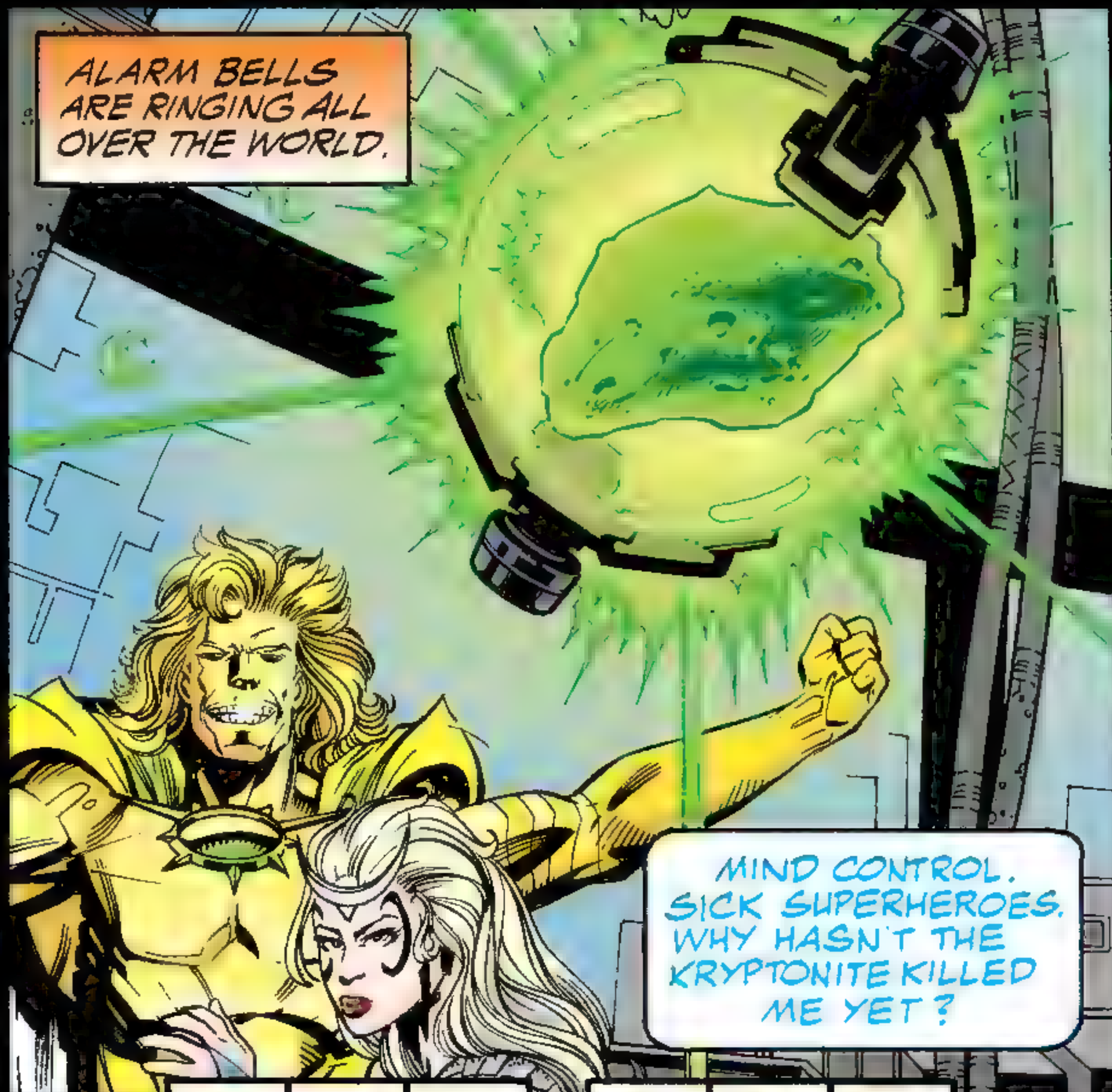


JLA #4

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY HOWARD PORTER, WITH INKS

BY JOHN DELL AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY



ALARM BELLS
ARE RINGING ALL
OVER THE WORLD.

MIND CONTROL.
SICK SUPERHEROES.
WHY HASN'T THE
KRYPTONITE KILLED
ME YET?

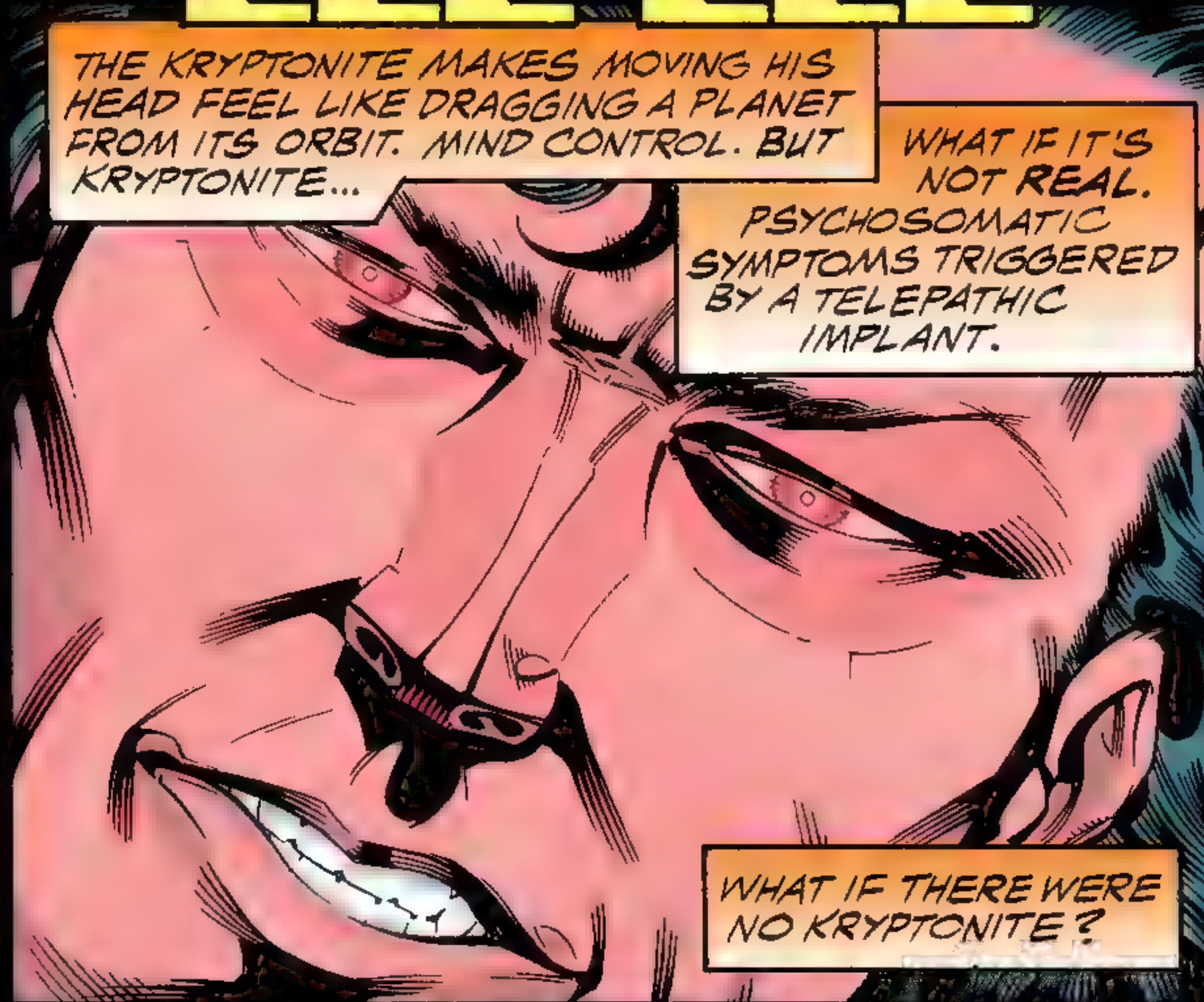
ZEE ZEE



WHAT IF THE HYPERCLAN
PLANNED IT ALL? WHO WOULD
POSSESS THOSE POWERS, USE
MIND CONTROL TECHNIQUES
AND... FEAR FIRE...?

THE INVASION FLEET
OF THE HYPERCLAN
IS LANDING:
WASHINGTON, PARIS,
SINGAPORE, METROPOLIS,
TOKYO, LONDON.

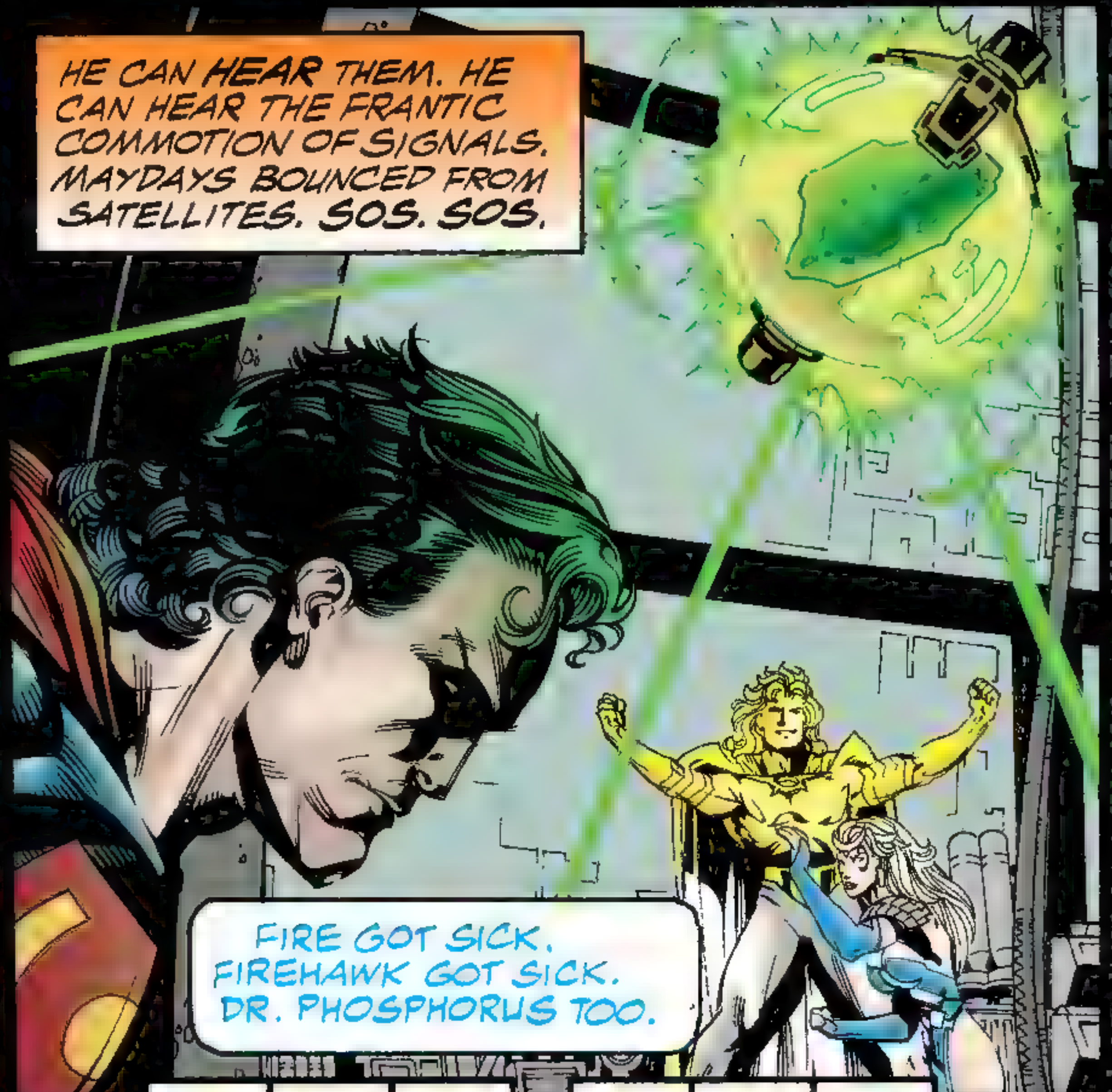
ZEE ZEE



THE KRYPTONITE MAKES MOVING HIS
HEAD FEEL LIKE DRAGGING A PLANET
FROM ITS ORBIT. MIND CONTROL. BUT
KRYPTONITE...

WHAT IF IT'S
NOT REAL.
PSYCHOSOMATIC
SYMPTOMS TRIGGERED
BY A TELEPATHIC
IMPLANT.

WHAT IF THERE WERE
NO KRYPTONITE?



HE CAN HEAR THEM. HE
CAN HEAR THE FRANTIC
COMMOTION OF SIGNALS.
MAYDAYS BOUNCED FROM
SATELLITES. SOS. SOS.

FIRE GOT SICK.
FIREHAWK GOT SICK.
DR. PHOSPHORUS TOO.

ZEE ZEE



AIRWAVES JAMMED
WITH CRIES FOR HELP.

... MARTIANS...

THEY NEED HIM.
THEY NEED THE
JUSTICE LEAGUE.

ZEE ZEE



ALARM BELLS ARE
RINGING ALL OVER
THE WORLD.

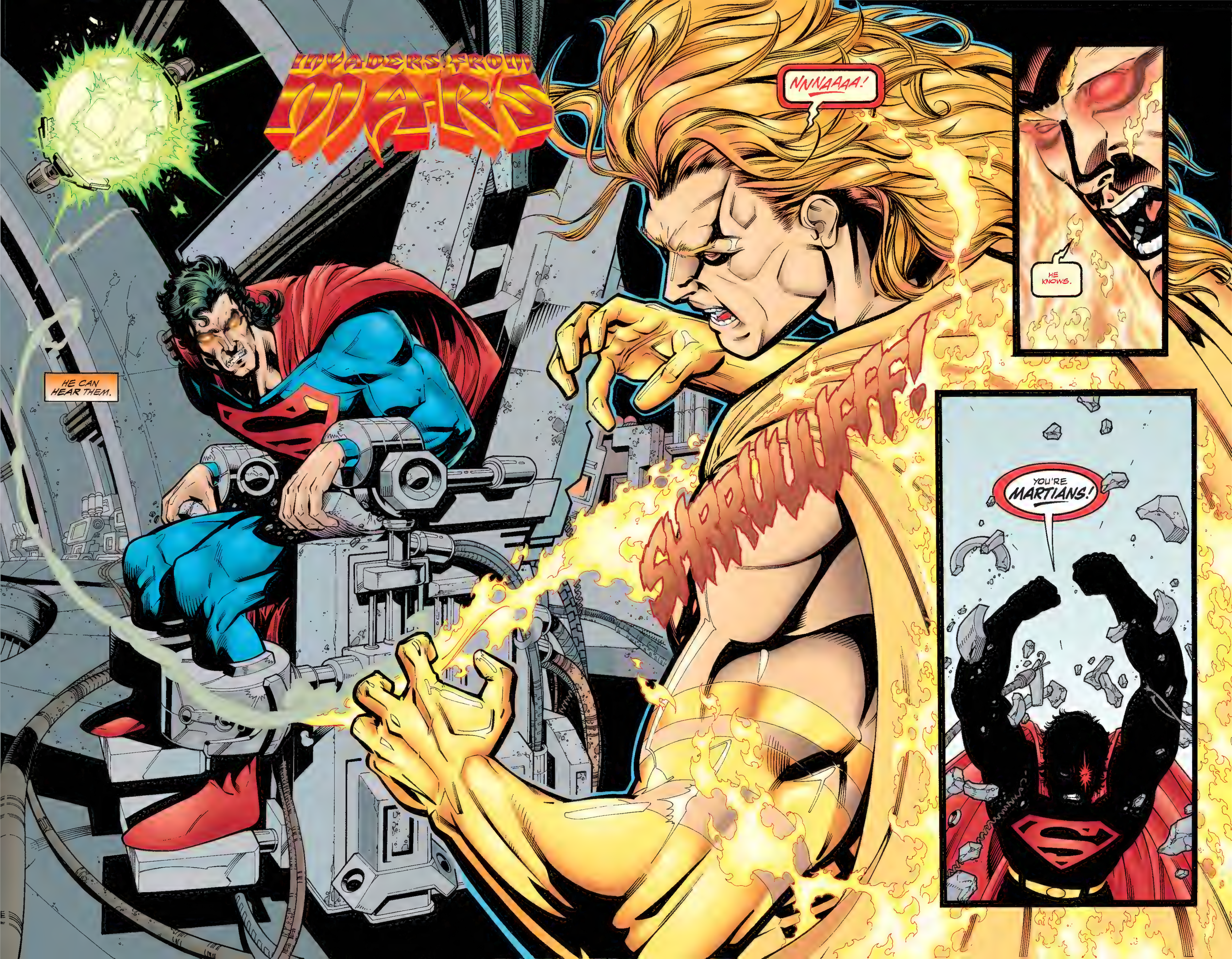
INVADERS FROM MARS

HE CAN
HEAR THEM.

NNNAAAA!

HE
KNOWS.

YOU'RE
MARTIANS!



FIRE IS THE ONE THING
THAT WEAKENS THEM.

WE THOUGHT
JOHN WAS THE
ONLY ONE LEFT.
HOW CAN THIS
BE?

MARTIANS.
I SHOULD
HAVE SEEN
IT BEFORE.

AWAY FROM FIRE, THEY'RE
AS STRONG AS HE IS, AS FAST
AS HE IS, AND AS TOUGH.

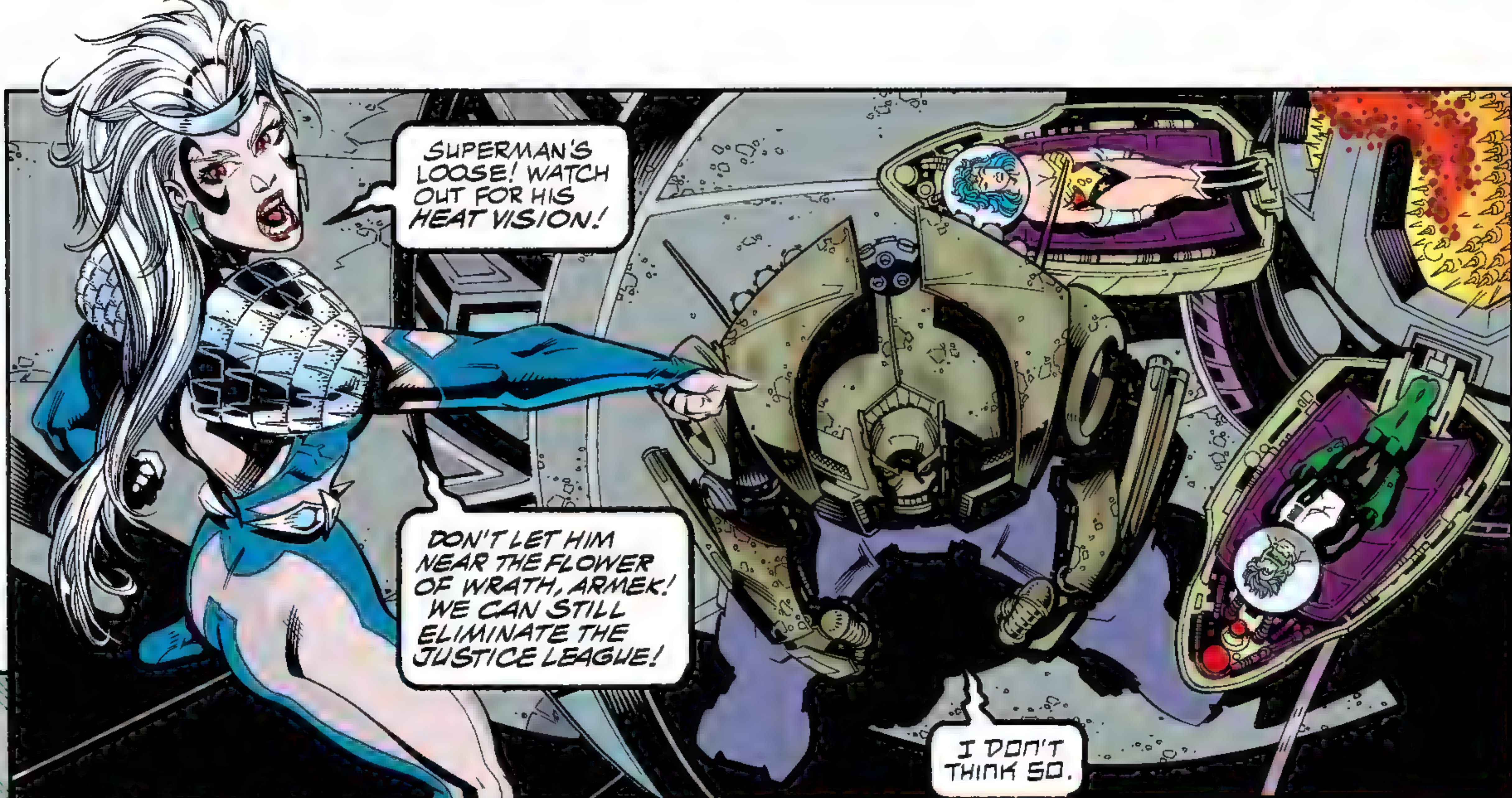
THE KNOWLEDGE
WOULDN'T HAVE
SAVED YOU THEN,
SUPERMAN.

IT WON'T
SAVE YOU
NOW.

IT WON'T
SAVE YOUR
WORLD!

FLIGHT. SHAPECHANGING.
INVISIBILITY. TELEPATHIC
MIND CONTROL.

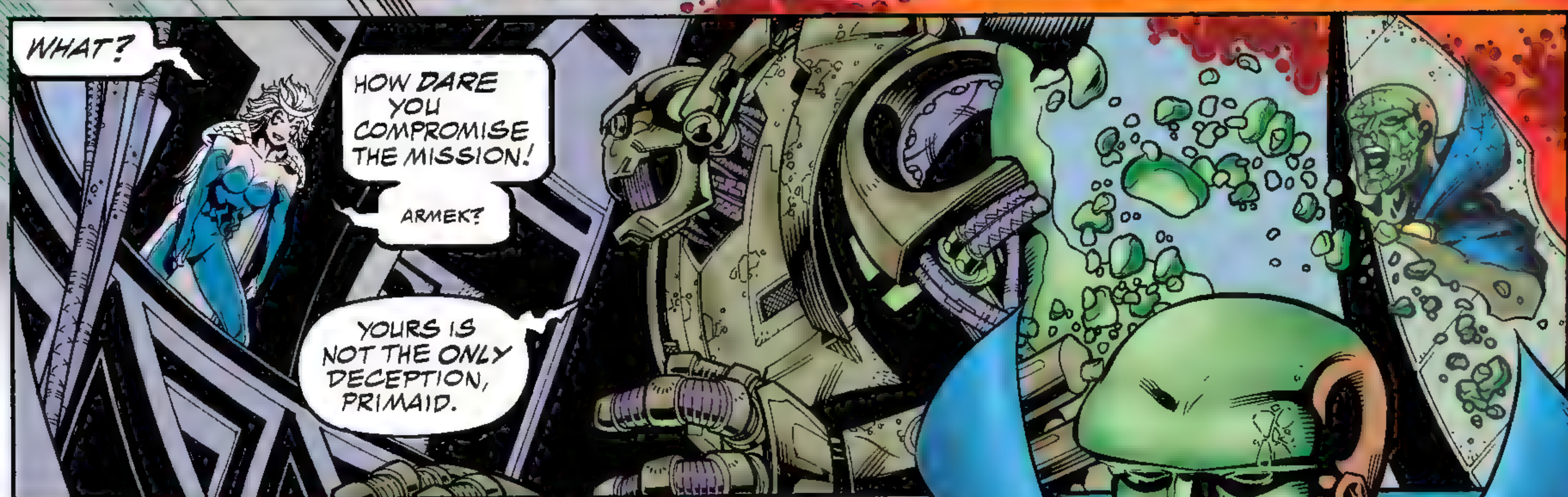
"MARTIAN VISION."



SUPERMAN'S
LOOSE! WATCH
OUT FOR HIS
HEAT VISION!

DON'T LET HIM
NEAR THE FLOWER
OF WRATH, ARMEK!
WE CAN STILL
ELIMINATE THE
JUSTICE LEAGUE!

I DON'T
THINK SO.



WHAT?

HOW DARE
YOU
COMPROMISE
THE MISSION!

ARMEK?

YOURS IS
NOT THE ONLY
DECEPTION,
PRIMAID.

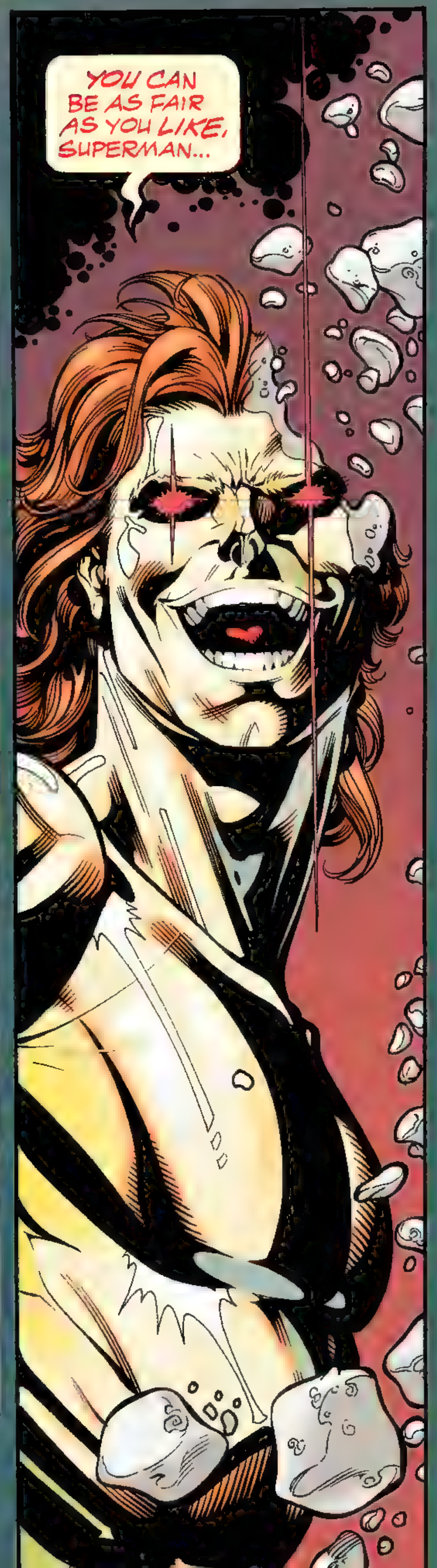
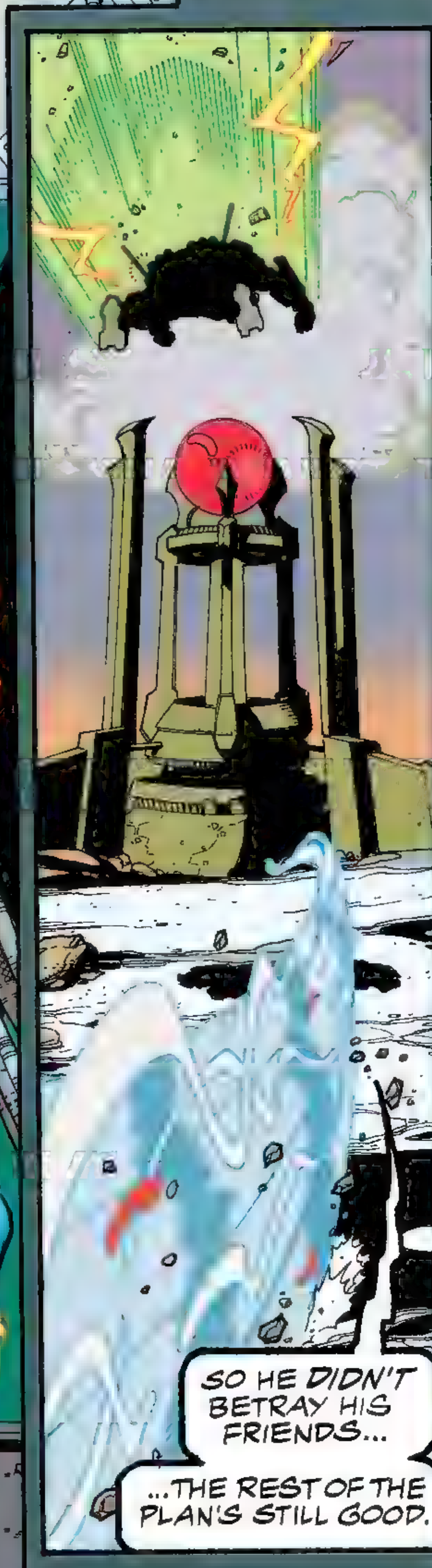
AND I
LEFT THE REAL
ARMEK IN THE
GOBI DESERT.

DID YOU REALLY THINK
I WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE
THIS CITY YOU'VE UNEARTHED?
Z'ONN Z'ORR, THE MOST
INFAMOUS NAME IN MARTIAN
HISTORY...



J'ONN J'ONZZ!
BETRAYER!

TRAITOR!



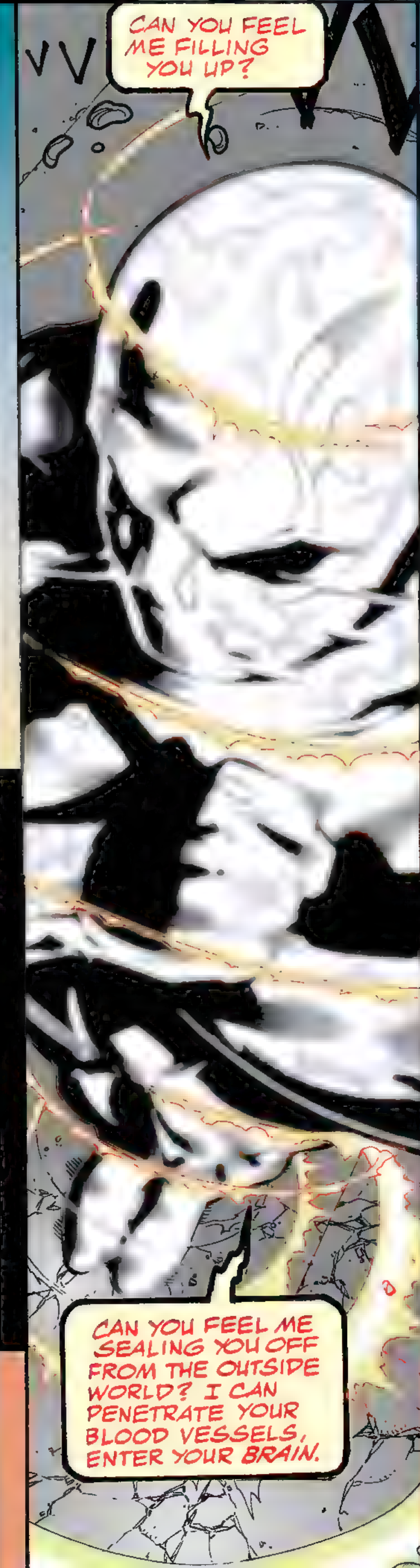


I'LL STICK TO MY OWN RULES!



SHULLE

WE MARTIANS HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OVER OUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURES, SUPERMAN. LET ME DEMONSTRATE.



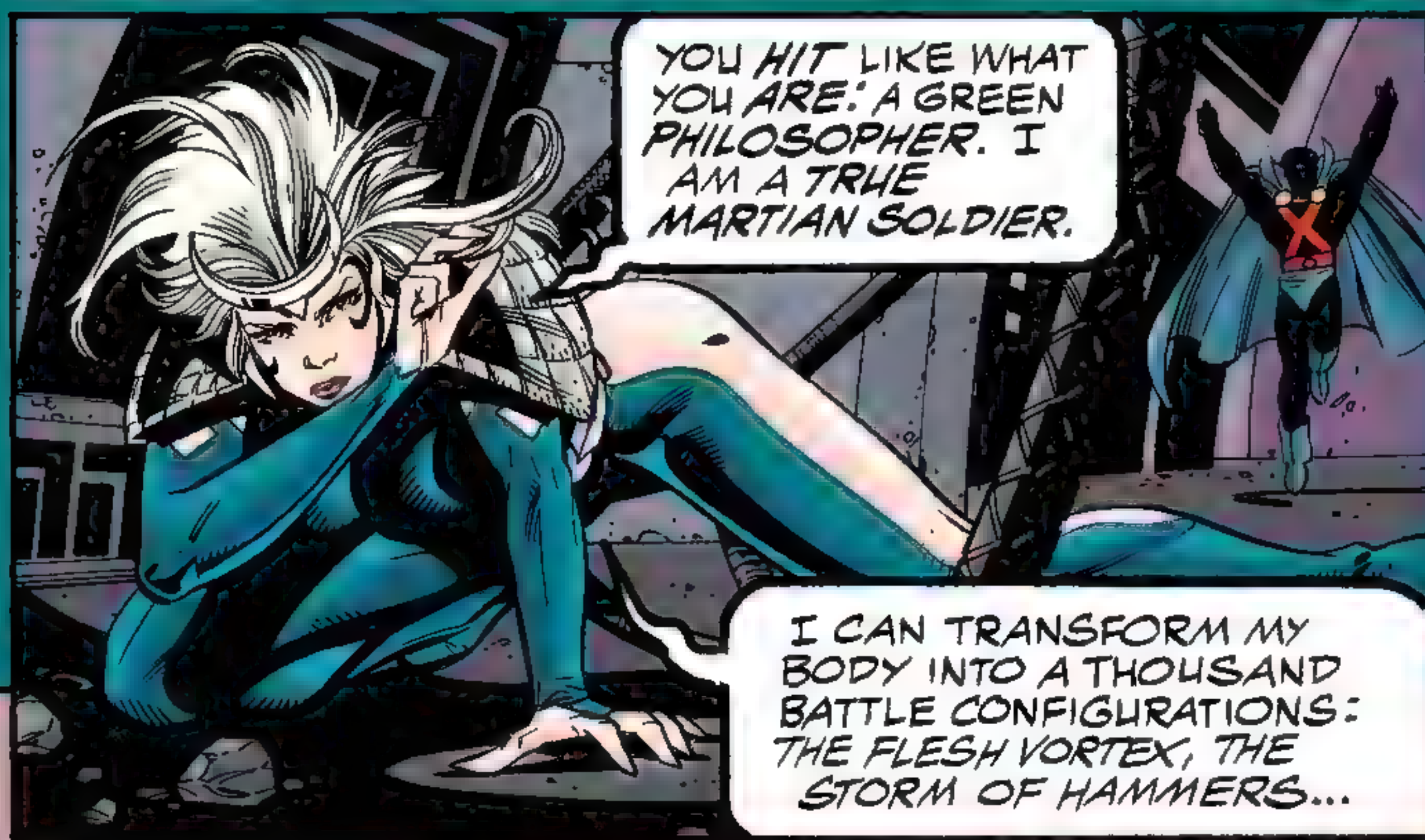
CAN YOU FEEL ME FILLING YOU UP?

CAN YOU FEEL ME SEALING YOU OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD? I CAN PENETRATE YOUR BLOOD VESSELS, ENTER YOUR BRAIN.



NOW TO FINISH WHAT WE STARTED MILLENNIA AGO.

VVVVVRRRR
RRCHUCKCH
CHUCKCHUCK
CKCK!

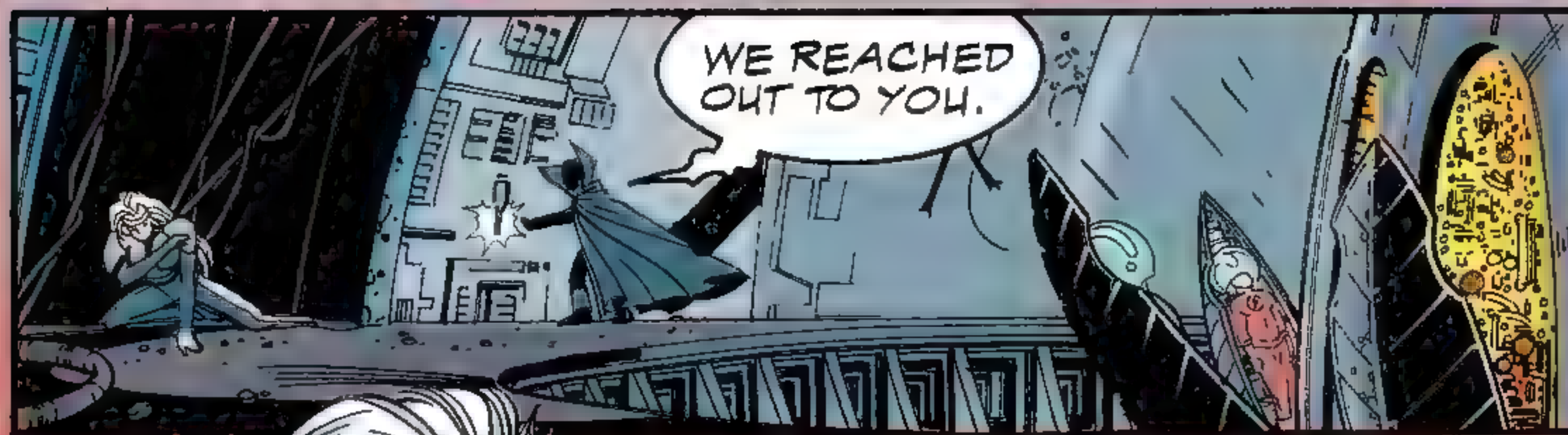


YOU HIT LIKE WHAT YOU ARE: A GREEN PHILOSOPHER. I AM A TRUE MARTIAN SOLDIER.

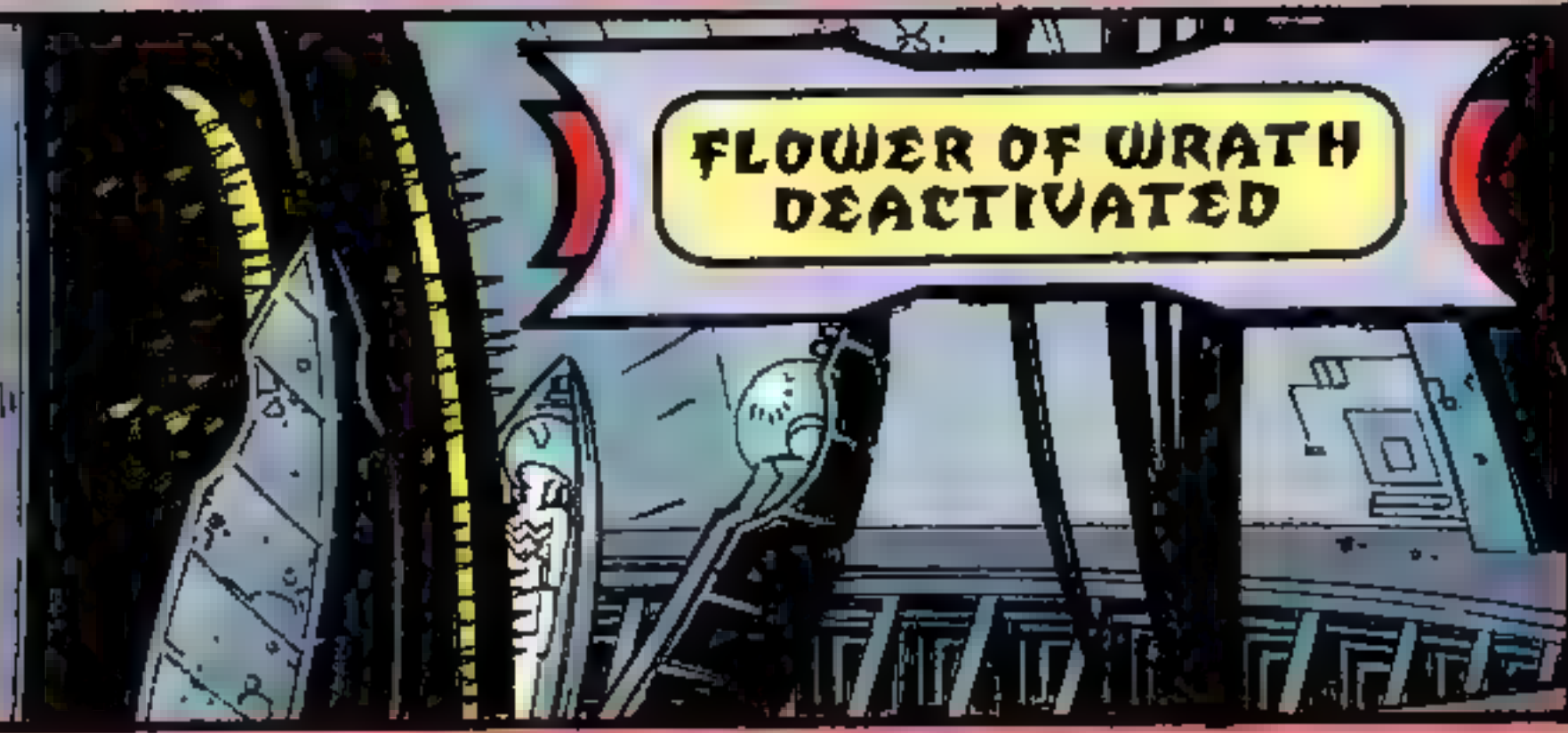
I CAN TRANSFORM MY BODY INTO A THOUSAND BATTLE CONFIGURATIONS: THE FLESH VORTEX, THE STORM OF HAMMERS...



OF COURSE YOU CAN. THAT WAS ALL THE PALE MARTIANS EVER HAD TO OFFER OUR CULTURE: WAR AND HATRED AND DESTRUCTION.



WE REACHED OUT TO YOU.



FLOWER OF WRATH DEACTIVATED



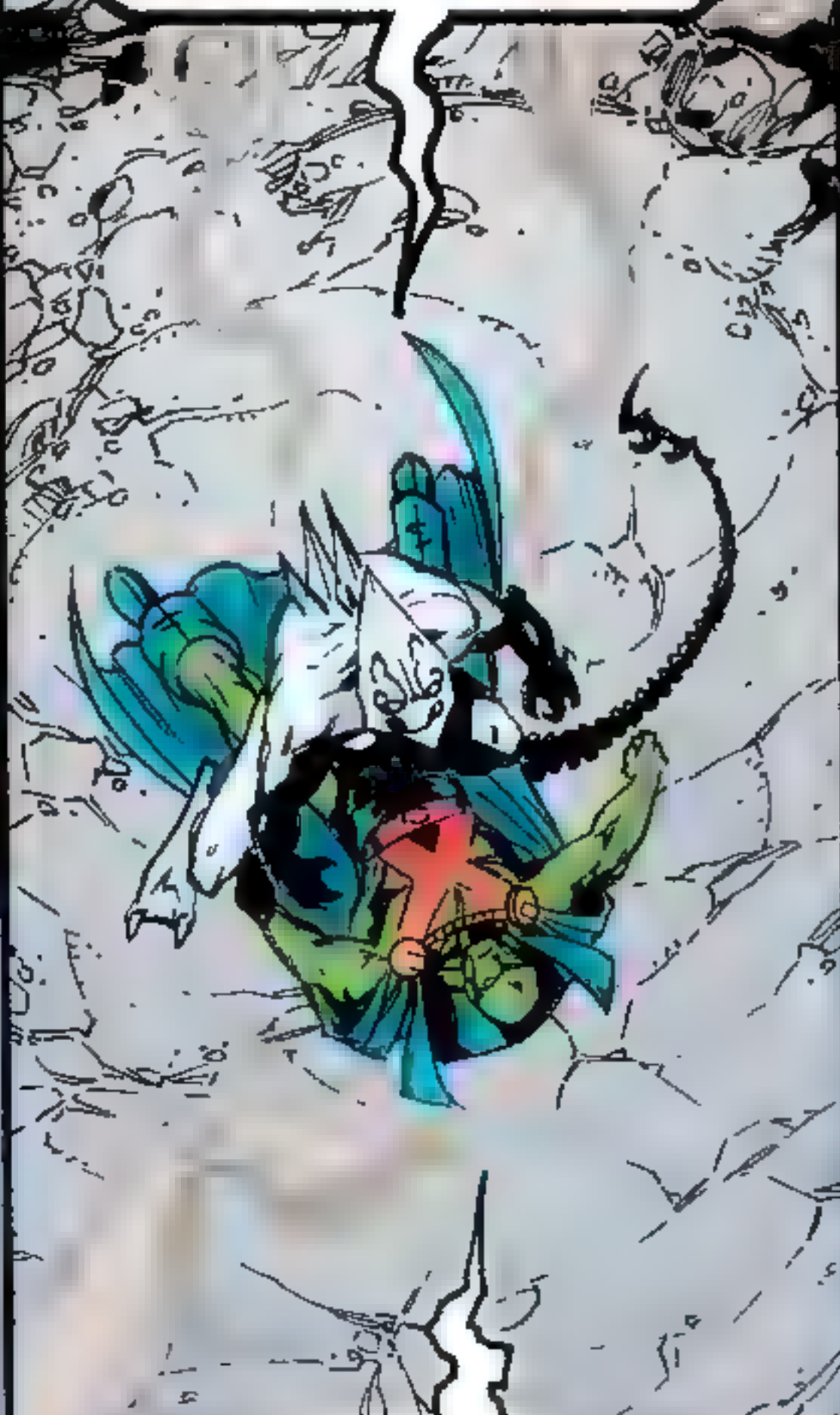
RRREEEEE!

KRUM!

YOU RESPONDED WITH GENOC--
LNGH!



IF YOU HAD ANY SELF-RESPECT, ANY PRIDE IN YOUR HERITAGE, YOU WOULD HAVE JOINED US.



THE PARATEXTS SPOKE AT LENGTH OF YOUR TRIBE. THEY TOLD US WHAT YOU DID TO THE EARTH AND HOW YOU WERE PUNISHED.

AND THIS PLANET MEANS SO MUCH TO YOU, IS THAT IT?

YOU CAN NEVER BE ONE OF THEM. THE BEST YOU CAN EVER HOPE TO BE IS A GREEN FREAK!

WHO CARES FOR A THING LIKE YOU?

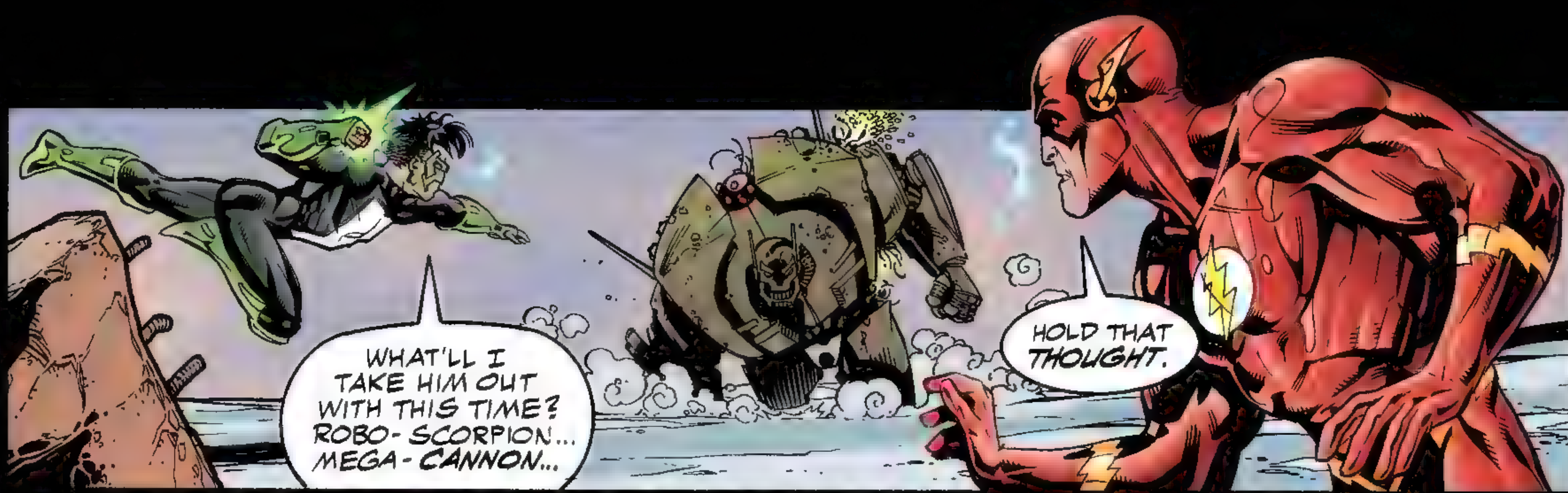
WHERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS NOW?...



WHERE WE ALWAYS ARE.

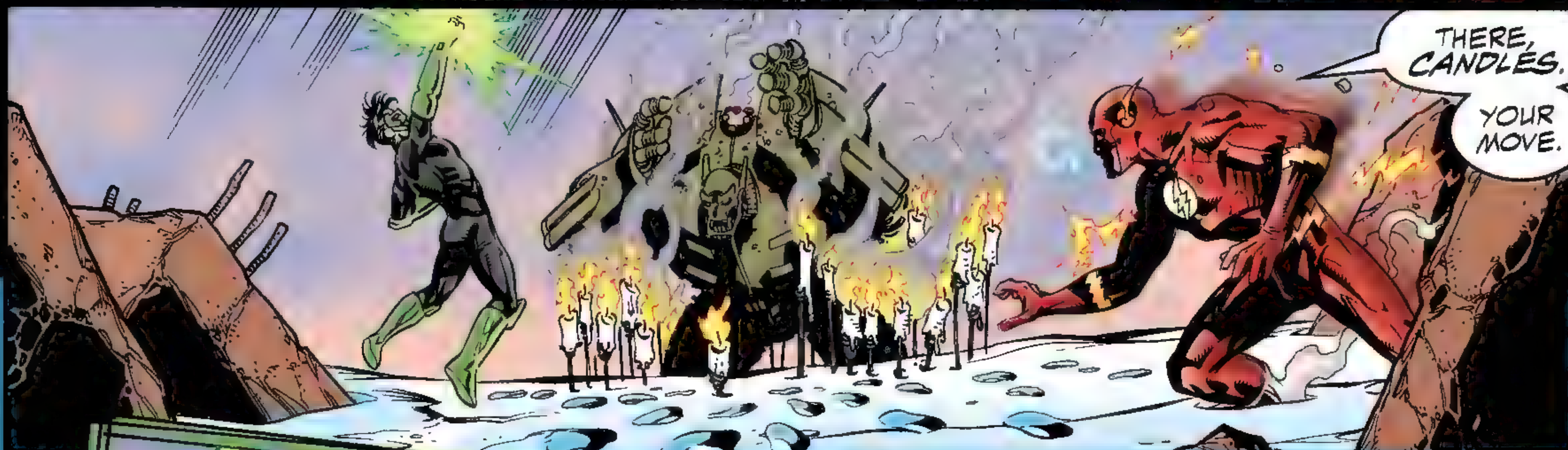


RIGHT HERE.



WHAT'LL I
TAKE HIM OUT
WITH THIS TIME?
ROBO- SCORPION...
MEGA- CANNON...

HOLD THAT
THOUGHT.



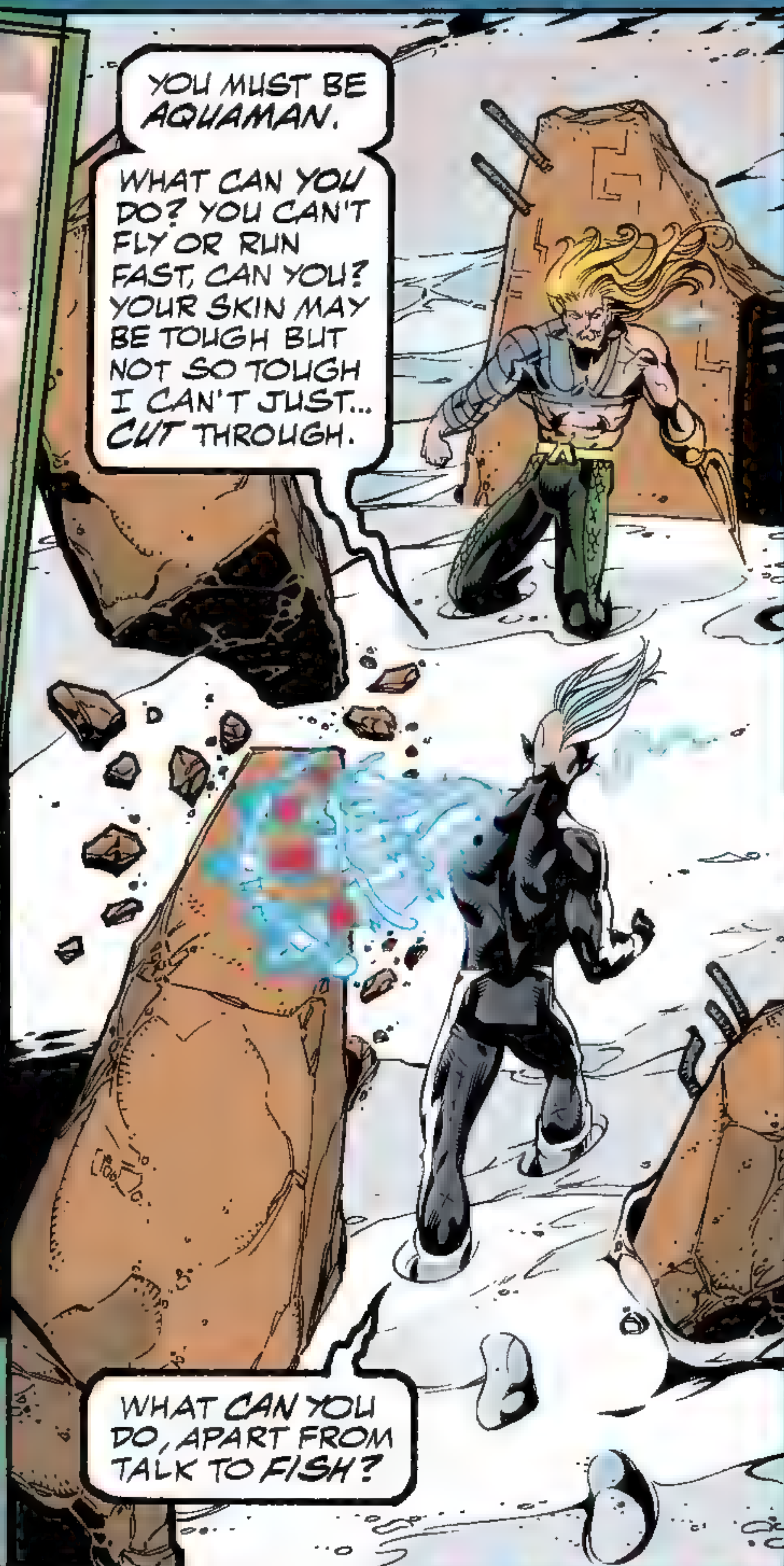
THERE,
CANDLES.
YOUR
MOVE.



LOW-
QUALITY
FINISH,
LANTERN.

YEAH?

KISS
MY RING,
BUDDY.



YOU MUST BE
AQUAMAN.

WHAT CAN YOU
DO? YOU CAN'T
FLY OR RUN
FAST, CAN YOU?
YOUR SKIN MAY
BE TOUGH BUT
NOT SO TOUGH
I CAN'T JUST...
CUT THROUGH.

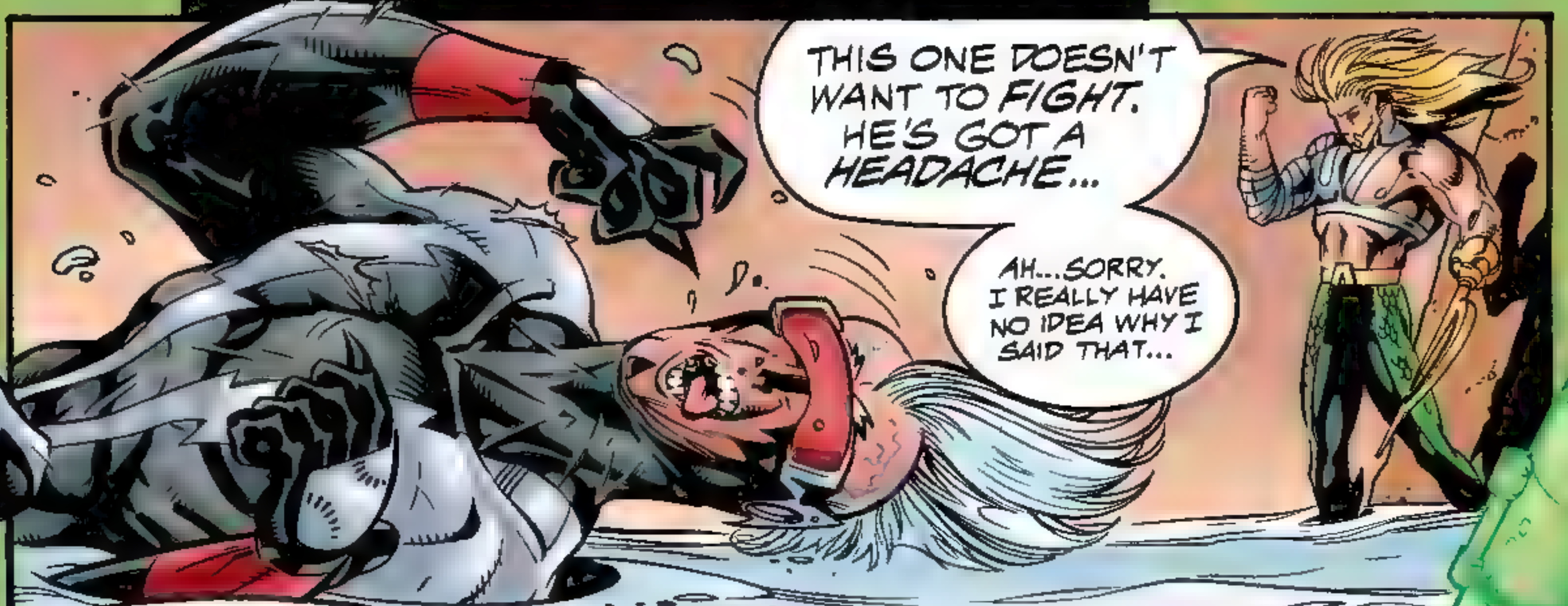
WHAT CAN YOU
DO, APART FROM
TALK TO FISH?

LET ME
THINK.

I CAN LOCATE YOUR
BRAIN'S BASAL GANGLIA,
THE PART INHERITED
FROM YOUR MARINE
ANCESTORS...



AND, JUST FOR STARTERS, I CAN GIVE YOU A SEIZURE.



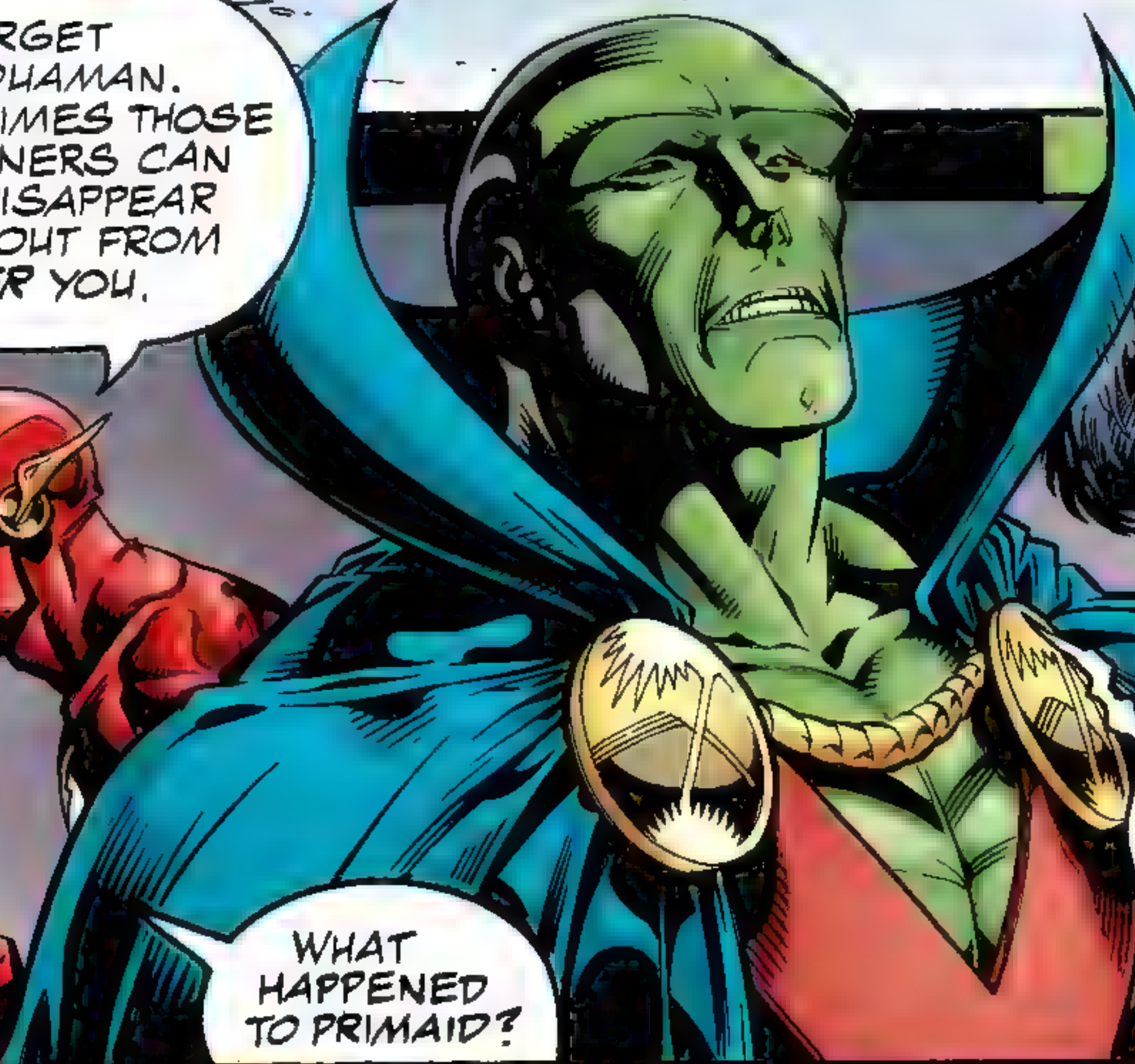
THIS ONE DOESN'T WANT TO FIGHT. HE'S GOT A HEADACHE...

AH... SORRY. I REALLY HAVE NO IDEA WHY I SAID THAT...

FORGET IT, AQUAMAN. SOMETIMES THOSE ONE-LINERS CAN JUST DISAPPEAR RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER YOU.



WHAT HAPPENED TO PRIMAID?



WONDER WOMAN HAPPENED TO PRIMAID.

SHE WENT UP THERE.



"...LONG BEFORE THERE WAS HUMAN LIFE, WE JOURNEYED TO THIS PLANET. EARTH CREATURES WERE PRIMITIVE AND EASY TO MANIPULATE BUT... AH...

"UNFORTUNATELY, OUR INTERVENTIONS PROVOKED A BIOLOGICAL CATASTROPHE: EARTH WAS TO HAVE BEEN THE CRADLE OF A SUPERHUMAN RACE.

"BUT WE SNAPPED ONE TOO MANY DNA CHAINS AND THE CREATURES THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN GODS ENDED UP JUST... HUMANS."

THE GREEN MARTIANS PUNISHED US BY TRAPPING US IN THE STILL ZONE. CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS LIKE?

THERE ARE... THINGS IN THERE, IMPRISONED BY TITANIC RACES LONG GONE.

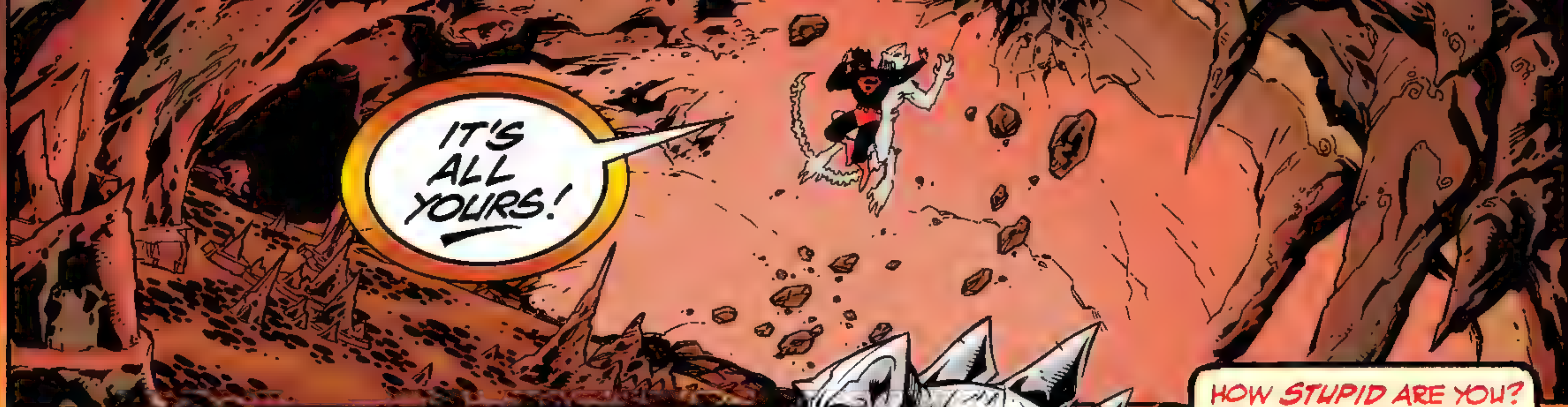
BUT WE LEARNED AND USED THE STILL ZONE TO TRAVEL AND GAIN KNOWLEDGE, UNTIL OUR RETURN HERE.

YOU SEE, THIS WORLD IS OURS BY RIGHT. WE CREATED ITS CRIPPLED INHABITANTS, WE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME? WHY AM I LOSING MY...

YOU WANT THE EARTH SO MUCH, PROTEX--





IT'S
ALL
YOURS!

OR MAYBE
THIS IS AS
CLOSE AS
YOU'D LIKE TO
GET.

HOW STUPID ARE YOU?
YOU LET THOSE CRING-
ING HUMAN SHEEP DO
WHAT THEY WANT
WHEN YOU COULD
RULE THE WORLD!



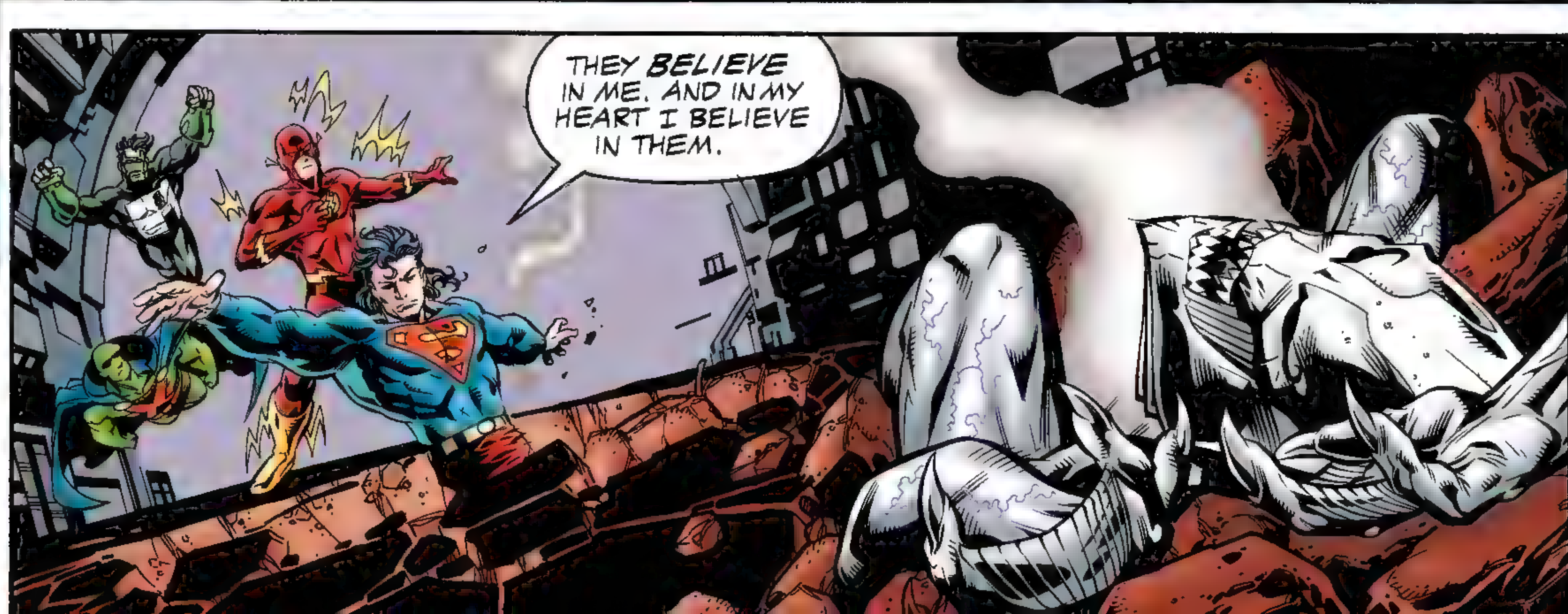
STUNTED SLAVES!
THEY LOOK AT YOU
AND SEE WHAT
THEY COULD HAVE
BECOME...

THEY FEAR YOU AND
THEY HATE YOU AND
YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE
THE GUTS TO ADMIT
YOU DESPISE THEM
IN RETURN!

YOU
KNOW IN
YOUR HEART
THEY'RE
INFERIOR!



CHROOOON



THEY BELIEVE
IN ME. AND IN MY
HEART I BELIEVE
IN THEM.

W

PHULIFF!

CAN'T...
CAN'T BELIEVE
HOW LONG
SHE HELD HER
BREATH UP
THERE.

SO
HOW LONG CAN
YOU HOLD YOUR
BREATH?

OBVIOUSLY
LONGER
THAN
PRIMAID.

WHAT A STRANGE
QUESTION. WHY
SHOULD ANYONE
KNOW HOW LONG
THEY CAN HOLD
THEIR BREATH?

THREE
MINUTES,
FIFTEEN
SECONDS.

YOU'D BE
SURPRISED
WHY.

ONLY FOUR
OF 'EM, BATMAN?
YOU'RE SLOWING
DOWN.

WE CAN'T
WASTE TIME. THE
INVASION FLEET
HAS ALREADY
ARRIVED ON
EARTH AND
MARTIAN MIND
CONTROL HAS
BEEN OVERRIDDEN
BY TERROR.

HOW DO
YOU WANT TO
HANDLE
THIS?

DECISIVELY.

WHAT
CAN WE
USE?

THESE CAMERAS
ARE CONNECTED TO
EVERY TELEVISION
SET IN THE WORLD.

THE HYPERCLAN
INTENDED TO
BROADCAST OUR
EXECUTIONS.

EVERYTHING'S
SET UP.

WHO WANTS
TO DO THE
TALKING?

YOU'RE TALKING
TO THE DEAD!

LEAVE THE MAGGOTS
TO THEIR FATE! YOU
CAN STILL JOIN US
AS THE TRUE
RULERS OF THIS
WORLD!

SUPERMAN,
IT'S GOTTA BE
YOU. YOU SAID
IT YOURSELF,
THEY BELIEVE
IN YOU'RE

VERY WELL.
IS THIS ON?

PEOPLE OF
EARTH!

THIS IS

SUPERMAN

I
AGREE.

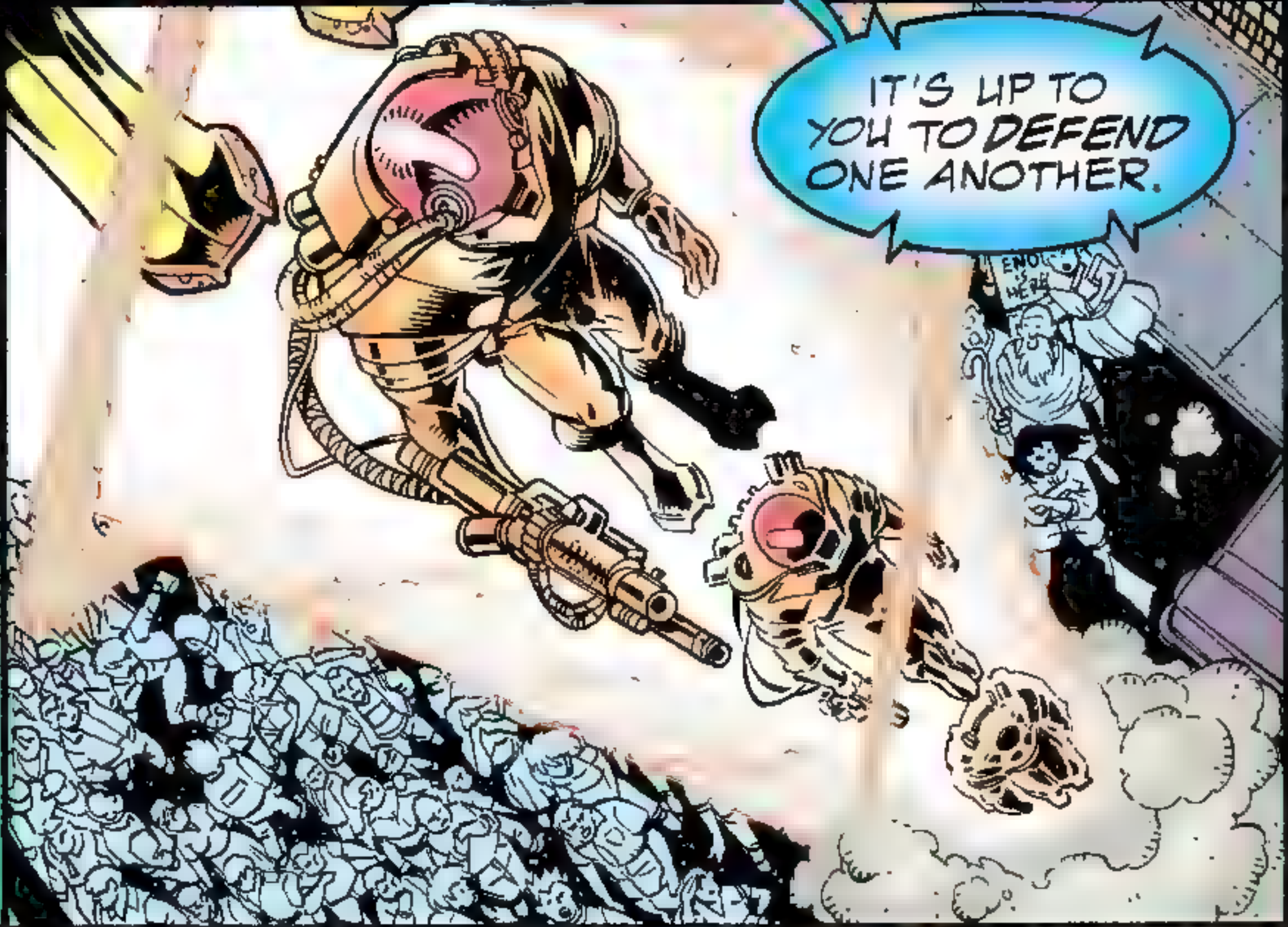
THEY'LL
TRUST
YOU.



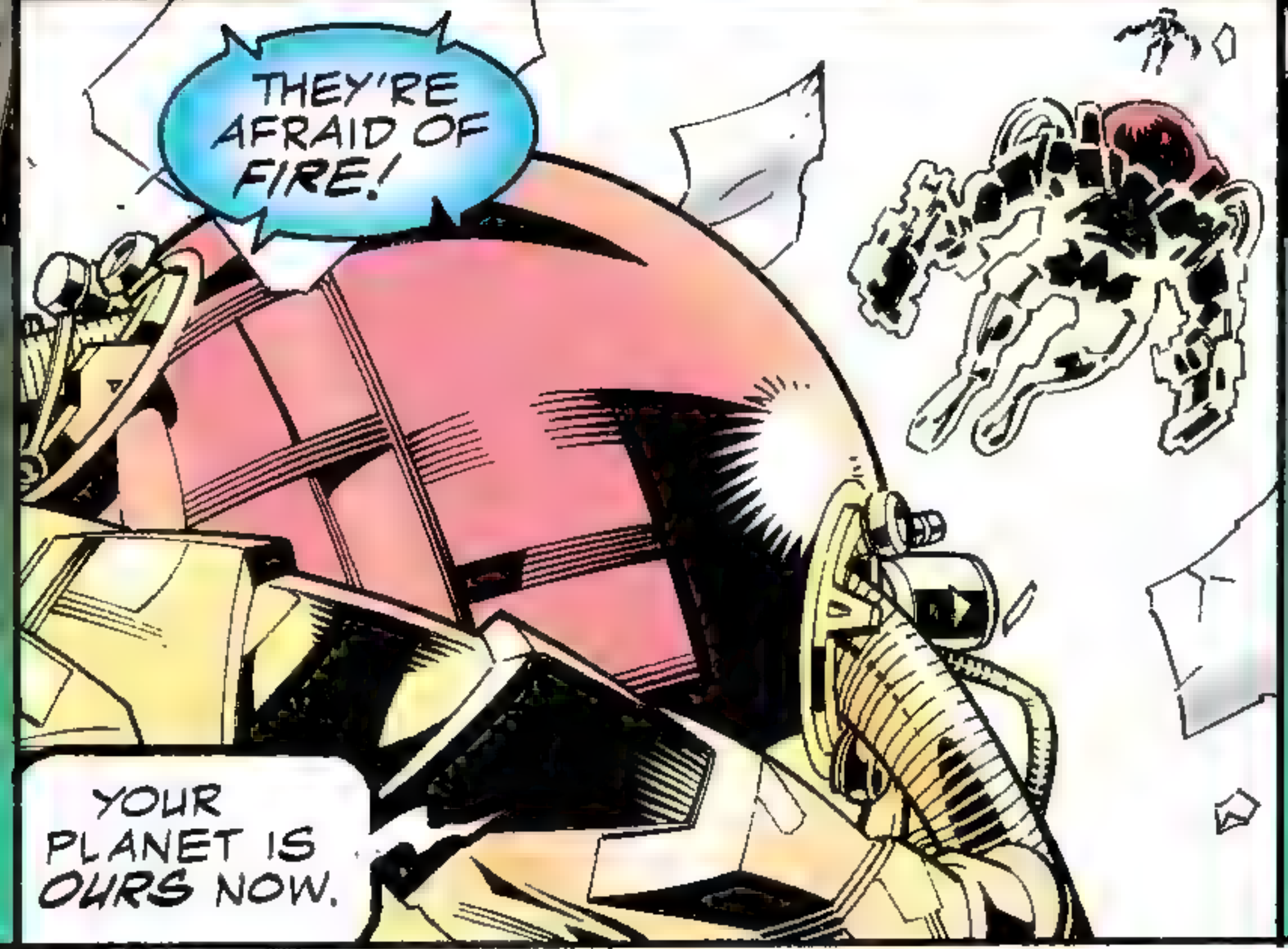
I KNOW IT'S DIFFICULT RIGHT NOW, BUT TRY NOT TO PANIC.

YOU MUST FIGHT AGAINST THE INVADERS.

WE'RE ON OUR WAY BUT WE CAN'T REACH EVERYONE IN TIME.

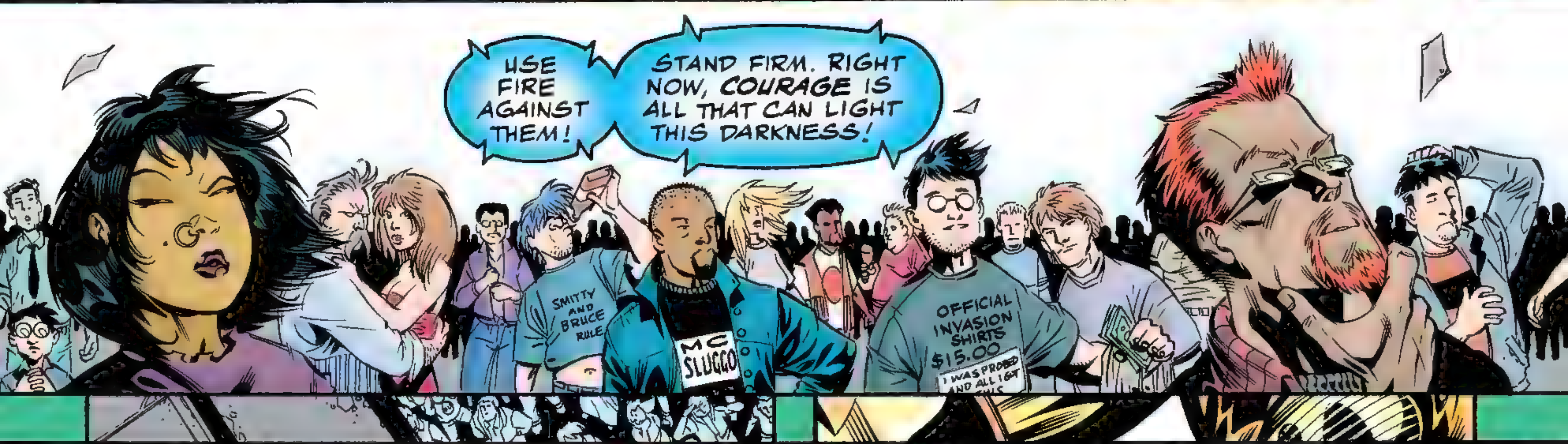


IT'S UP TO YOU TO DEFEND ONE ANOTHER.



THEY'RE AFRAID OF FIRE!

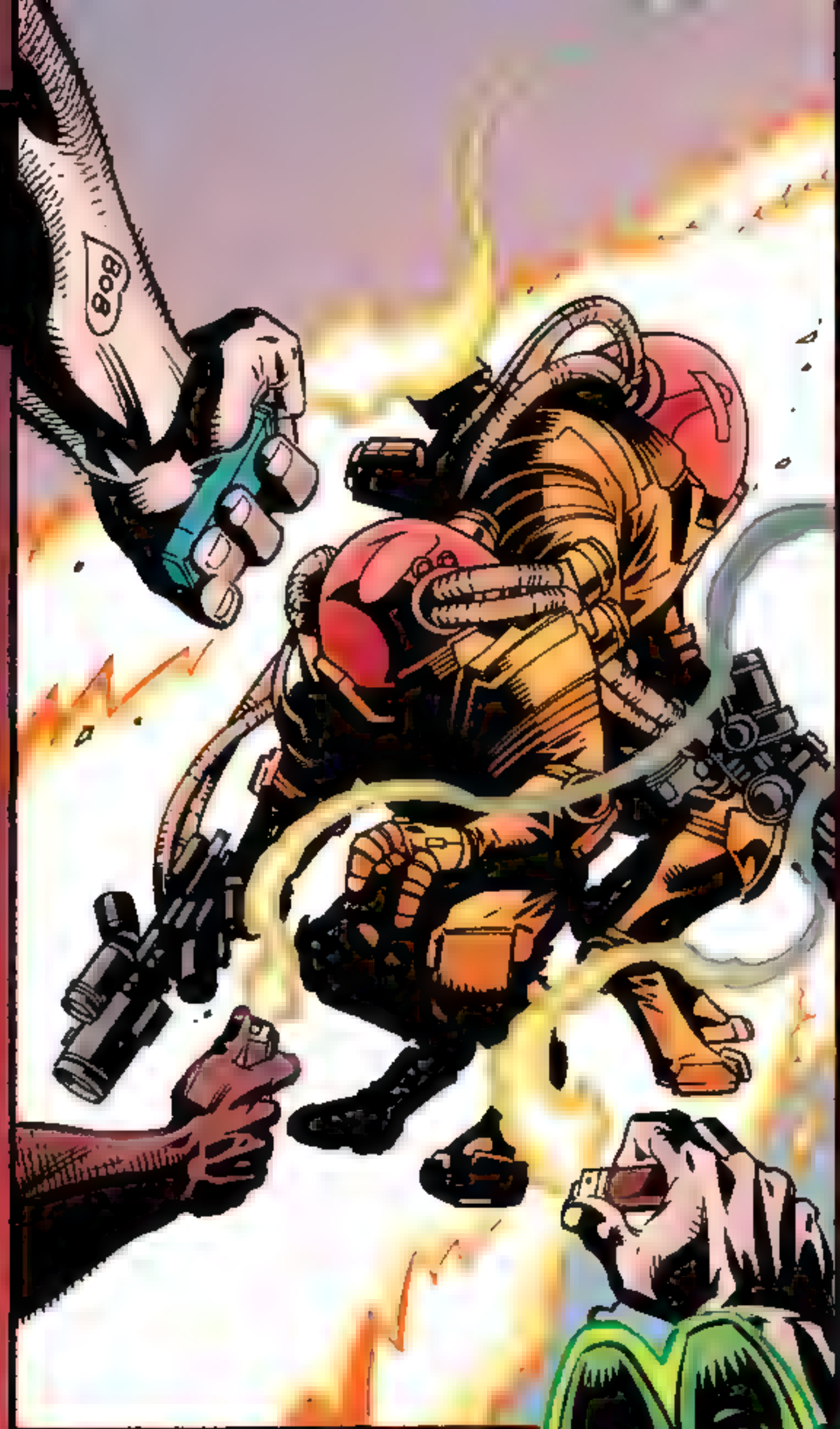
YOUR PLANET IS OURS NOW.



USE FIRE AGAINST THEM!

STAND FIRM. RIGHT NOW, COURAGE IS ALL THAT CAN LIGHT THIS DARKNESS!





THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

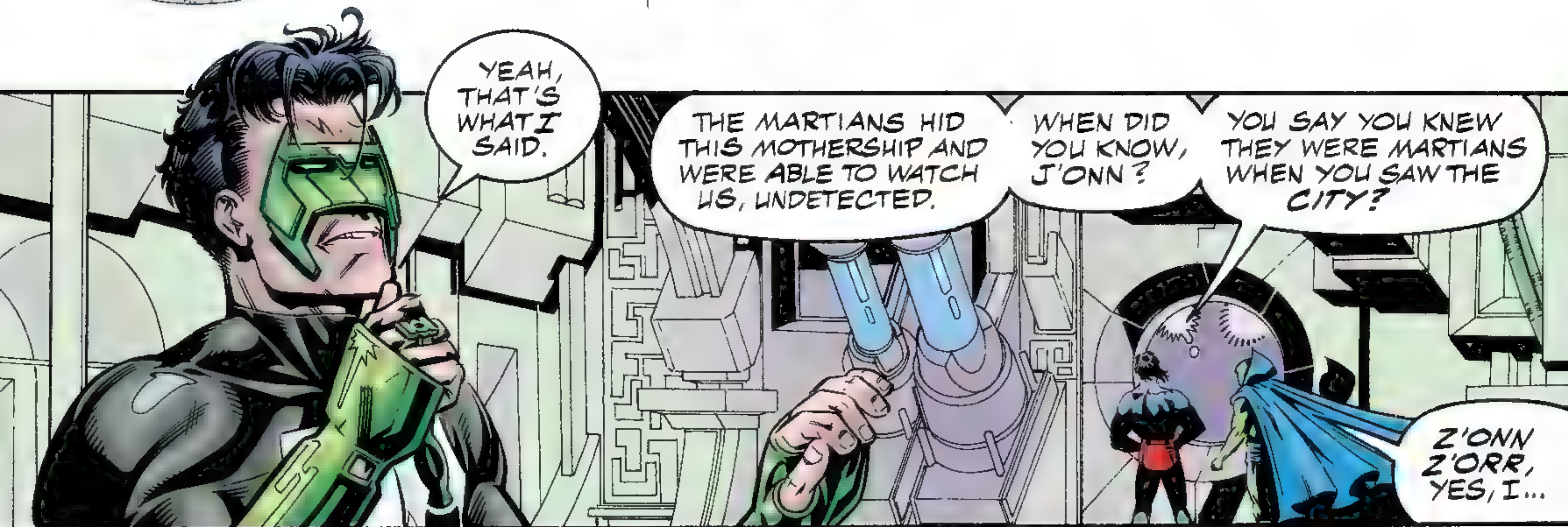
THEY'RE SURRENDERING! WE DID IT!



THE STILL ZONE:

AWESOME!

IT SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF HOMEOSTATIC CONTINUUM EXISTING OUTWITH CONVENTIONAL SPACETIME...



YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

THE MARTIANS HID THIS MOTHERSHIP AND WERE ABLE TO WATCH US, UNDETECTED.

WHEN DID YOU KNOW, J'ONN?

YOU SAY YOU KNEW THEY WERE MARTIANS WHEN YOU SAW THE CITY?

Z'ONN Z'ORR, YES, I...

FORGIVE ME, SUPERMAN. I ALLOWED PERSONAL FEELINGS TO ENDANGER YOU AND THE OTHERS. I MISCALCULATED.

THEY WERE MARTIANS. THIS IS THE LAST RELIC OF THE WORLD I LOST.. I...

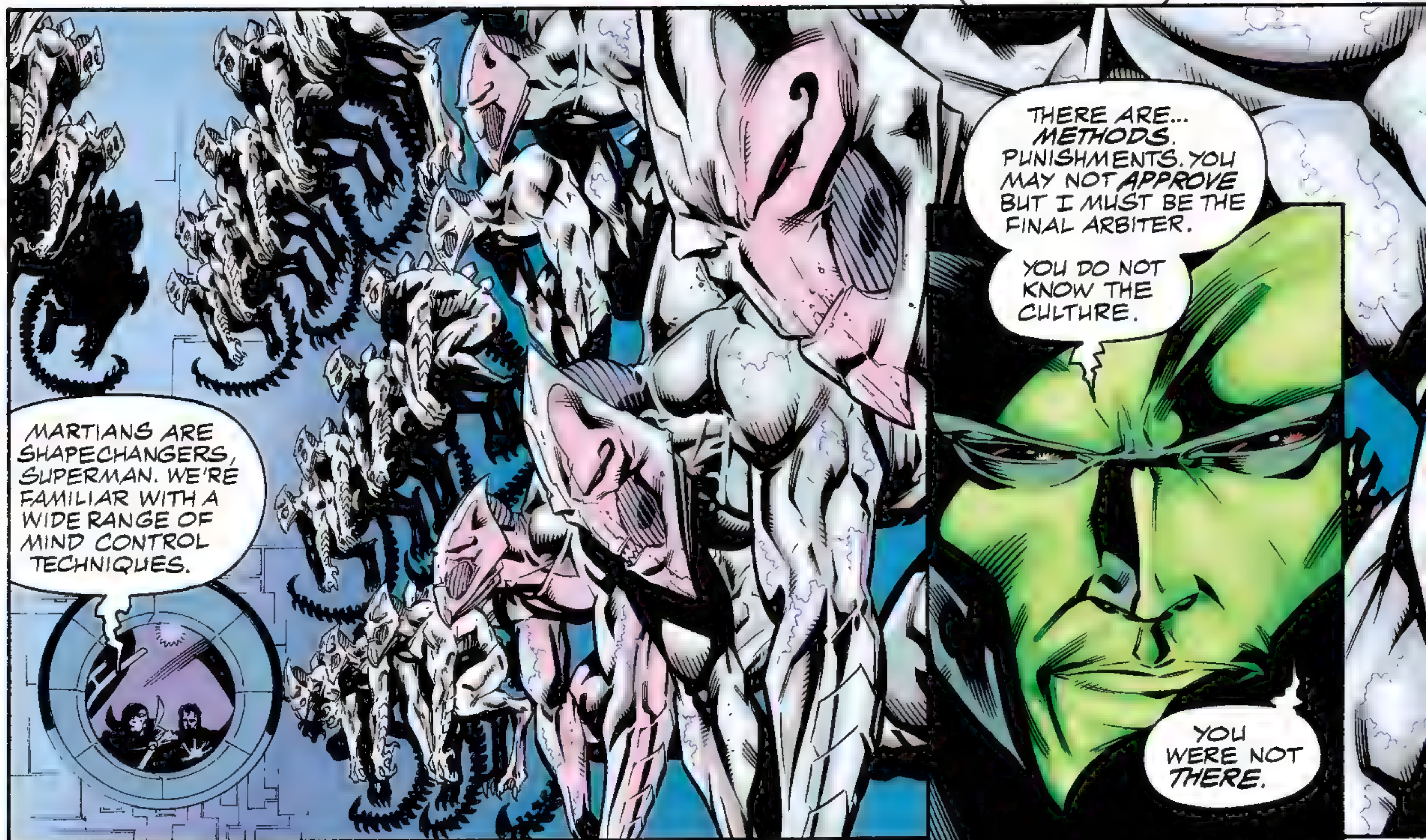


FORGET IT, J'ONN. WE WON.

I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT WE DO NOW.

THIS IS YOUR CALL.

WHO ELSE CAN JUDGE THESE PEOPLE?



MARTIANS ARE SHAPECHANGERS, SUPERMAN. WE'RE FAMILIAR WITH A WIDE RANGE OF MIND CONTROL TECHNIQUES.

THERE ARE... METHODS. PUNISHMENTS. YOU MAY NOT APPROVE BUT I MUST BE THE FINAL ARBITER.

YOU DO NOT KNOW THE CULTURE.

YOU WERE NOT THERE.

THE SAVANA DESERT.

IT'S ALL DYING.
THE ECOLOGY
COULDN'T BE
SUSTAINED HERE.

LOOK WHAT
THEY'VE DONE.

THE HYPERCLAN'S
GARDEN OF EDEN,
CRUMBLING TO DUST.

THEY SAID THEY WOULD
FIX THE WORLD. IT DOESN'T
WORK THAT WAY.

THEN
WHERE DOES
THAT LEAVE
US?

ARE WE
DOING TOO MUCH OR
TOO LITTLE? WHEN DOES
INTERVENTION BECOME
DOMINATION?

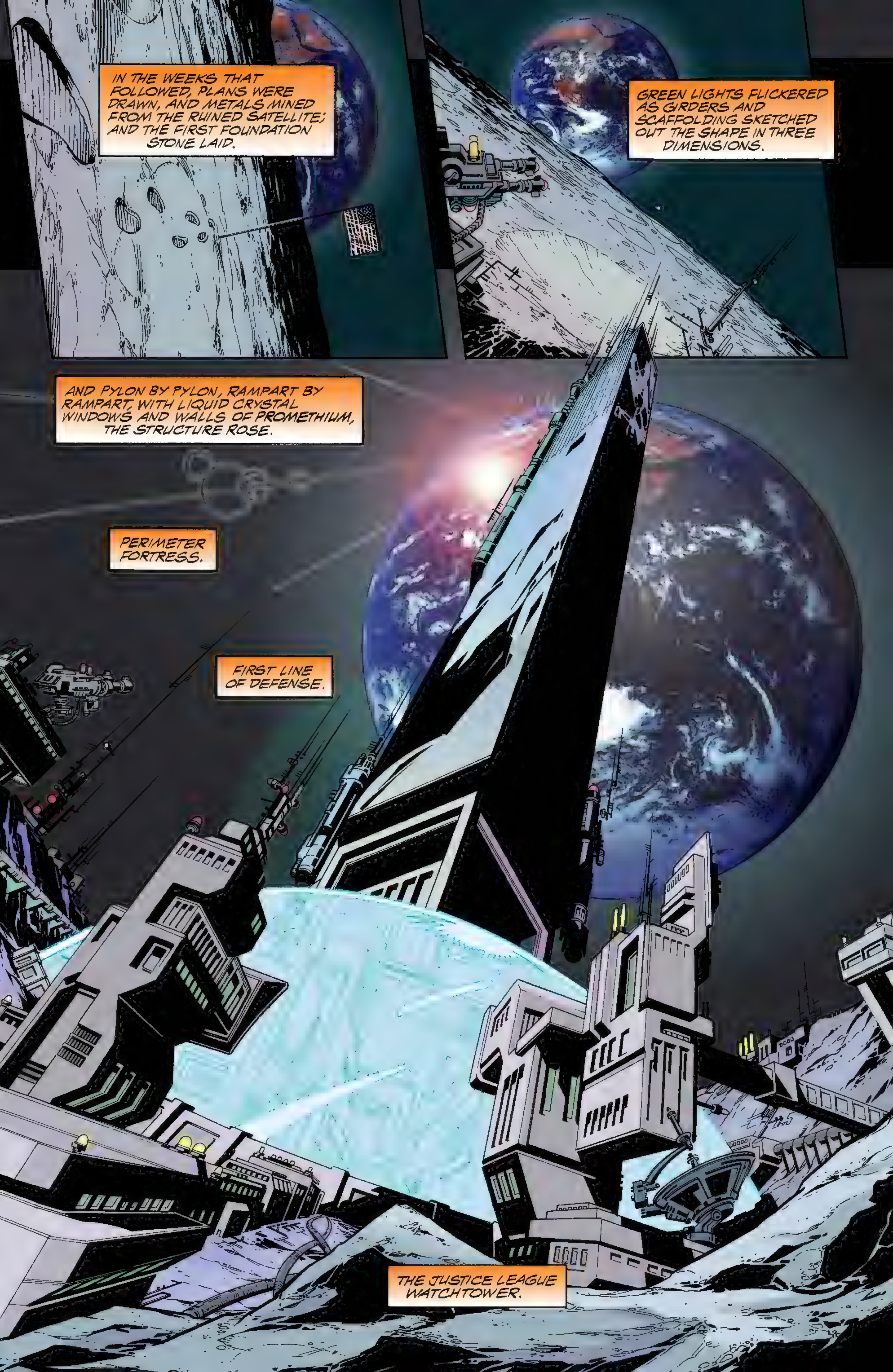
I CAN ONLY TELL YOU
WHAT I BELIEVE, DIANA:
HUMANKIND HAS TO BE
ALLOWED TO CLIMB TO
ITS OWN DESTINY.

WE CAN'T
CARRY
THEM
THERE.

BUT THAT'S
WHAT SHE'S
SAYING. WHAT'S
THE POINT?

WHY SHOULD
THEY NEED
US AT ALL?

TO CATCH
THEM IF
THEY FALL.



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, PLANS WERE DRAWN, AND METALS MINED FROM THE RUINED SATELLITE; AND THE FIRST FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

GREEN LIGHTS FLICKERED AS GIRDERS AND SCAFFOLDING SKETCHED OUT THE SHAPE IN THREE DIMENSIONS.

AND PYLON BY PYLON, RAMPART BY RAMPART, WITH LIQUID CRYSTAL WINDOWS AND WALLS OF PROMETHIUM, THE STRUCTURE ROSE.

PERIMETER
FORTRESS.

FIRST LINE
OF DEFENSE.

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE
WATCHTOWER.



NICE
VIEW.

EPILOGUE



BOB GREY'S HAD
ANOTHER BAD NIGHT.

BOB WON'T EVER KNOW THAT
EXACTLY 69 OTHER PEOPLE
IN COUNTRIES ALL AROUND THE
WORLD ARE HAVING THE SAME
STRANGE DREAM NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT.



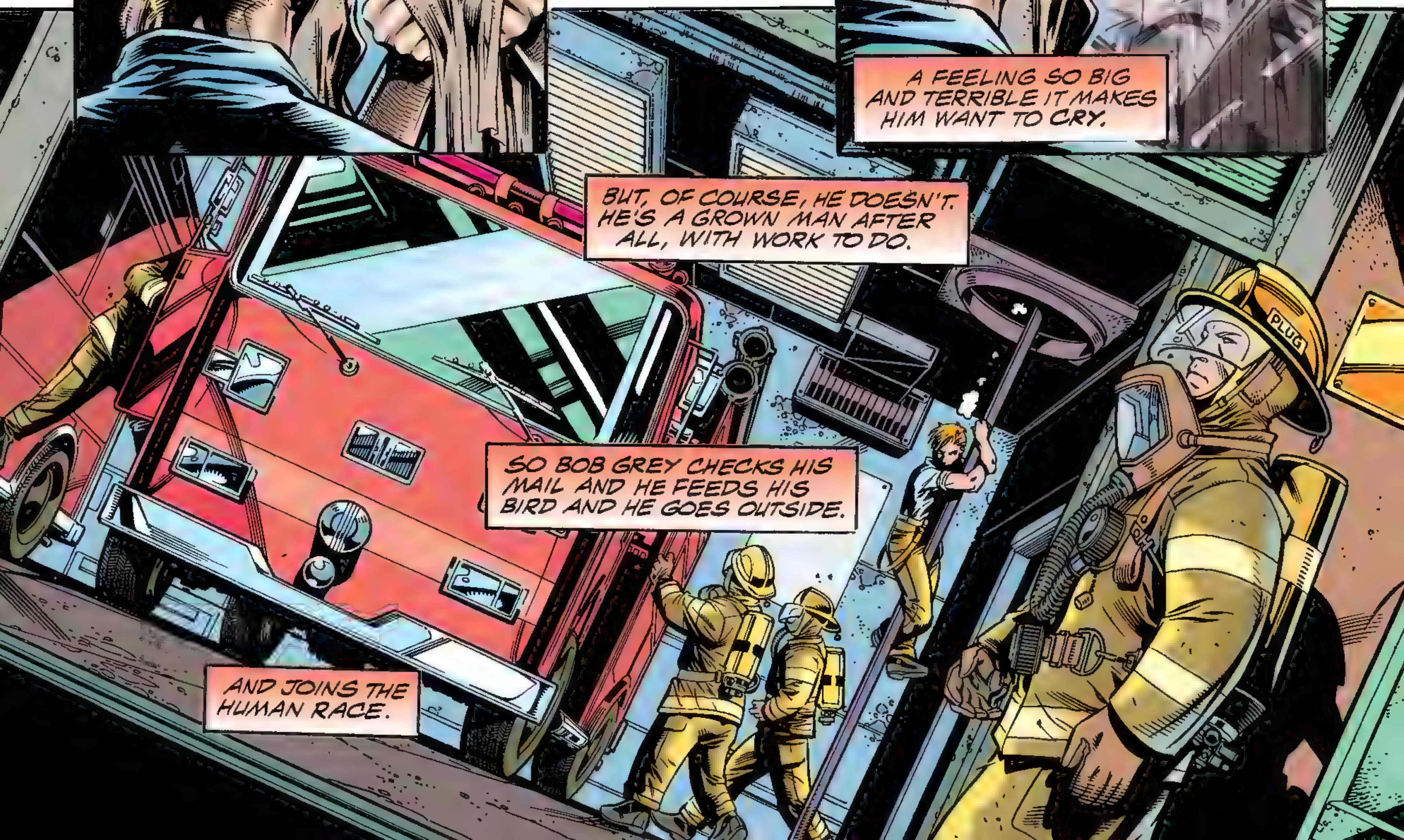
HE STUDIES HIS OWN FACE IN
THE MIRROR AND THE FAMILIAR,
TERRIBLE FEELING SWELLS IN HIS
GUT AND HEART AGAIN; THE
FEELING THAT HE HAS SOMEHOW
LOST SOMETHING OF INFINITE
VALUE.

A FEELING SO BIG
AND TERRIBLE IT MAKES
HIM WANT TO CRY.

BUT, OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T.
HE'S A GROWN MAN AFTER
ALL, WITH WORK TO DO.

SO BOB GREY CHECKS HIS
MAIL AND HE FEEDS HIS
BIRD AND HE GOES OUTSIDE.

AND JOINS THE
HUMAN RACE.

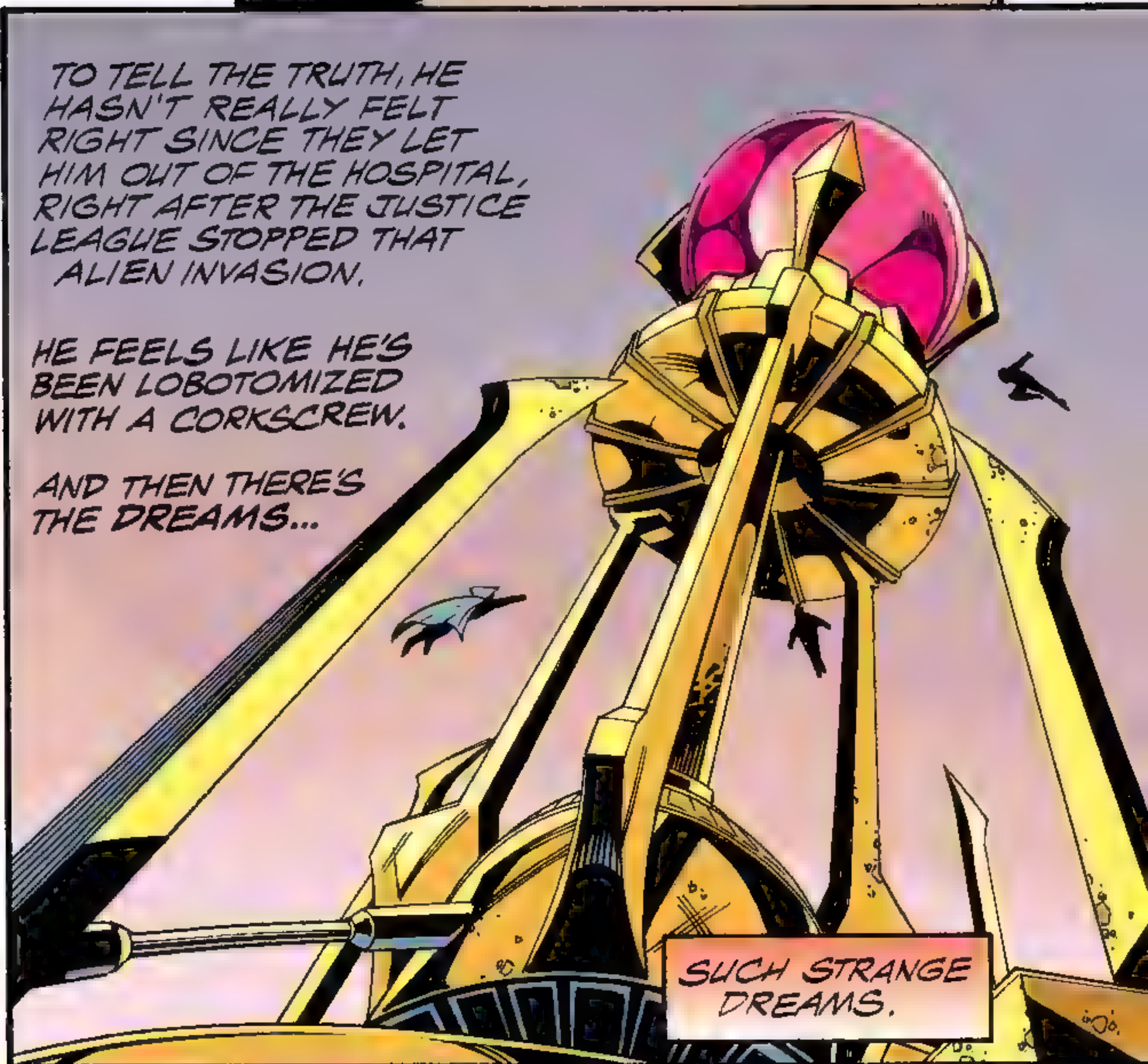


TO TELL THE TRUTH, HE
HASN'T REALLY FELT
RIGHT SINCE THEY LET
HIM OUT OF THE HOSPITAL,
RIGHT AFTER THE JUSTICE
LEAGUE STOPPED THAT
ALIEN INVASION.

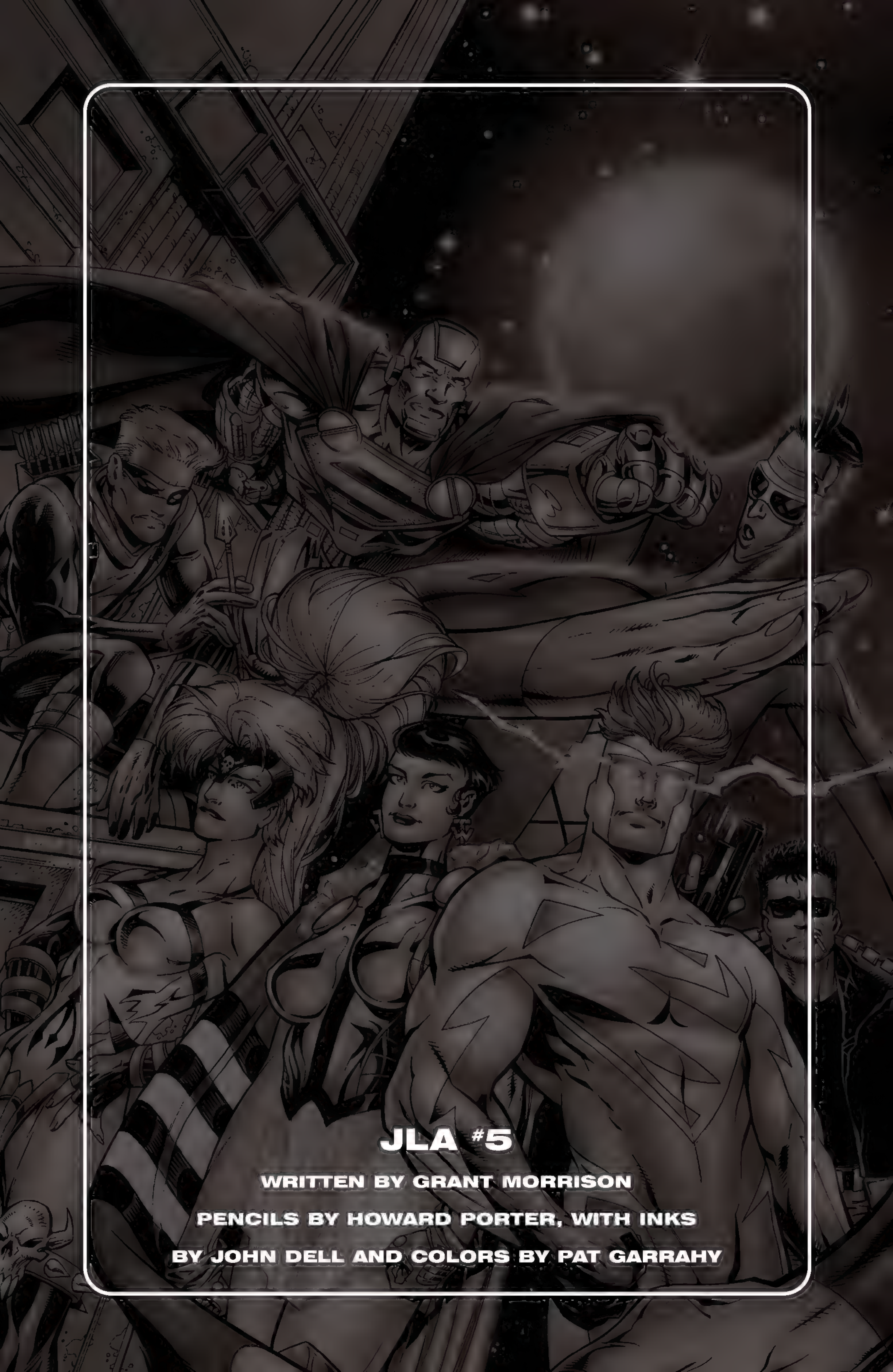
HE FEELS LIKE HE'S
BEEN LOBOTOMIZED
WITH A CORKSCREW.

AND THEN THERE'S
THE DREAMS...

SUCH STRANGE
DREAMS.







JLA #5

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY HOWARD PORTER, WITH INKS

BY JOHN DELL AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY

HERE'S A TRUE
STORY OF THE
JUSTICE LEAGUE
OF AMERICA.

IT STARTS
WITH THIS:

NEVER
THOUGHT
I'D SEE AN ANGEL
BUT SEEING IS
BELIEVING...

IVO, YOU
INSANE
OLD DOG,
YOU!

LET'S
HAVE A
TOAST,
MAN!

HAHAHAHAHAHA

POOK!

TO...
TOMORROW!

YES...

FEIN

ROLL CALL:



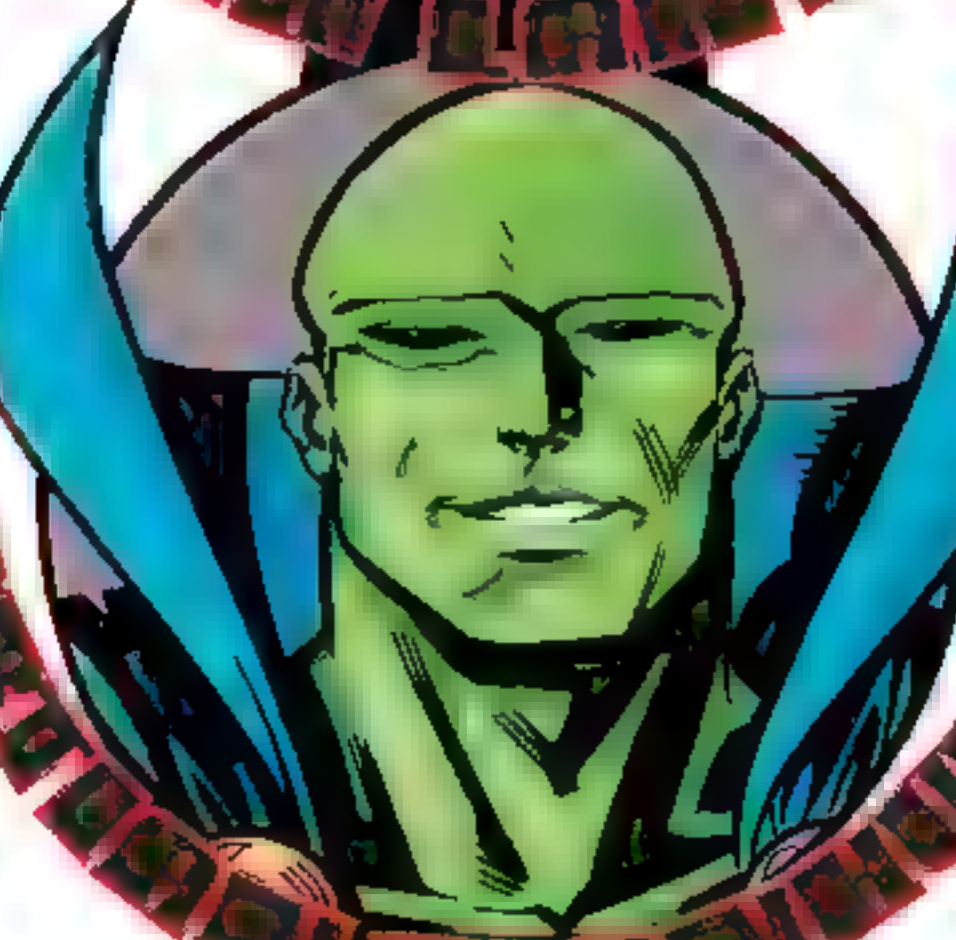
WONDER WOMAN



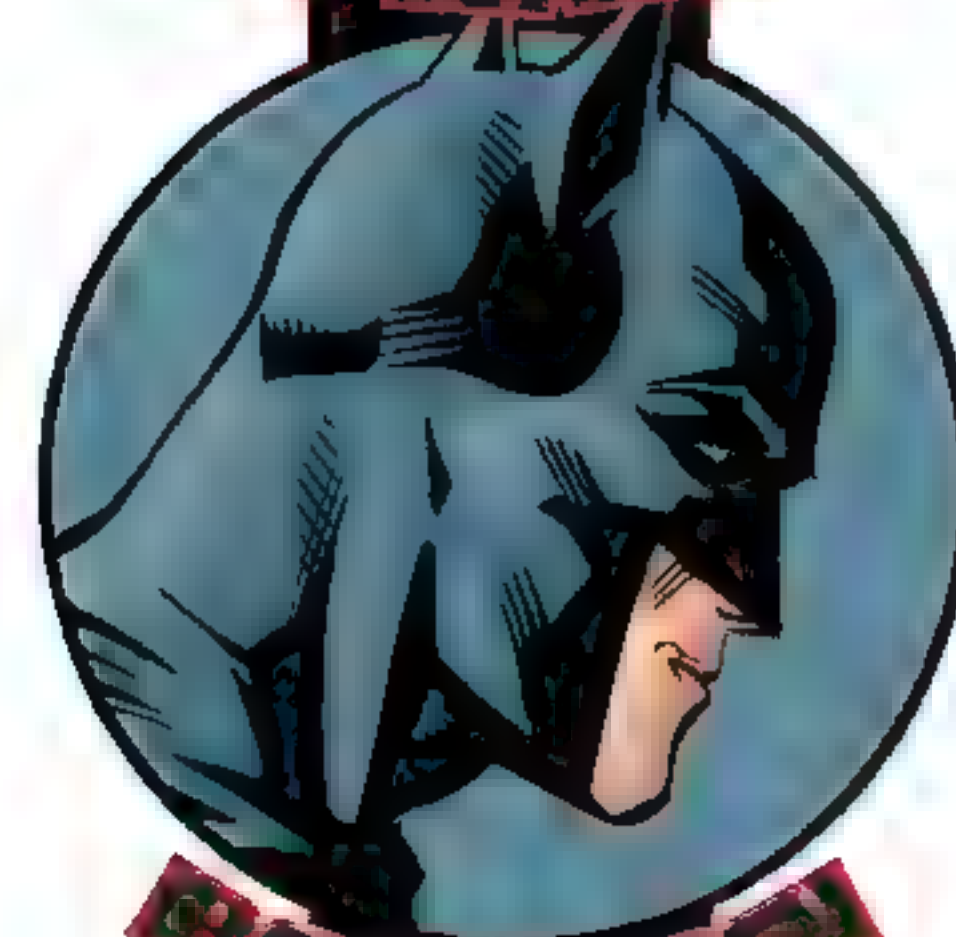
THE FLASH



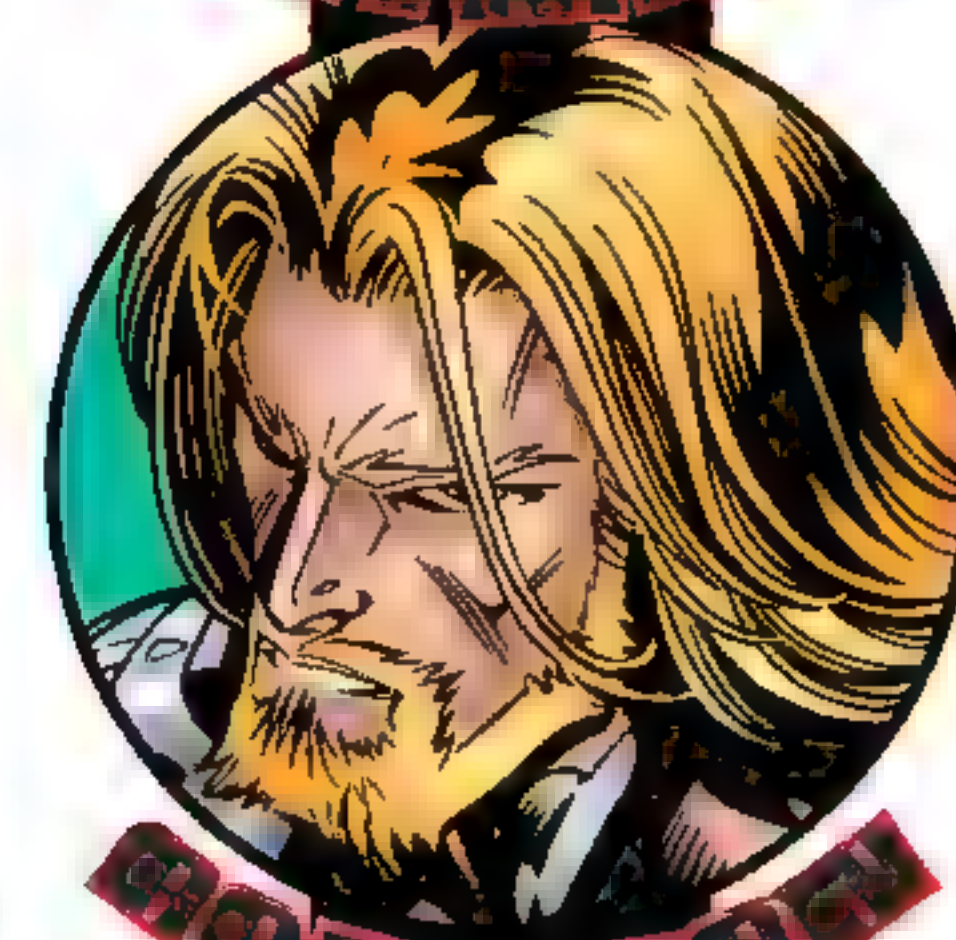
GREEN LANTERN



AQUAMAN



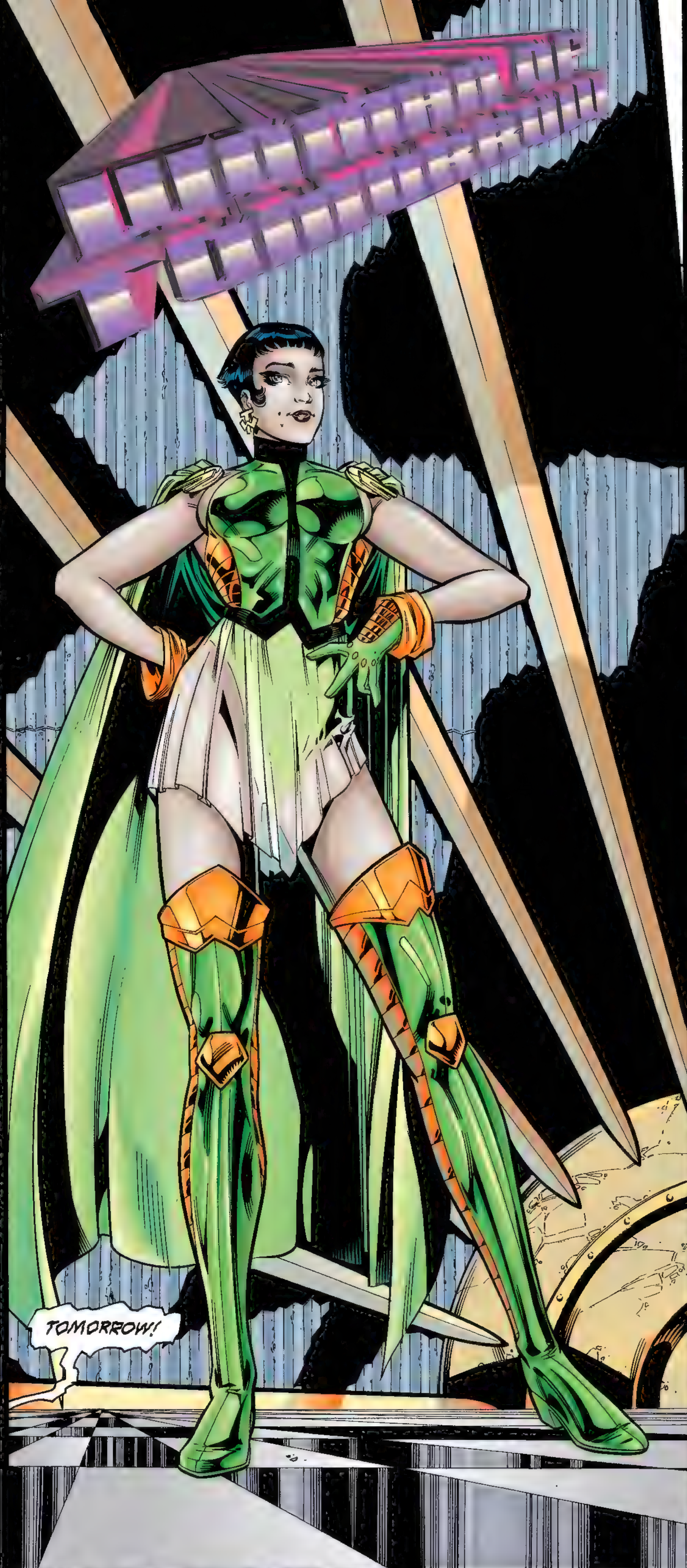
BATMAN



AQUAMAN



SUPERMAN



TOMORROW!

REX MASON'S
BODY WAS A
RESTLESSLY
MUTATING
BATTLEGROUND
OF ELEMENTAL
FORCES--

BUT THERE WAS
ONE ELEMENT
WHICH REMAINED
CONSTANT AND
THAT WAS HIS
BRAVERY.

EVEN IN THE FACE OF
APPALLING DISFIGUREMENT,
HE REFUSED TO SUCCUMB
TO BITTERNESS. HIS EXTRA-
ORDINARY ABILITIES WERE
ALWAYS USED IN THE
SERVICE OF HUMANITY.

AND, IN THE
END, HE GAVE HIS
LIFE TO SAVE HIS
FRIENDS.

...IT JUST SEEMS A LITTLE
SAD. THERE WERE SO
MANY PEOPLE AT MY
FUNERAL.

POOR
REX.

WELL, THE SAD
FACT IS, NORMAL
PEOPLE AREN'T
VERY INTERESTED
IN METAHUMAN
FUNERALS ANY-
MORE,
SUPERMAN.

EVERYONE KNOWS
YOU PEOPLE COME
BACK ALL THE TIME.
HEAVEN KNOWS HOW
MANY TIMES I'VE
BURIED THE IMMORTAL
MAN!

I'M SURE METAMORPHO
WON'T STAY DOWN FOR
LONG, GOD REST HIS SOUL.

YES. REST
HIS SOUL
INDEED.

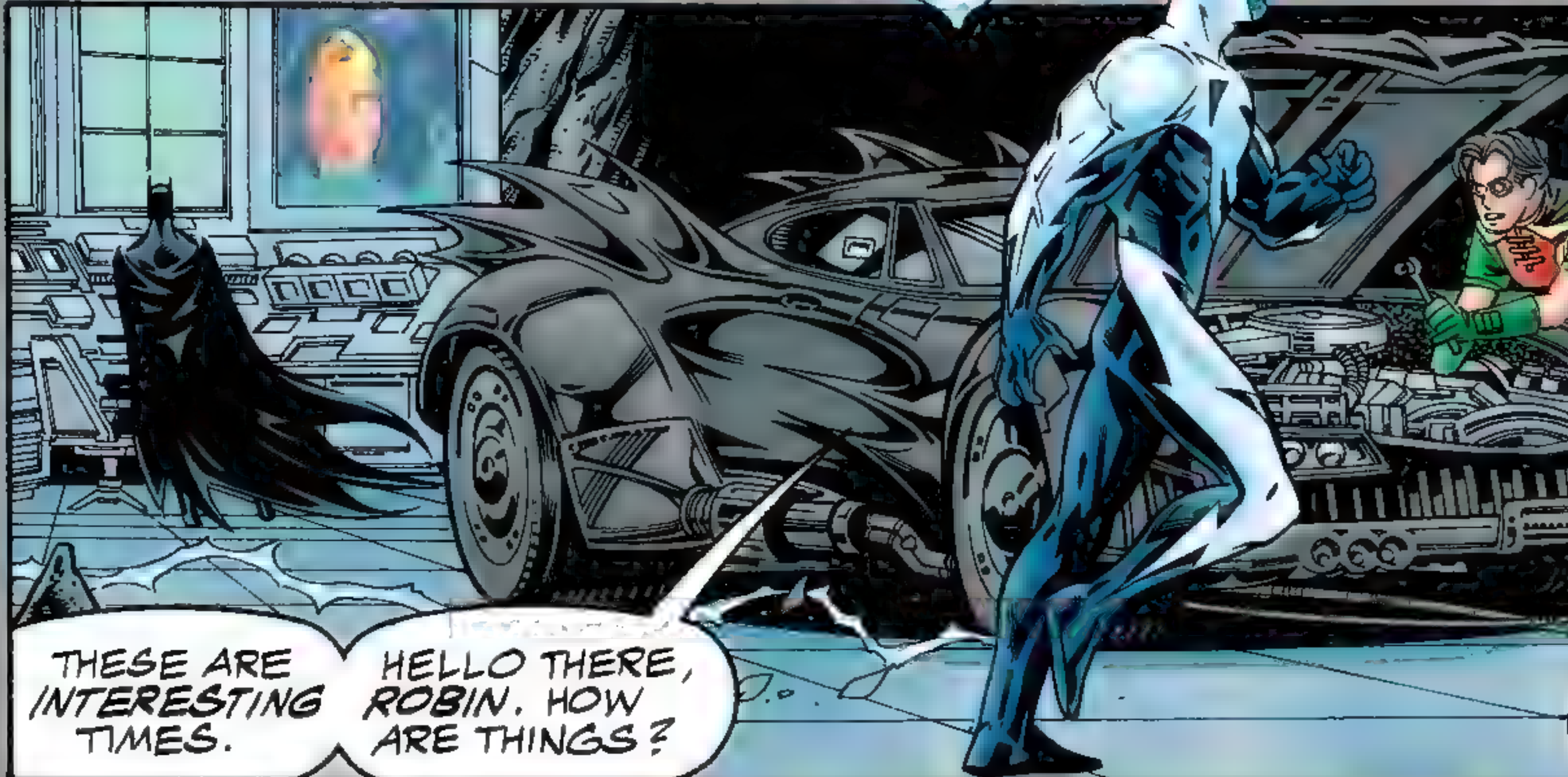


HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME USING YOUR TELEPORTER, BRUCE.

YOU WERE CLOSEST.

YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED.

INTERESTING OUTFIT.

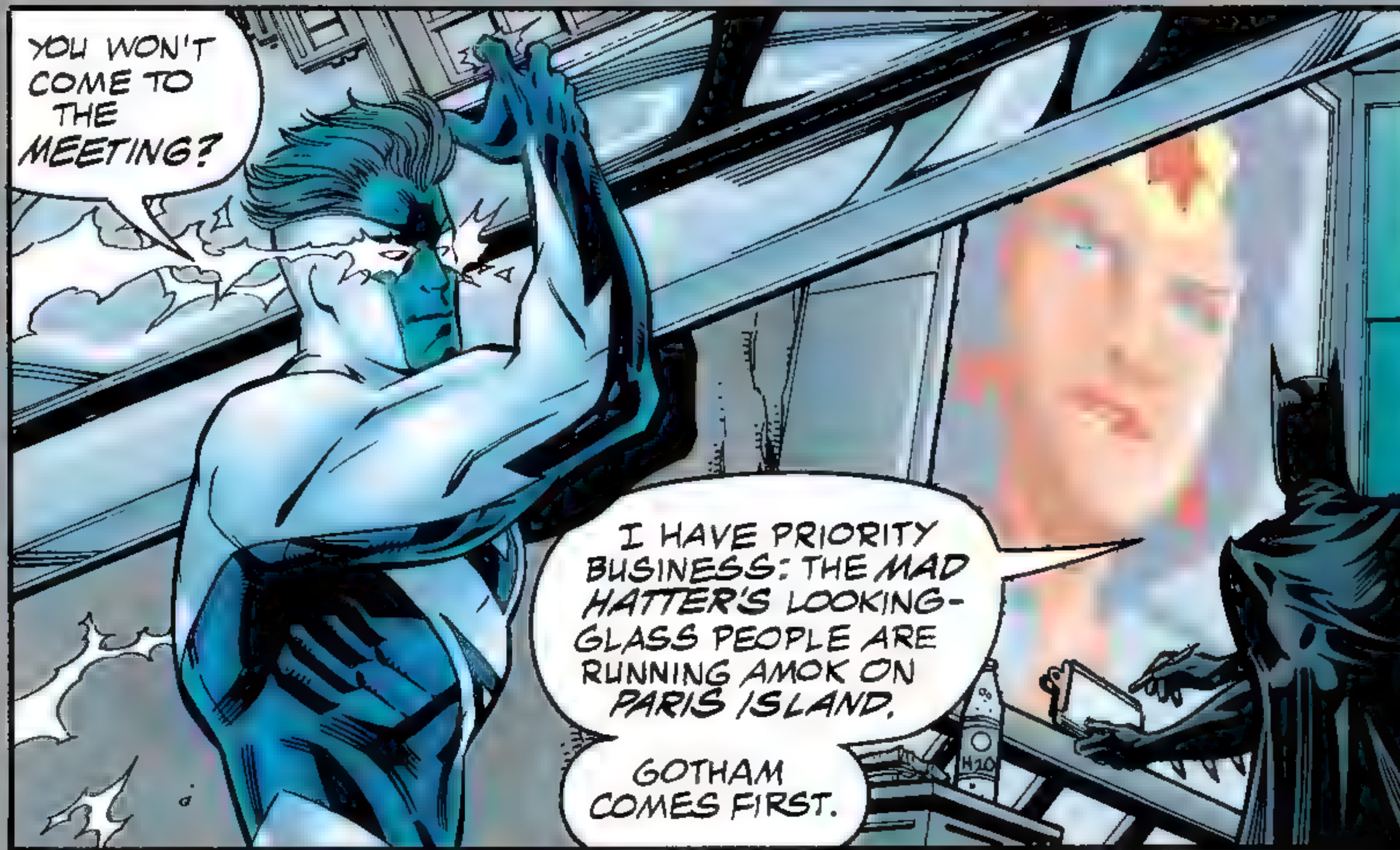


THESE ARE INTERESTING TIMES.

HELLO THERE, ROBIN. HOW ARE THINGS?

PRETTY GOOD.

IF YOU NEED ANY HELP WITH THE TELEPORTER, JUST YELL.



YOU WON'T COME TO THE MEETING?

I HAVE PRIORITY BUSINESS: THE MAD HATTER'S LOOKING-GLASS PEOPLE ARE RUNNING AMOK ON PARIS ISLAND.

GOTHAM COMES FIRST.



I PROMISED THE LEAGUE I'D BE PREPARED TO FUNCTION IN AN ADVISORY CAPACITY. THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING NOW.

GO AHEAD, WONDER WOMAN.

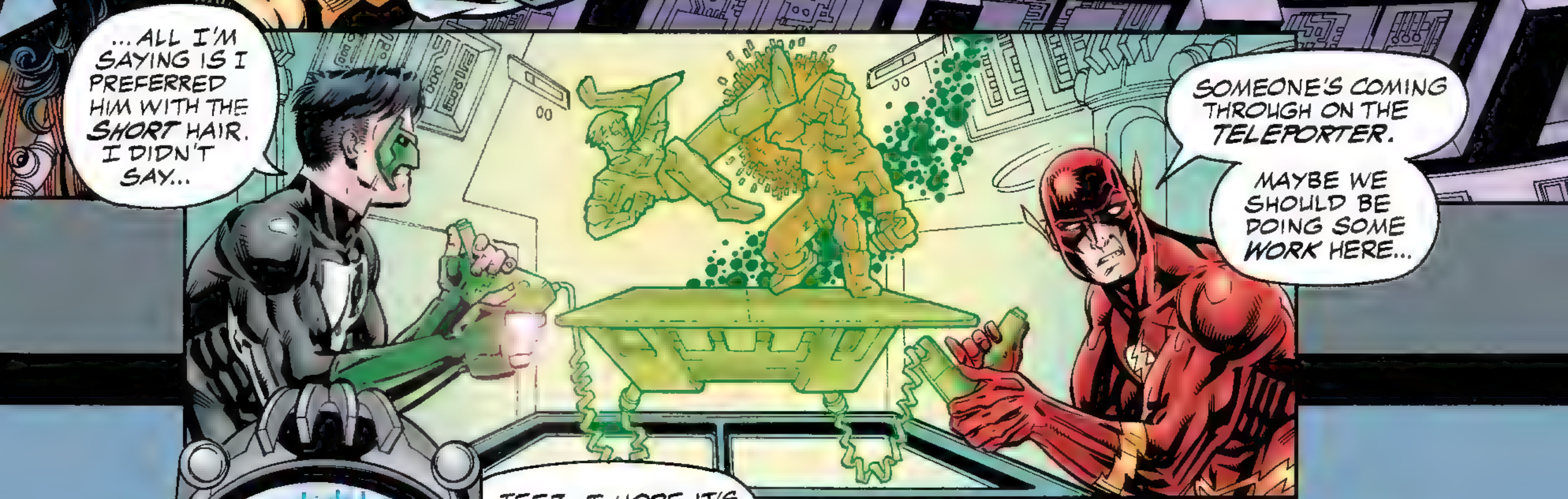


WE'RE DOWNLOADING ALL OUR DATA ON THIS "I/E" CREATURE. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'S CREATING ELECTROMAGNETIC HAVOC WHENEVER IT APPEARS.

IT SEEMS TO BE MOVING EAST, WINKING IN AND OUT OF EXISTENCE.

I REALIZE YOU HAVE ANOTHER CASE, BUT...

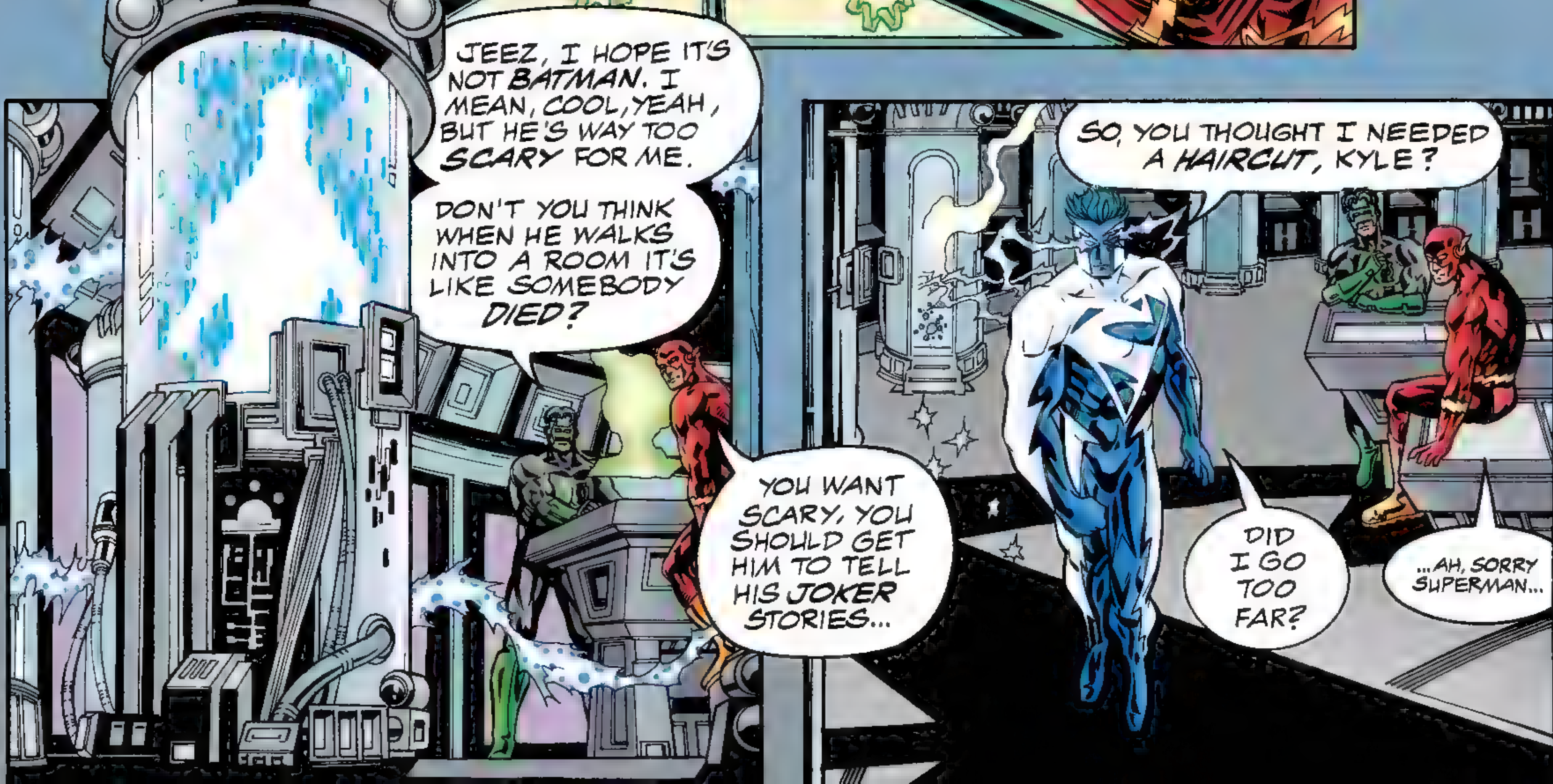
I'LL WORK ON BOTH.



...ALL I'M SAYING IS I PREFERRED HIM WITH THE SHORT HAIR. I DIDN'T SAY...

SOMEONE'S COMING THROUGH ON THE TELEPORTER.

MAYBE WE SHOULD BE DOING SOME WORK HERE...



JEEZ, I HOPE IT'S NOT BATMAN. I MEAN, COOL, YEAH, BUT HE'S WAY TOO SCARY FOR ME.

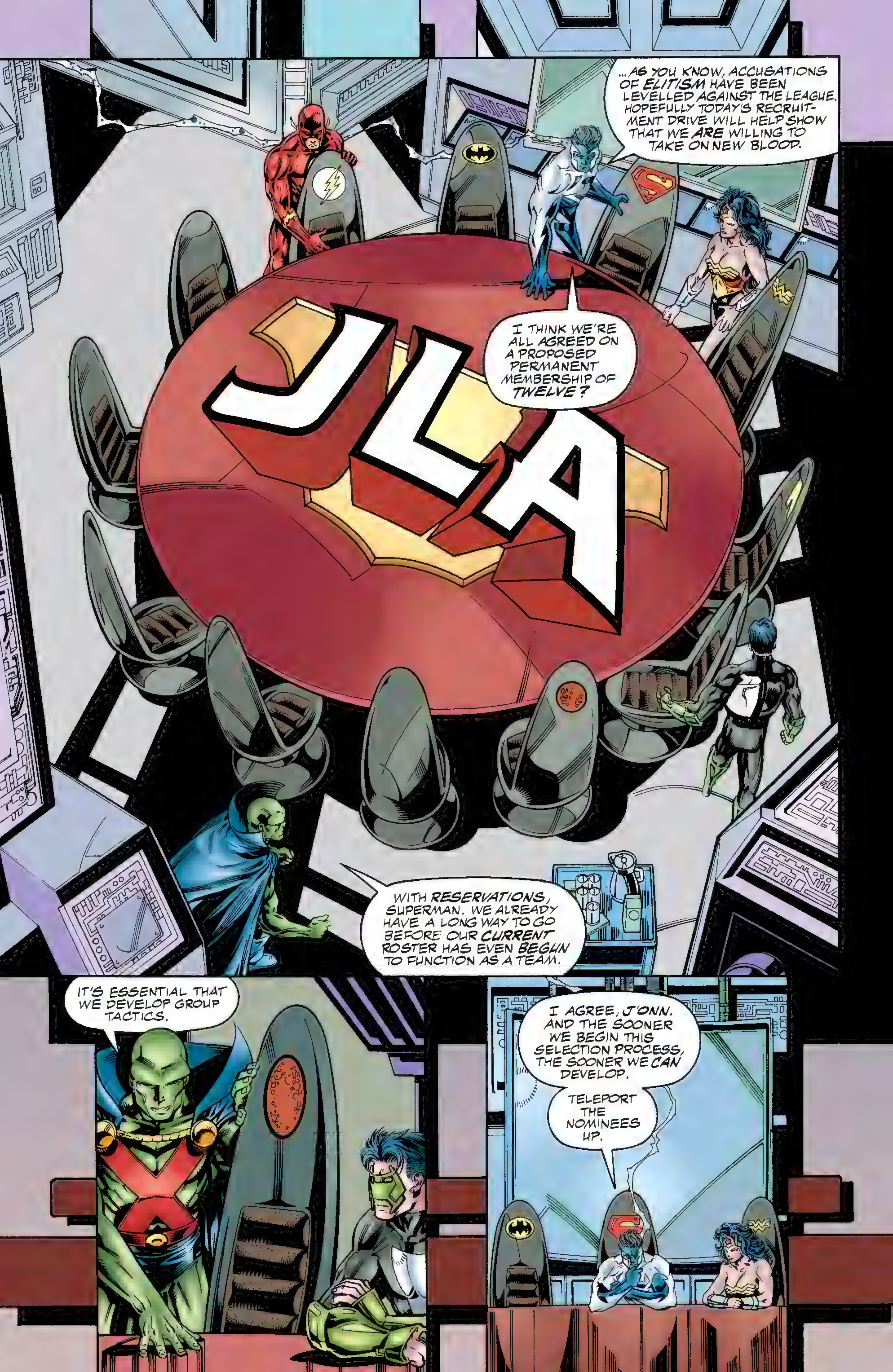
DON'T YOU THINK WHEN HE WALKS INTO A ROOM IT'S LIKE SOMEBODY DIED?

YOU WANT SCARY, YOU SHOULD GET HIM TO TELL HIS JOKER STORIES...

SO, YOU THOUGHT I NEEDED A HAIRCUT, KYLE?

DID I GO TOO FAR?

...AH, SORRY SUPERMAN...



...AS YOU KNOW, ACCUSATIONS OF ELITISM HAVE BEEN LEVELLED AGAINST THE LEAGUE. HOPEFULLY TODAY'S RECRUITMENT DRIVE WILL HELP SHOW THAT WE ARE WILLING TO TAKE ON NEW BLOOD.

I THINK WE'RE ALL AGREED ON A PROPOSED PERMANENT MEMBERSHIP OF TWELVE?

WITH RESERVATIONS, SUPERMAN. WE ALREADY HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE OUR *CURRENT* ROSTER HAS EVEN *BEGUN* TO FUNCTION AS A TEAM.

IT'S ESSENTIAL THAT WE DEVELOP GROUP TACTICS.

I AGREE, J'ONN. AND THE SOONER WE BEGIN THIS SELECTION PROCESS, THE SOONER WE CAN DEVELOP.

TELEPORT THE NOMINEES UP.



...TO BE HONEST, I'M REALLY ONLY HERE BECAUSE THE FLASH ASKED ME ALONG.

AND...WELL, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN TO THE MOON. I...AH... BROUGHT MY CAMERA.

I HAVE MY HANDS FULL AT THE MOMENT--IMPULSE IS APPROACHING PUBERTY. IF THERE'S AN EMERGENCY, WALLY HAS MY PHONE AND FAX NUMBERS.

APPRECIATED.

THANKS FOR COMING ALONG, MAX.

PLEASURE.

I'M **DAMAGE**

MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT ME.

MAX MERCURY

DAMAGE

STEEL

SUPERGIRL

ARTEMIS

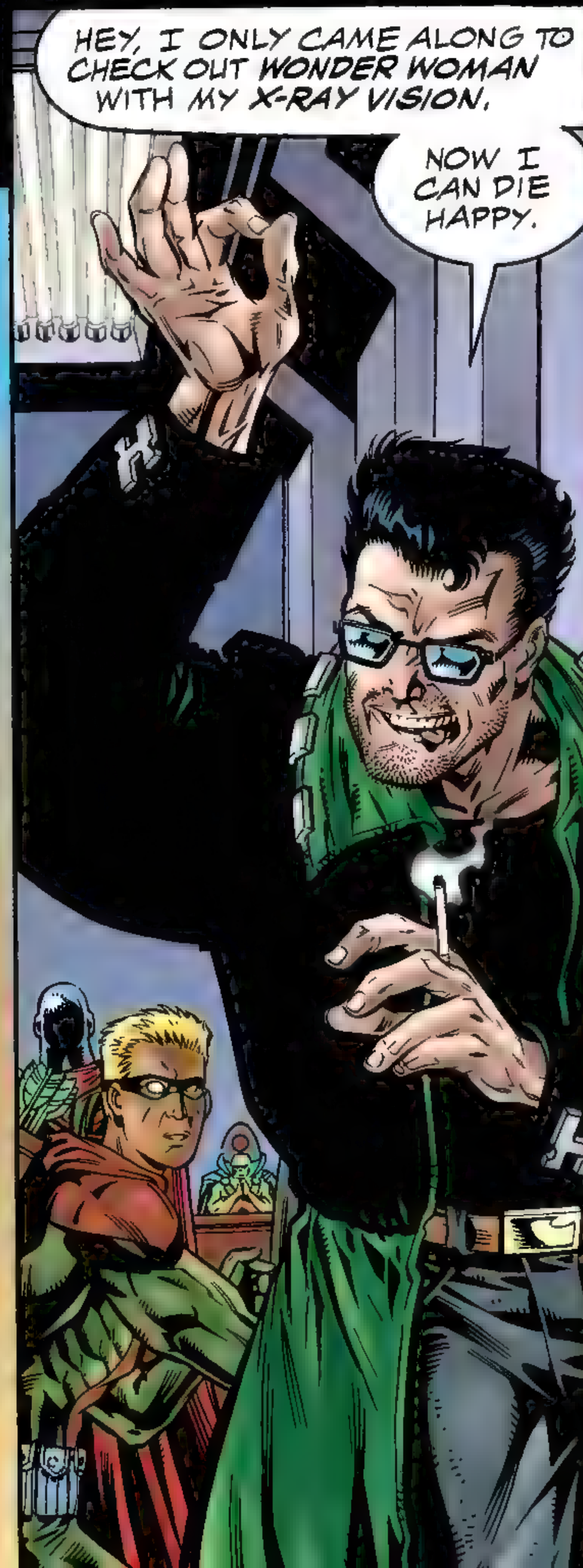
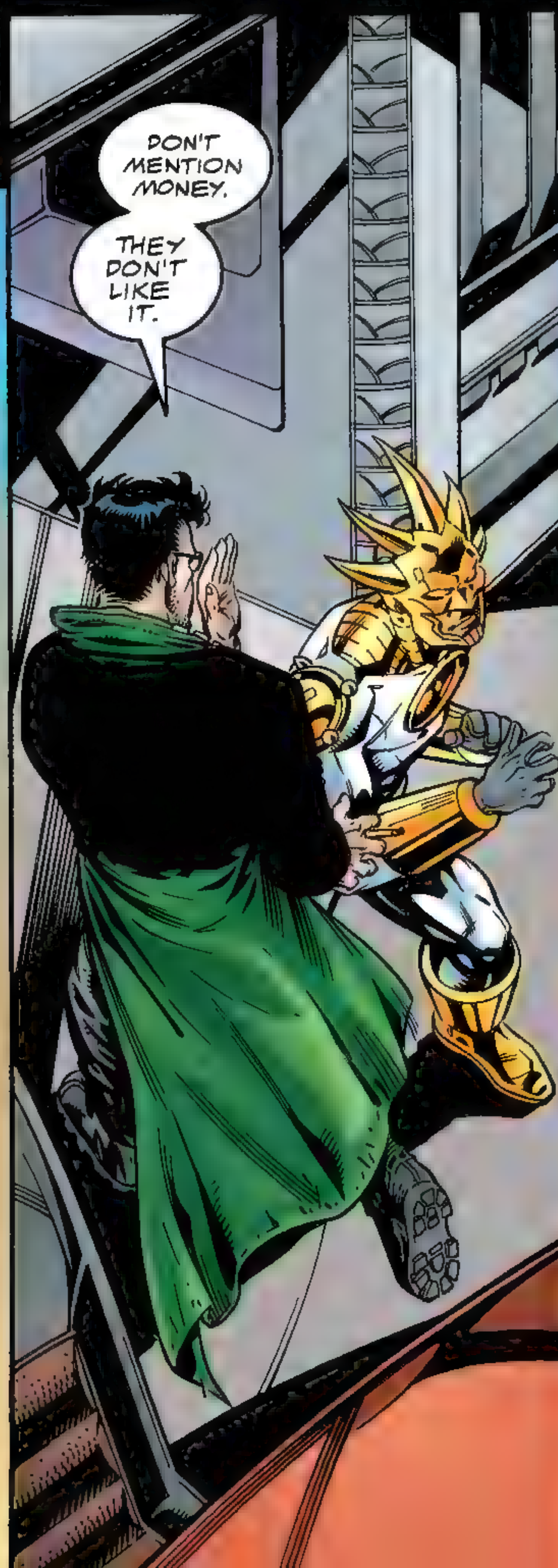
HITMAN

WARRIOR

GREEN ARROW

PLASTIC MAN

AZTEK



I THOUGHT THERE WERE A FEW POSSIBILITIES.

I WAS PRETTY IMPRESSED BY GREEN ARROW AND AZTEK.

YEAH, WELL, YOU NOMINATED THEM. PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY'RE THE ONLY TWO GUYS ON EARTH MORE INEXPERIENCED THAN YOU.

HEY, AT LEAST MY GUYS WEREN'T HERE AS TOURISTS.

I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN MORE WOMEN...

I'LL SECOND THAT!

I MEANT...UH...YOU KNOW WE'RE...UH...GONNA HAVE TO GET SOMETHING DONE ABOUT THAT...ERR...

KRRRAAKKRRASH!

... CEILING...



AH.



IT JUST STOPPED.
DID YOU SEE THAT?
WHO MADE IT DO THAT?



I DID.



NAME'S TOMORROW WOMAN.

HI.
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE FOR THE AUDITION.

"SO NOW WHAT?"



... AND I'M GLAD TO SAY YOU'VE PASSED THE INITIATION TESTS WITH, AH... FLYING COLORS. YOU'RE OUR FIRST OFFICIAL NEW MEMBER. CONGRATULATIONS!

WELCOME TO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, TOMORROW WOMAN.

"IT'S BEEN A WEEK."



DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT, NO. SHE'S GAINING THEIR TRUST.

THE THING IS MINDLESS. I'D BELIEVE I WAS SCANNING A COMPUTER BUT ITS CONSTRUCTION IS TOO FAR BEYOND CURRENT TECHNOLOGY.

IT'S PROGRAMMED FOR DEVASTATION, NOTHING MORE. THE SAME INSTRUCTION OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

"MOVE EAST. DESTROY!"

SHE'S BECOMING ONE OF THEM. MORE AND MORE INDISPENSABLE WITH EACH PASSING DAY.

I'M A MUTANT: BORN WITH A FOUR-LOBED BRAIN. MY POWERS APPEAR TO BE ENTIRELY TELE-KINETIC IN NATURE.

GREAT.

BUT I ALREADY HAVE A GIRLFRIEND.

MY GUESS IS I'M THE FIRST OF SOME NEW SPECIES, BORN AHEAD OF MY TIME.



EVERY DAY A NEW CITY AND ALL WE SEEM CAPABLE OF IS DAMAGE LIMITATION.

YOU HAVEN'T RESTED, TOMORROW WOMAN. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO'S BEEN WITH THIS EVERY SINGLE DAY.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW WE ALL APPRECIATE THAT.

YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO FLATTER ME.

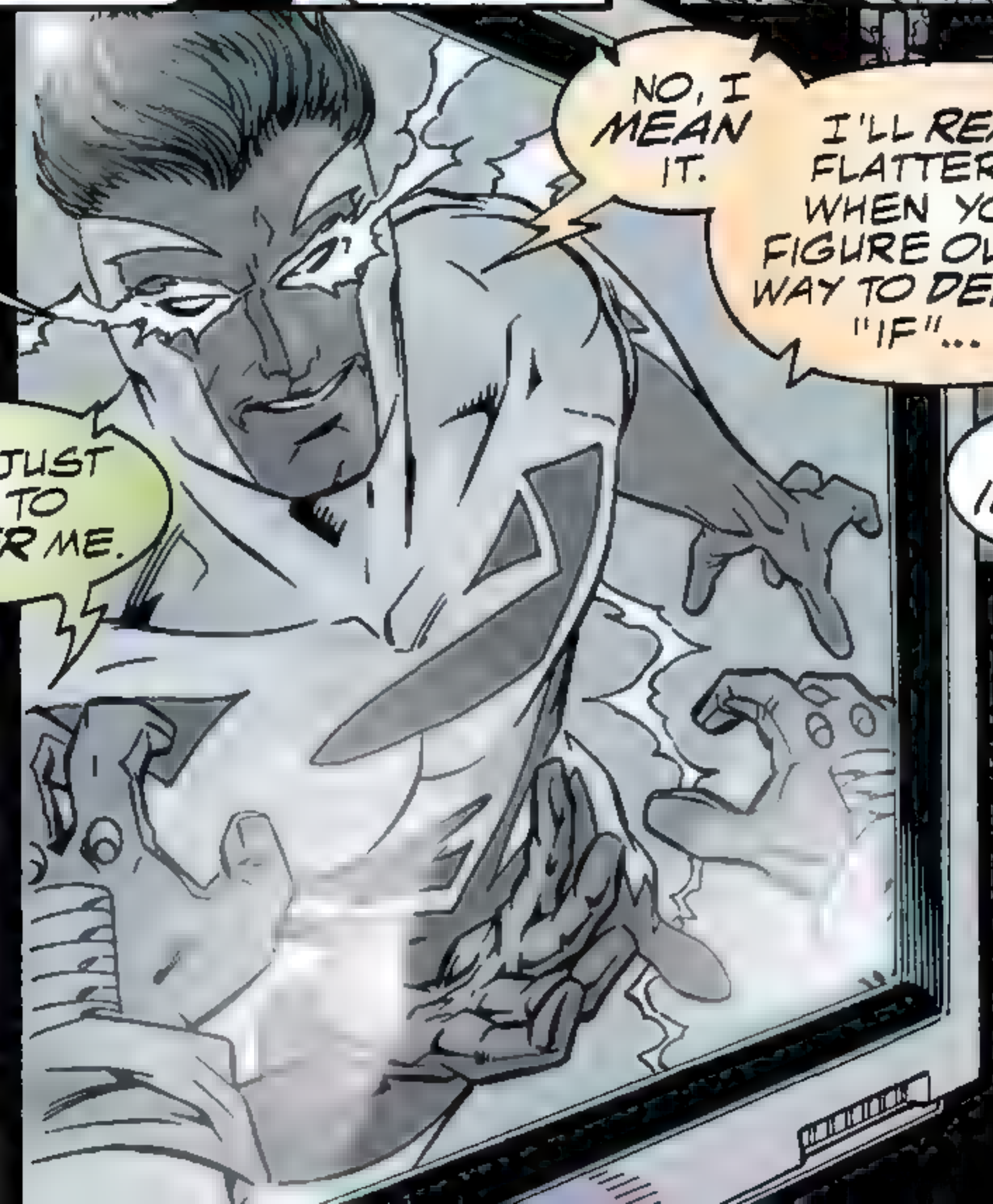
NO, I MEAN IT.

I'LL REALLY FLATTER YOU WHEN YOU FIGURE OUT A WAY TO DEFEAT "IF"...

HA! IDIOT!

BLAH BLAH BLAH

IT'S TIME, MORROW. LET'S BRING HER IN.





I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER FOR TODAY. WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO IS JUST WALK AROUND ON THE GROUND FOR A WHILE.

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD US MUCH ABOUT YOUR PRIVATE LIFE, HAVE YOU?

THIS IS MY LIFE, SUPERMAN.



I REALLY LIKE BEING IN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

I REALLY WANT TO MAKE THINGS RIGHTS.



AND, LIKE THE REST OF YOU, MY PRIVATE LIFE'S JUST SOMEWHERE I GO TO BE HUMAN.

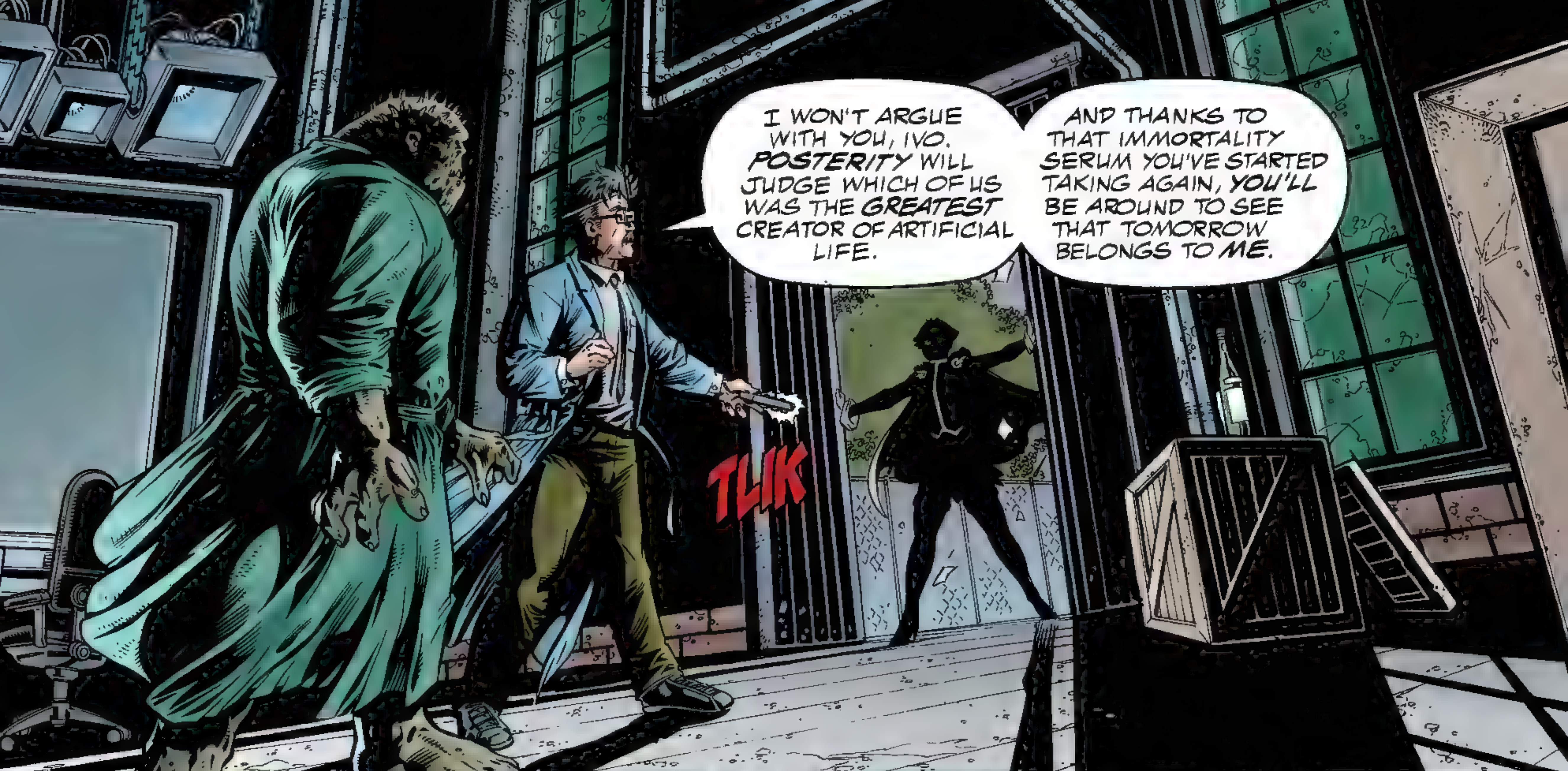


...I MADE AMAZO!



AMAZO WAS A MUCH BETTER ANDROID THAN THE RED TORNADO!

HOW DARE YOU EVEN SUGGEST THAT YOUR RIDICULOUS TINKER TOY IS ANYWHERE NEAR AS SOPHISTICATED AS MY AMAZO?



I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU, IVO. POSTERITY WILL JUDGE WHICH OF US WAS THE **GREATEST** CREATOR OF ARTIFICIAL LIFE.

AND THANKS TO THAT IMMORTALITY SERUM YOU'VE STARTED TAKING AGAIN, YOU'LL BE AROUND TO SEE THAT TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME.

TLIK

OUR CHARMING LITTLE SUPER-SLAVE. HA!
IT'S SO GOOD TO CROSS SWORDS WITH THE NEW JUSTICE LEAGUE. THE ONES THAT ARE ACTUALLY WORTH KILLING.



LOOK AT HER!

YOU COULD NEVER HAVE GIVEN HER SKIN TEMPERATURE, A PULSE, PERSPIRATION! SHE'S A WORK OF ART!

I MADE HER BRAIN, IVO, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT. THAT BRAIN IS THE **TRUE** WORK OF ART, YOU'LL SEE.

FALSE MEMORIES! DREAMS! WHY, THAT BRAIN SHOULD BE HANGING IN THE LOUVRE!



THE REAL WORK OF ART IS THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE WEAPON EMBEDDED IN HER HEART.

BANG! GOES THE HEART, TRIGGERING A TELEKINETIC WAVE FRONT THAT CAUSES ALL ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY IN THE **BRAINS** OF THE JLA TO CEASE.

"I WANT TO DO THE RIGHT THING."

SAY GOODBYE TO TRUTH, JUSTICE AND FREEDOM!

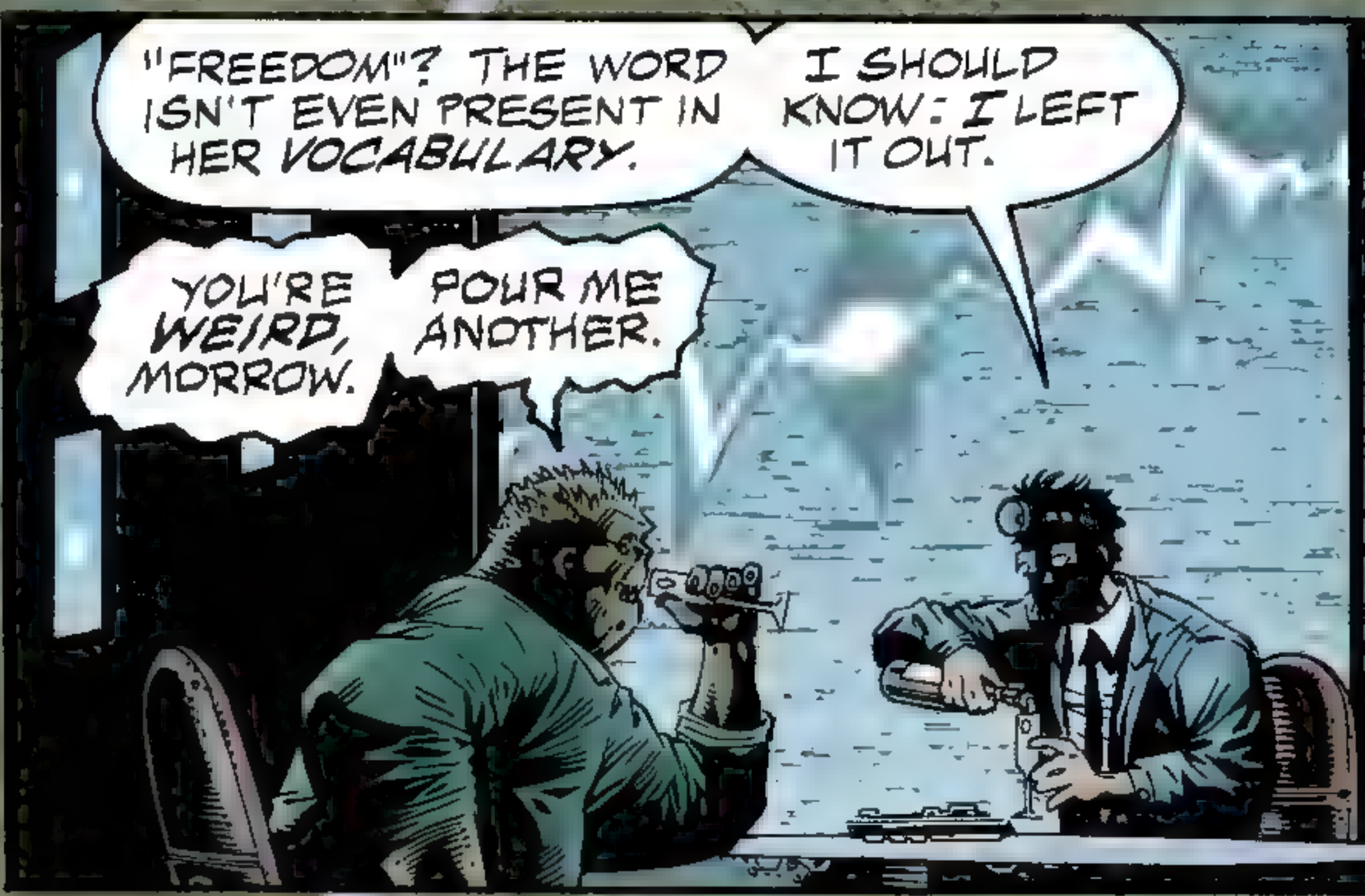


"FREEDOM"? THE WORD ISN'T EVEN PRESENT IN HER VOCABULARY.

I SHOULD KNOW: I LEFT IT OUT.

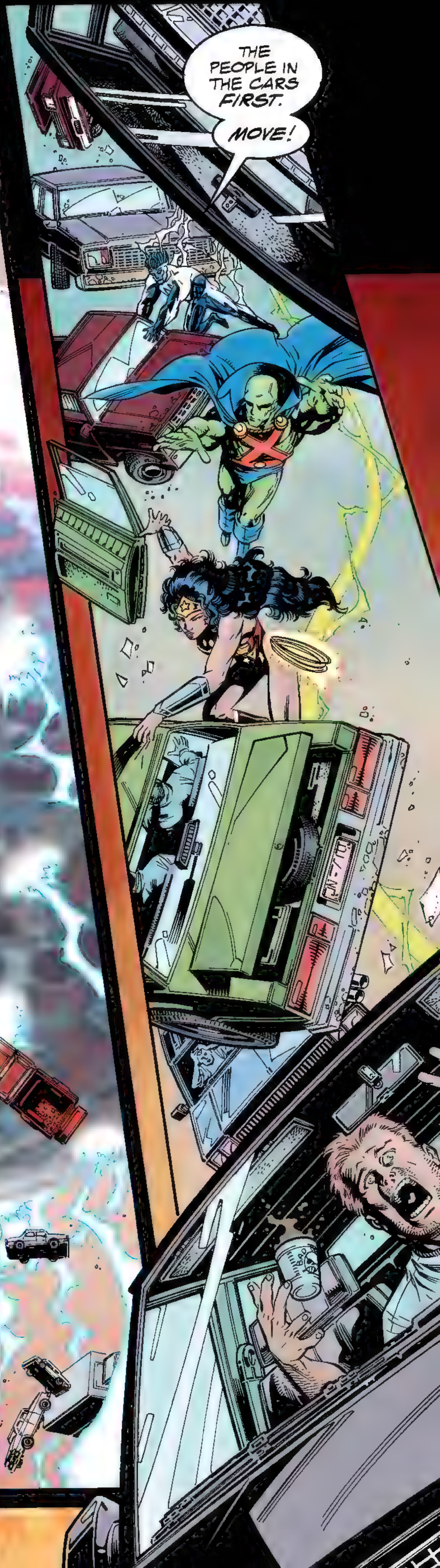
YOU'RE WEIRD, MORROW.

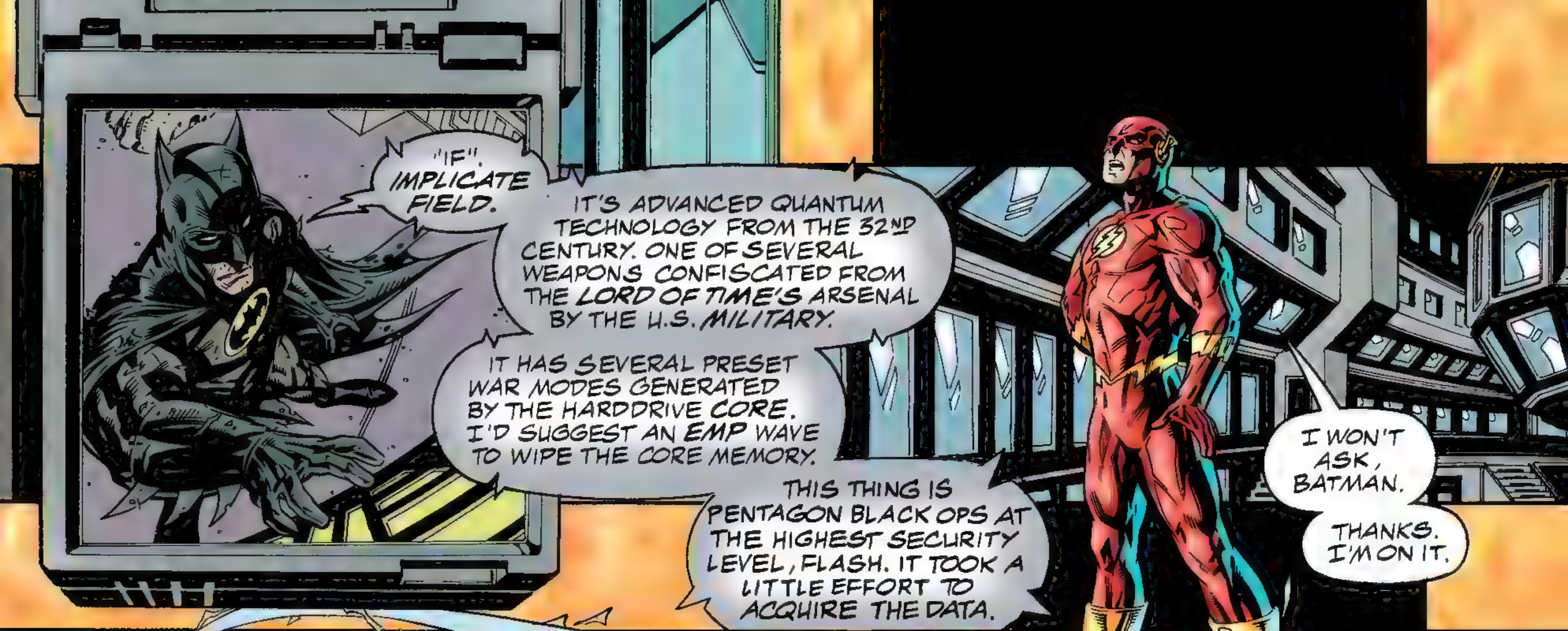
POUR ME ANOTHER.





USUAL
PROCEDURE.





"IF"
IMPLICATE
FIELD.

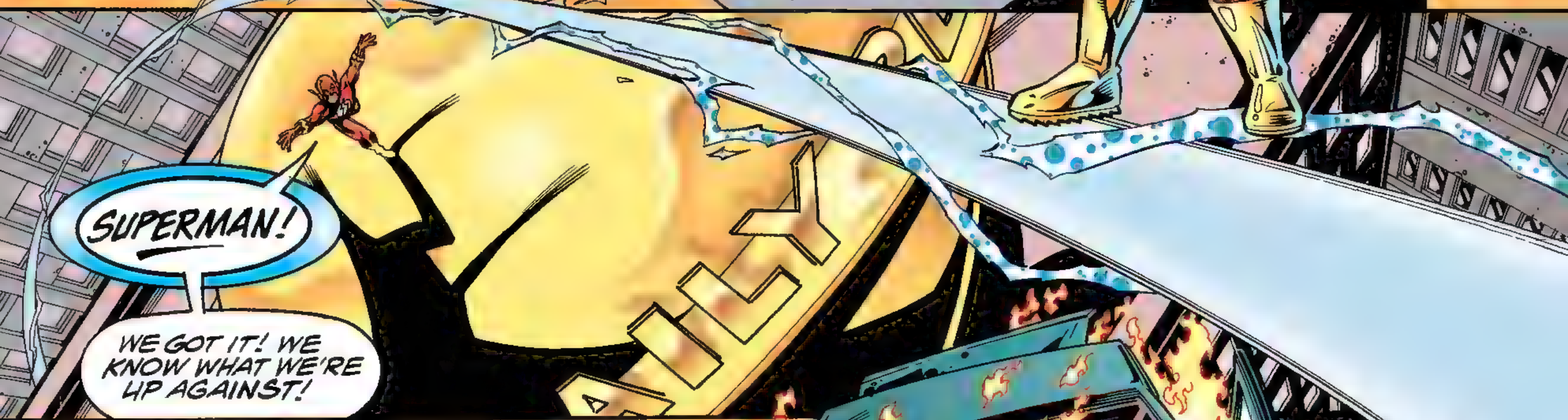
IT'S ADVANCED QUANTUM
TECHNOLOGY FROM THE 32ND
CENTURY. ONE OF SEVERAL
WEAPONS CONFISCATED FROM
THE LORD OF TIME'S ARSENAL
BY THE U.S. MILITARY.

IT HAS SEVERAL PRESET
WAR MODES GENERATED
BY THE HARDDRIVE CORE.
I'D SUGGEST AN EMP WAVE
TO WIPE THE CORE MEMORY.

THIS THING IS
PENTAGON BLACK OPS AT
THE HIGHEST SECURITY
LEVEL, FLASH. IT TOOK A
LITTLE EFFORT TO
ACQUIRE THE DATA.

I WON'T
ASK,
BATMAN.

THANKS.
I'M ON IT.



SUPERMAN!

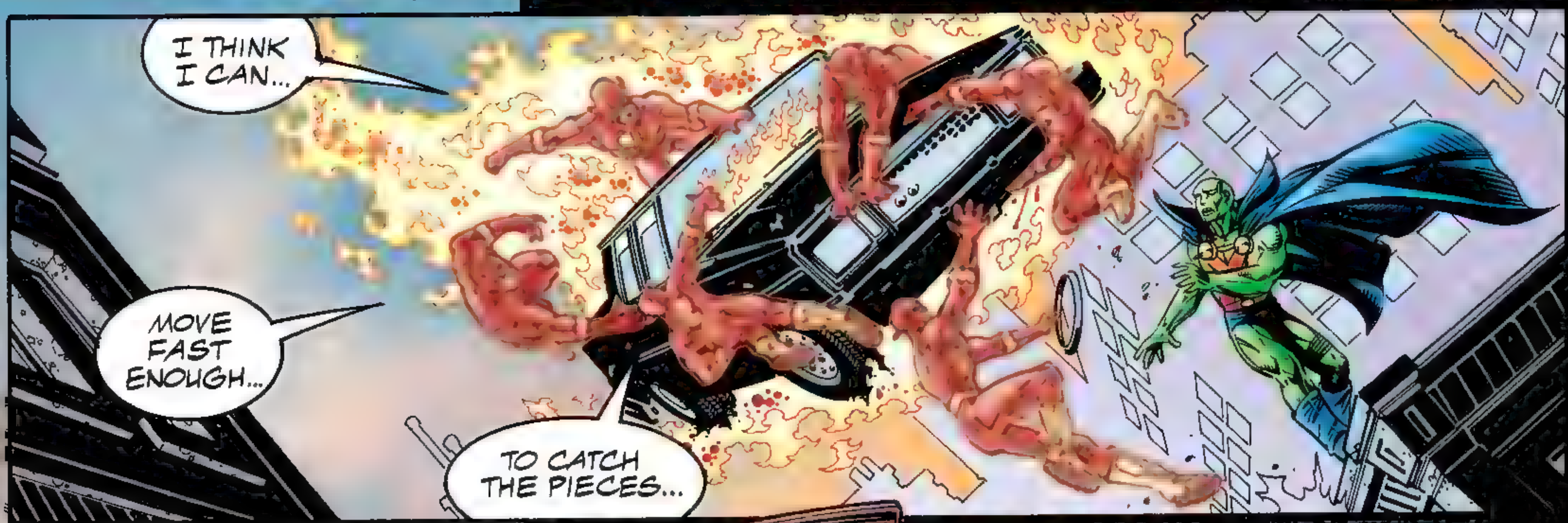
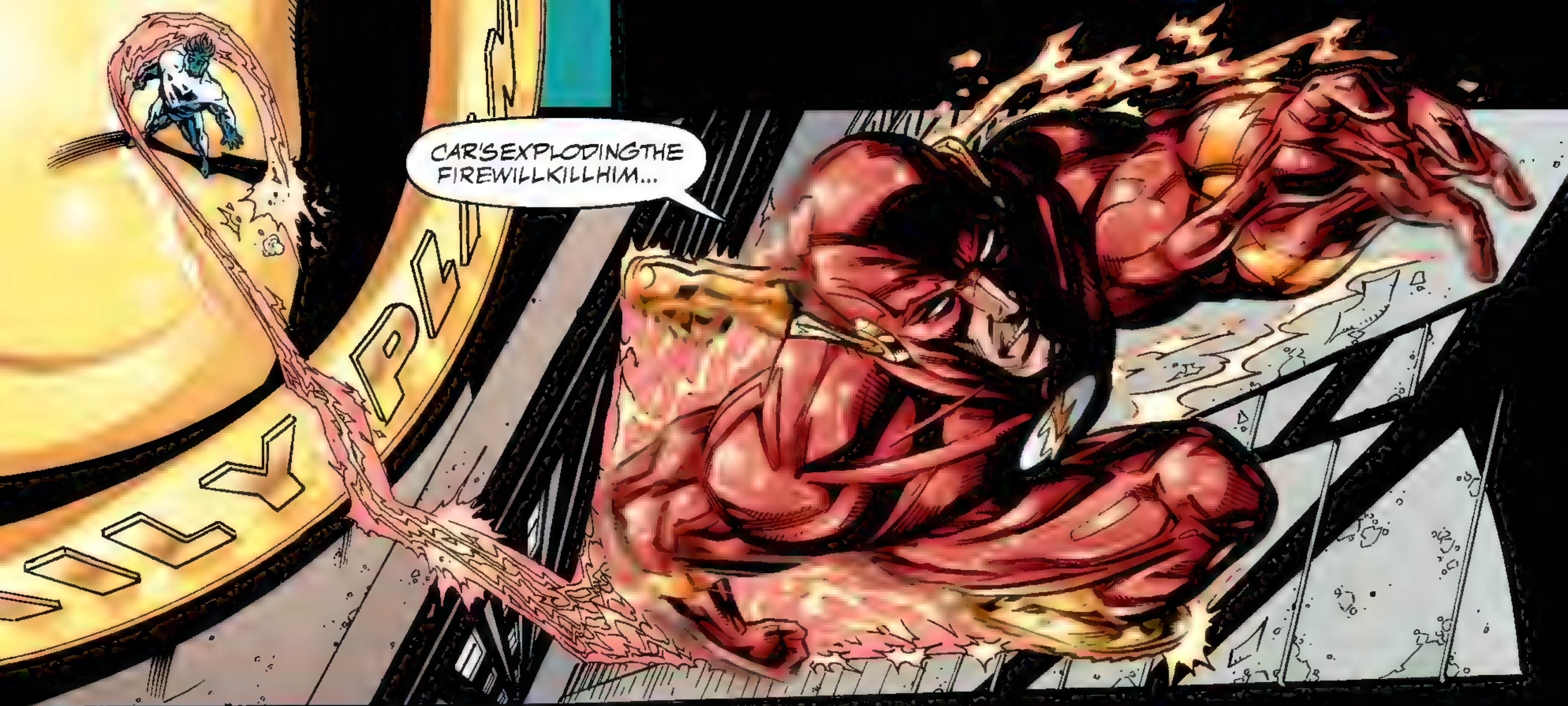
WE GOT IT! WE
KNOW WHAT WE'RE
UP AGAINST!



IT'S A
WEAPON?

YEAH. LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY SCREWED
UP, IT ESCAPED FROM
A LAB OUT IN THE
DESERT SOMEWHERE
AND...

J'ONN!





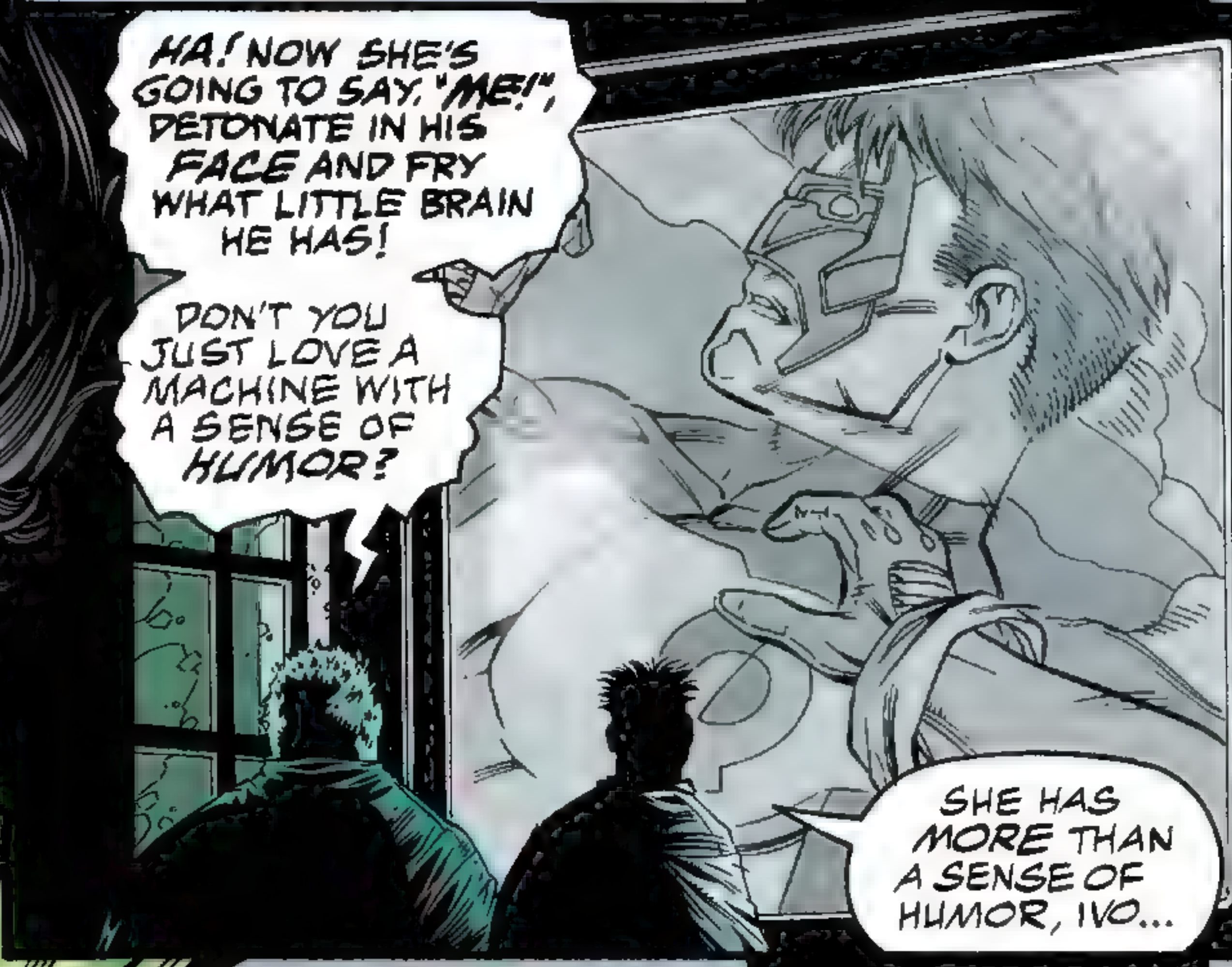
HA! NOW SHE'S GOING TO SAY, "ME!", DETONATE IN HIS FACE AND FRY WHAT LITTLE BRAIN HE HAS!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE A MACHINE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR?

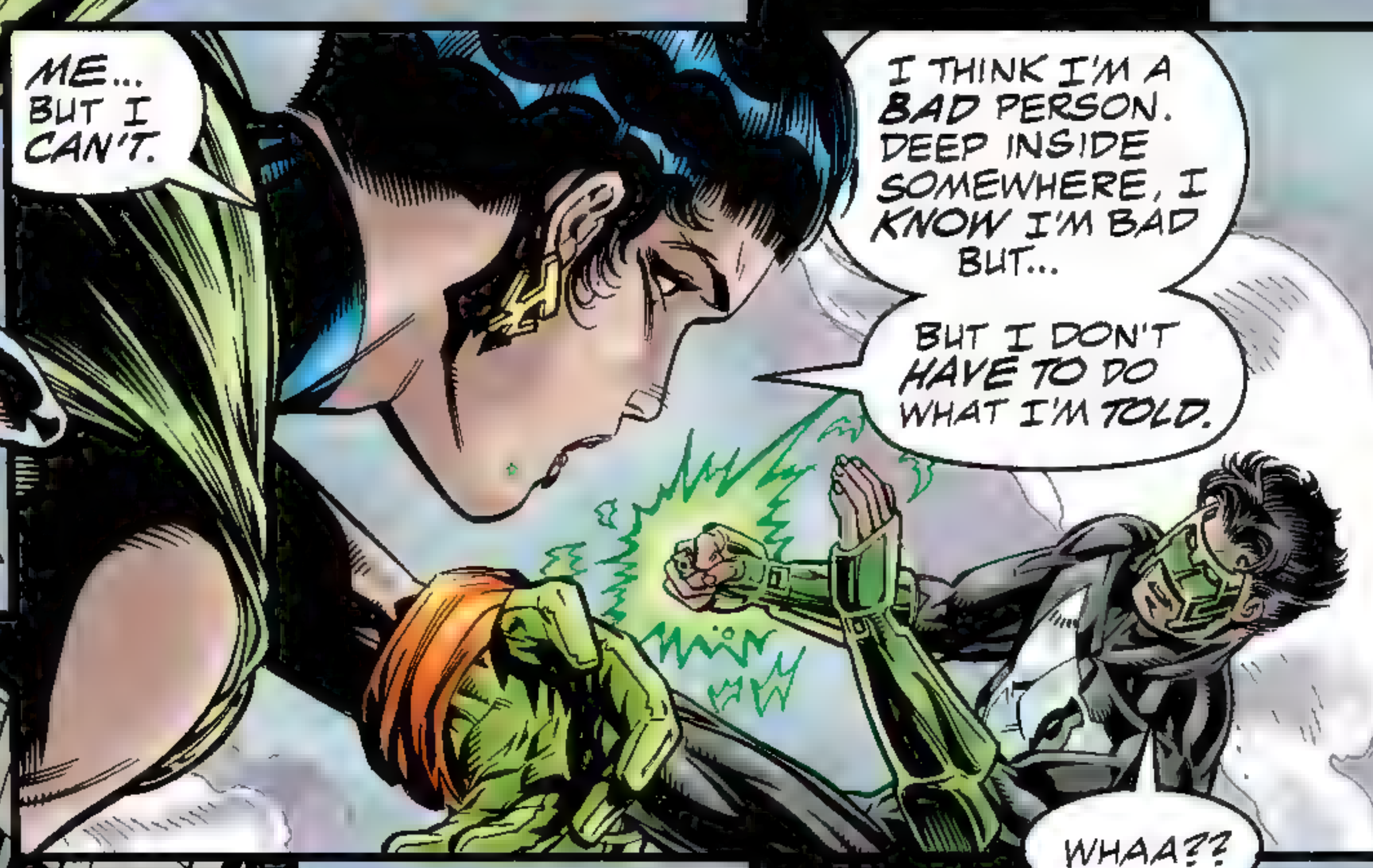
ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE! I'M PICKING IT UP TELEPATHICALLY!

"IF" S BRAIN CAN BE WIPED BY AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE!

TERRIFIC. SO WHO'S GONNA GENERATE THAT?



SHE HAS MORE THAN A SENSE OF HUMOR, IVO...



ME... BUT I CAN'T.

I THINK I'M A BAD PERSON. DEEP INSIDE SOMEWHERE, I KNOW I'M BAD BUT...

BUT I DON'T HAVE TO DO WHAT I'M TOLD.

WHAA??



I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANY OF YOU.

"NO, WAIT A MINUTE! THIS ISN'T WHAT WE PLANNED."

"WHAT'S SHE DOING, MORROW?"



CAN'T YOU SEE?

SHE'S BEING GOOD.



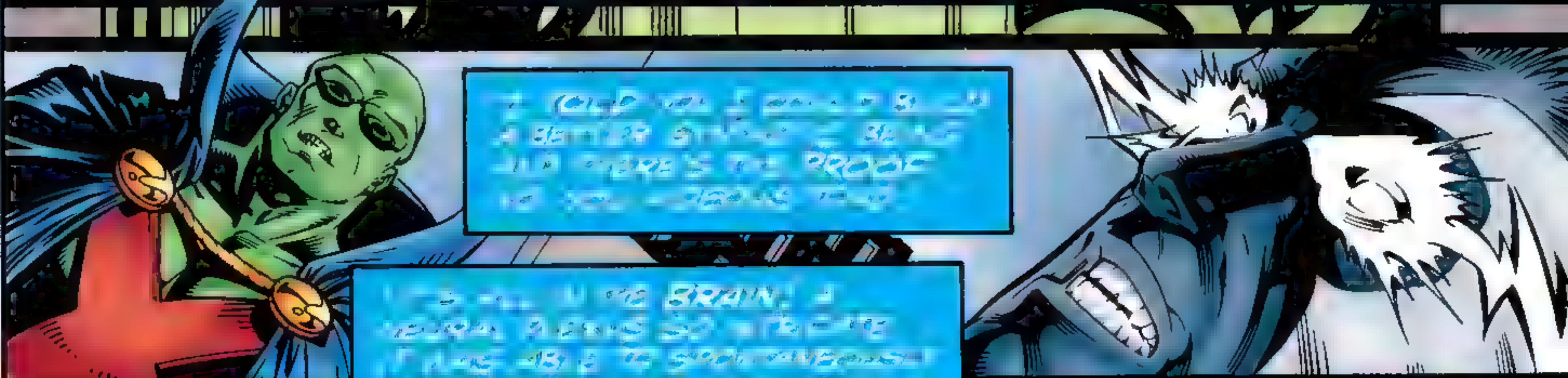
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
LOOK THERE!

SHE'S
PREPARING TO
DESTROY THE
JUSTICE
LEAGUE.



SHE'S OVERRIDING HER
PROGRAM CODES, SHUTTING
DOWN TELEPATHIC
BROADCAST FACILITIES.

SHE'S MAKING HER
OWN DECISIONS.



I TOLD YOU I COULD BUILD
A BETTER SYSTEM - BEING
AID THERE'S THE PROOF
TO YOU - DEBARS THAT

I'M ALL LIVE BRAIN! I
NEED A FEELING SO I CAN
I HAVE ABILITY TO SPONTANEOUSLY
GENERATE A RANDOMLY
ETHICAL CODE

I KNOW YOU WOULD EVER FEEL
ANYTHING BUT WHEN DO WE EVER
DEFEAT THE PROGRAMMING? I AM
GENIUS!



SHE'S AMAZING!



TOMORROW
WOMAN!



"IF" HAS
BEEN DE-
ACTIVATED.

WHAT
HAPPENED?

HERA!
IS THAT
HER?



IT'S HER BUT
I... AH... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
SHE IS.

I DON'T
KNOW IF
WE CAN DO
ANYTHING.

YOU DID THIS
JUST TO PROVE
A POINT? YOU DID
THIS JUST TO
SHOW YOU WERE
BETTER THAN ME?

HAVE YOU ANY
IDEA HOW MUCH
MONEY WE SPENT
ON THAT THING?

AH, SO WHAT?
WE CAN STEAL
SOME MORE!

I JUST
SHOWED YOU A
SOUL BEING
BORN.

DUH-DUH-
P-D-D-DON'T

DON'T
KLAKT
LOOK AT
ME...

WHY? YOU
DIDN'T HAVE
TO SACRIFICE
YOURSELF.

WHY DID
YOU DO IT?

I

I...
KLIKKT.

WORD NOT
PRESENT IN
VOCABULARY.

HLIKKT

WORD NOT
PRESENT IN
KLIKITKT.

PRESENT IN
VOCABULARY..



WELL...THAT'S
THE LAST OF
THE DOM
PERIGNON,
MORROW.

THE NEXT
BOTTLE'S
ON YOU.

FUNNY HOW THESE MACHINES
OF YOURS ALWAYS END UP ON
THE GOOD GUYS' SIDE, ISN'T IT?

YOU MUST BE
THAT "MAD
SCIENTIST"
WE'RE ALWAYS
HEARING
ABOUT...

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW
I STUDIED MAD
SCIENCE AT HARVARD,
YOU OAF!

HA HA HA HA HA!

A
TOAST...

HRRUNNCH!

AH.

HOW ABOUT
THE ONE
TOAST THAT
NEVER GOES
STALE...

PROFESSOR
IVO. THOMAS
OSCAR
MORROW.

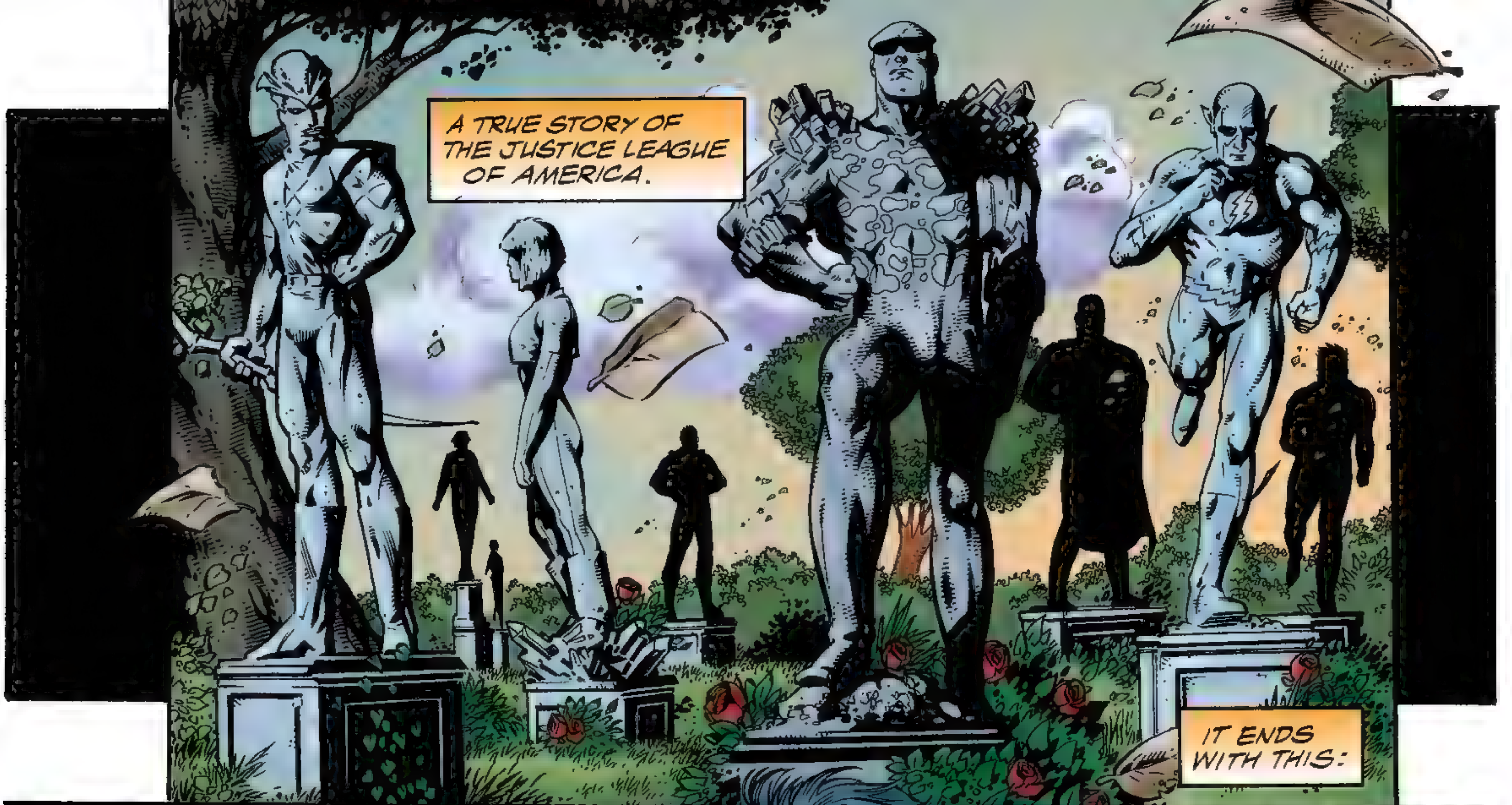
THEN.

TO THE
GOOD OLD
DAYS!

WE'D LIKE YOU
TO COME WITH
US.

CHLINK!









JLA #6

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY HOWARD PORTER, WITH INKS

BY JOHN DELL AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY



ISN'T THAT
PRETTY?
LOOK.

MAKE
A WISH.

YOU WANNA
KNOW WHAT
I WISH?

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED EXACTLY
WHERE HELL CAN BE FOUND?

I WISH COMA-BOY
OVER THERE WOULD
WAKE UP LONG ENOUGH
TO GO TO THE
BATHROOM.

JUST
ONCE.

HELL'S IN
THE ANGLES.

SOME LOOK AT A
BUNCH OF FLOWERS
OR A SET OF DRAPES
AND SEE JUST THAT
AND NOTHING MORE.

AND OTHERS STILL
SEE DARKNESS
AND TREASON AND
MURDER IN THE
SHADOWS.

IT'S NOT UNDER
THE GROUND. IT'S
NOT IN A CAVE
OR A DUNGEON
SOMEWHERE.

IT'S ALL AROUND US.
EVERYWHERE. ALL IT
TAKES IS A WAY
OF THINKING, A
WAY OF LOOKING.

OTHERS GLIMPSE
SEAS OF LIGHT AND
CHOIRS OF ANGELS
AND THE FLAMING
PASTURES OF HEAVEN.

LOOK INTO THE
FOLDS. LOOK INTO
THE GAPS AND
THE CORNERS.

LOOK HARD
AND YOU MIGHT
SEE IT.

HELL, LIKE HEAVEN, IS RIGHT HERE.

WHERE ELSE DID YOU THINK
IT WOULD BE?

RATH OUR BROTHER,
THUS REBORN,
BY HEX AND HATE
IN MAGGOT FORM.
BOIL THE SEAS TO
KEEP HIM WARM
AND... AND... KKKAH
KKAH SHHA

AAAAA

ENOUGH, BROTHER
GHAST. YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE THE RANKS OF
RHYMING DEMONS. YOUR
POETRY *STINKS*.

WE WERE BORN *BEFORE*
WORDS. I REMEMBER THE
DAYS WHEN INCOHERENT
GRUNTING AND HOWLING WERE
ENOUGH TO SAY IT ALL.

YOUR POINT,
ANCIENT ONES?

THE POINT YOU
WERE TRYING TO
MAKE?

YOU TALK OF TRADE AND OF
CURRENCY AND COMMERCE. WE
ARE PRIMAL THINGS AND
REQUIRE *CONCRETE* LANGUAGE.

WHAT MIGHT THIS
'TRADE' THING BE,
MY LORD NERON?

WHAT
WOULD ITS
NATURE
BE?

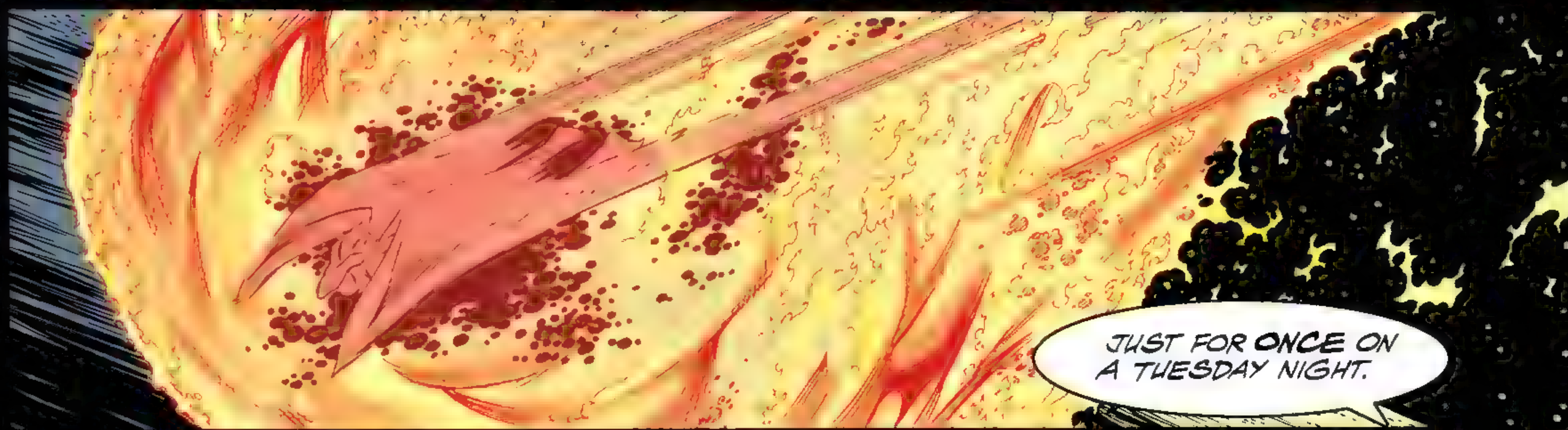
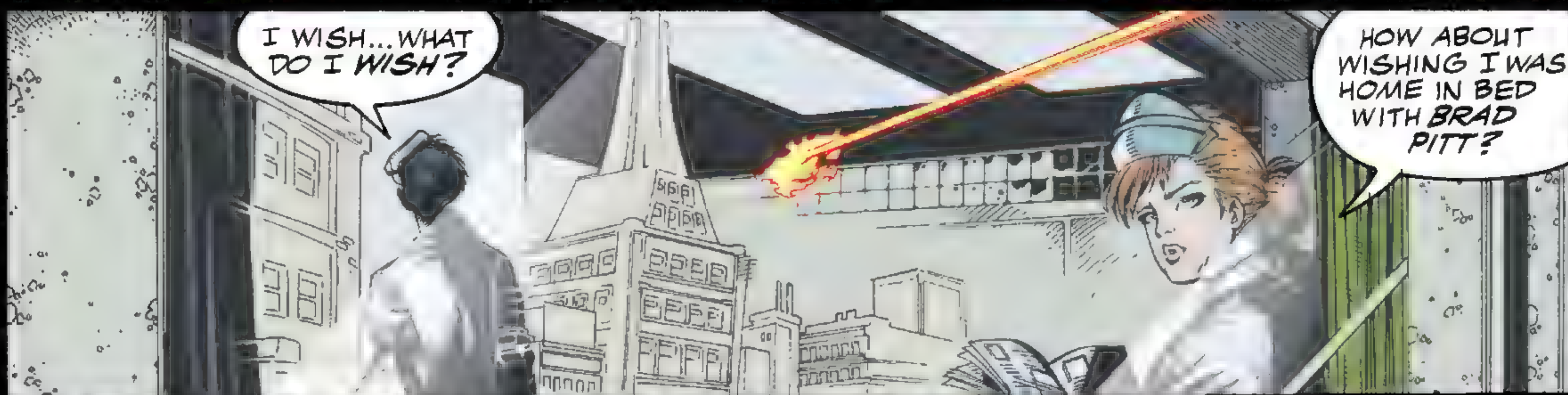
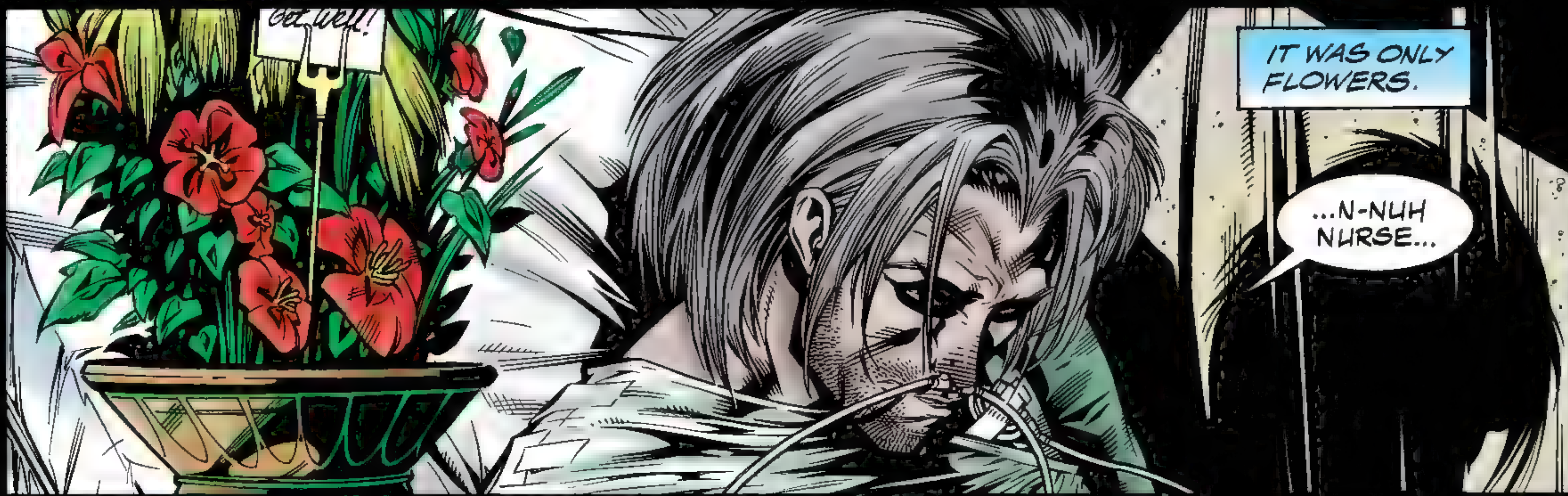
AS MY BROTHER
ABNEGAZAR HAS SAID, MY
LORD NERON, IT SEEMS
SURPRISING THAT THE KING
OF HATE SHOULD SUMMON
US INTO HIS PRESENCE.

HE SAID YOU MENTIONED
BARGAINS. DEALS. IS THAT
RIGHT? IS IT, O KING?

SOULS,
LITTLE
BROTHERS.

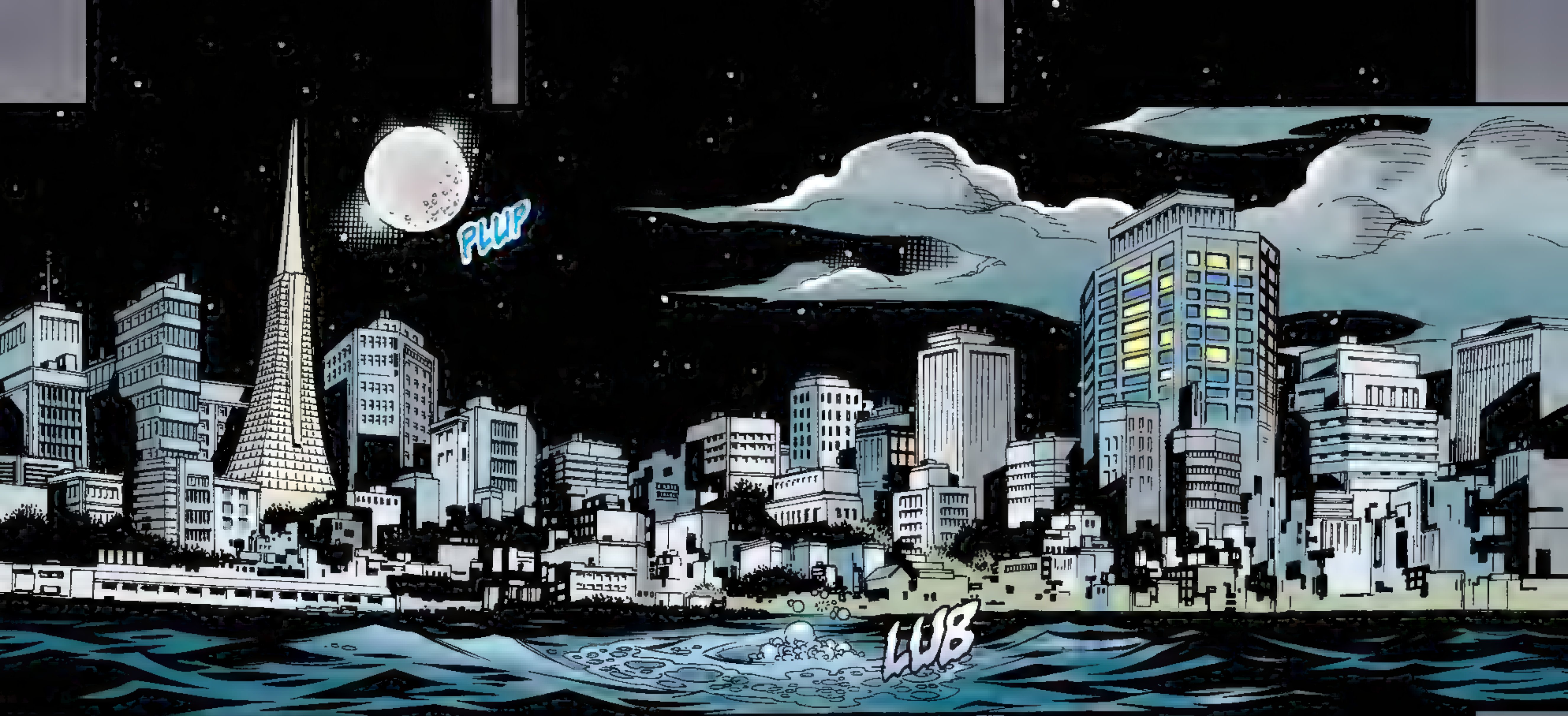
OUR TRADE
IS IN
SOULS.

STOP LOOKING NOW.



FIRE IN THE SKY





HOW D'YOU
THINK THIS
NEW GREEN
ARROW'S GOING
TO FIT IN,
SUPERMAN?

MUST BE
WEIRD SEEING
A WHOLE NEW
GENERATION
COMING UP.

TO BE HONEST,
I'M STILL A LITTLE
CONCERNED ABOUT
HIS YOUTH AND
INEXPERIENCE.

SOMEONE ELSE
I HAVE TO LOOK
OUT FOR.

WELL, IF HE'S ANYTHING
LIKE HIS OLD MAN, HE
WON'T NEED YOU LOOKING
OUT FOR HIM.

YOU KNOW, I'M NOT SO
SURE ABOUT THIS...

THAT'S BETTER,
DON'T YOU
THINK?

INTERIOR DESIGN
LOST A GENIUS,
WALLY.

I WORRY BECAUSE
EVERYONE SEEMS TO
LOOK UP TO ME AND
IT'S MAKING ME
A LITTLE
UNCOMFORTABLE.

I CAN TRY
BUT I CAN'T SOLVE
EVERY PROBLEM. I DON'T
KNOW IF I CAN LIVE UP
TO THIS... MYTH THEY
WANT ME TO BE.

HOW DOES
BATMAN
MANAGE TO
MAKE HIS
OWN RULES?

BY BEING COLD AND
HARD TO KNOW. YOU'RE
SUPERMAN; YOU COULDN'T
ACT LIKE THAT IF YOU
REHEARSED.

AND THE **REAL** ISSUE IS THAT NO MATTER HOW YOU FEEL OR WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE, MOST PEOPLE JUST CAN'T SEE PAST THAT "S" AND WHAT IT REPRESENTS.

INCLUDING YOU.

HA.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S JUST THAT...

HEY GHYS! CHECK IT OUT!

GREEN LANTERN!

DO WE HAVE A PROBLEM?

I JUST PICKED UP AN **ALARM** CALL. IT'S **J'ONN** IN **SAN FRANCISCO**.

I CAN GET THERE IN FIVE MINUTES. I'LL KEEP THE CHANNELS OPEN TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

FIVE MINUTES?

I BET I CAN GET THERE IN ONE.

HOW IS THAT ONE MINUTE YOU CAN BE THE MOST LEVEL-HEADED PERSON ON **EARTH**, **WALLY**, AND THE NEXT YOU AND **KYLE** ARE ACTING LIKE...

WALLY?

MY GOD.

FLASH?

GREEN LANTERN? CAN YOU HEAR ME? SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG HERE...



EVERYTHING'S ALL
RIGHT. STAY CALM
I'M HERE TO HELP
EVERYTHING IS ALL
RIGHT.

I'M THE MARTIAN
MANHUNTER OF
THE JLA.

EVERYTHING'S
GOING TO...

!

ARE YOU
BREATHING?

BREATHING YES
I'M BREATHING
WHERE ARE WE?
IS...

TELEPATHY! GOD!
THOUGHT I WAS
BACK IN THE PAX
DEI WITH THE
VOICELESS
CHOIR.

SOLID. I'M
SOLID FLESH.

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
HERE?

MOONS
OF MARS!!

THE
WATERS...
DIVIDING...

MMMMBBBLLLLLNNRRR

WHAT IS THIS?

THE OLD RED SEA TRICK.

THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME. I DON'T BELIEVE THEY'RE ACTUALLY COMING AFTER ME.

HOW SERIOUS IS THIS LIKELY TO BECOME?

ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN?

AROUND TWELVE.

ARE THESE YOUR PEOPLE?

BY THE TIME I ANSWERED THAT FULLY, WE'D BE DEAD.

THEY'RE HIS PEOPLE. THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

TZZZUUUU TZZZUUUU

ASMODEL'S PEOPLE.

ZAURIEL! IN THE NAME OF THE PAX DEI YOU ARE TO BE ERASED FROM THE BOOK.

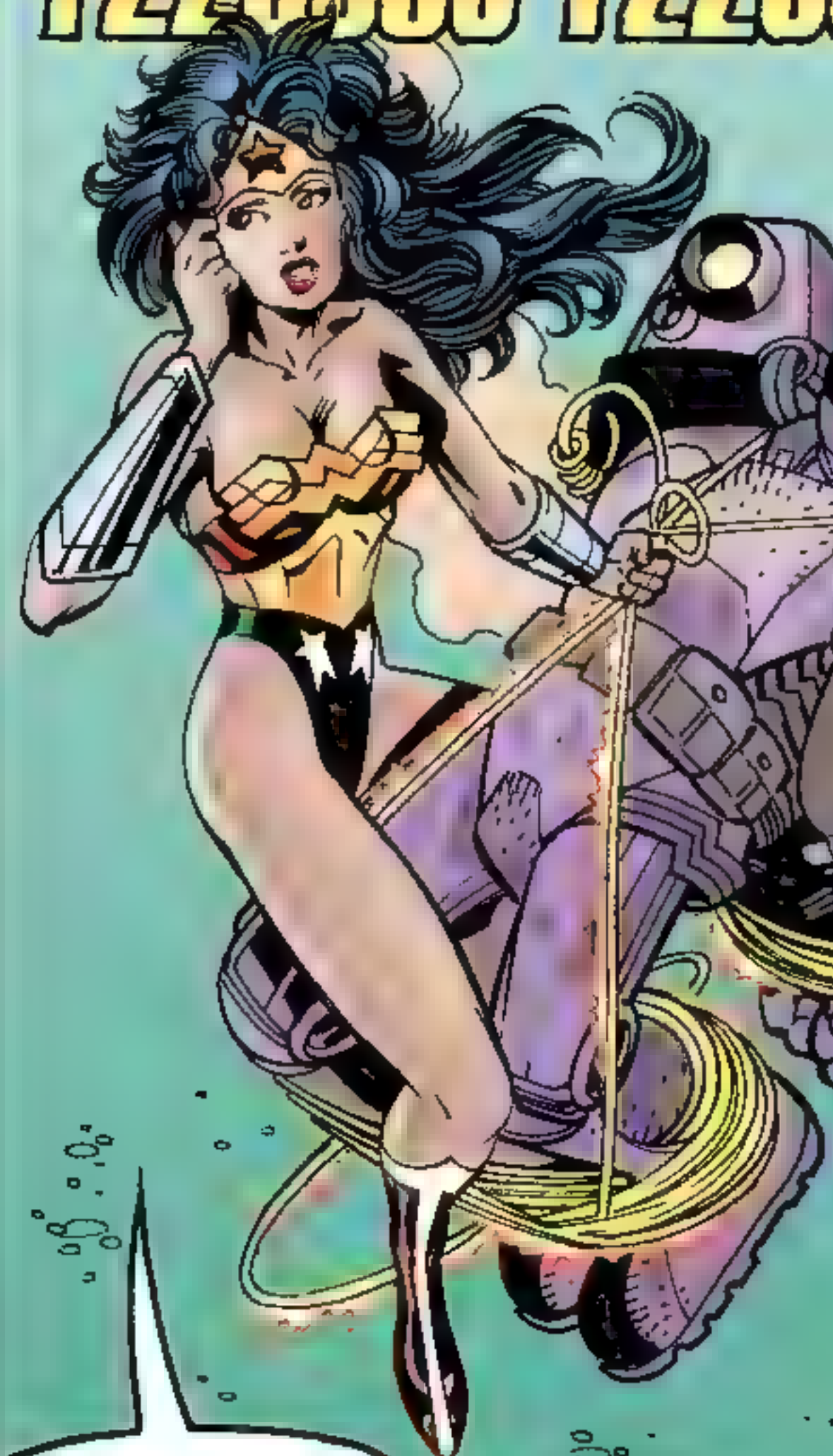
LET ANY WHO STAND WITH YOU BEWARE.

WE HAVE NO MERCY. WE KNOW NO PITY. WE CANNOT BE STOPPED.

<...BATTLE THAT
ALMOST DESTROYED
TOKYO/KYOTO IS
ALMOST ALL OVER!>

<THE YOUNG OTAKU WHO
CREATED THESE ROBOT
MONSTERS HAS SUCCUMBED
AT LAST TO THE MIGHT
OF WONDER WOMAN!!!!>

TZZUUUU TZZUUUU



ANIMECH'S
DOWN BUT
I'M PICKING
UP A JLA
ALARM.

ARTHUR?
ARE YOU
THERE?

I'M GOING TO HEAD
FOR THE NEAREST
TELEPORTER. THANKS
FOR ALL YOUR HELP HERE.

I'M COMING
WITH YOU.

THOUGHT
I'D ANSWER
THE ALARM
TOO.

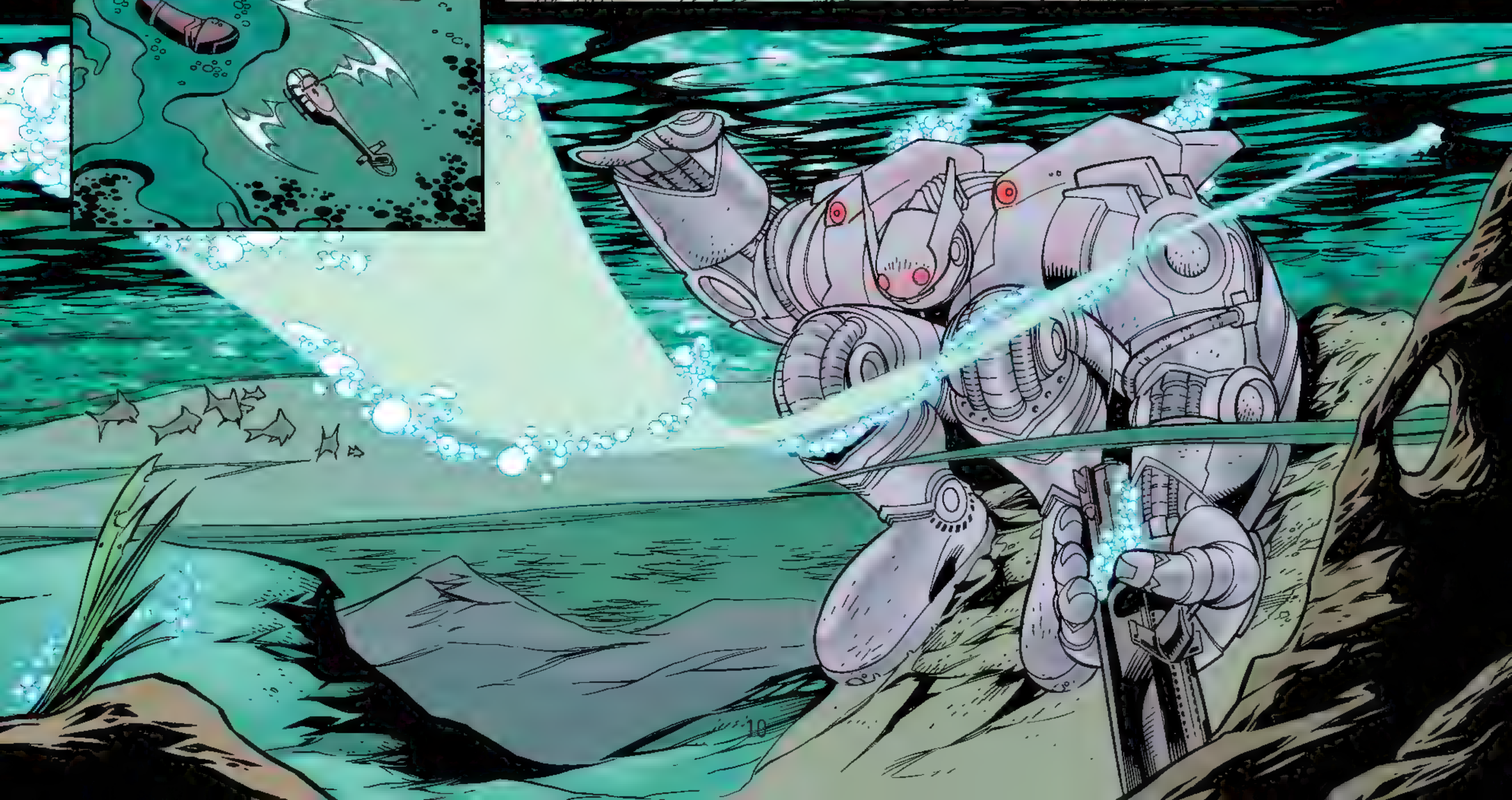


YOU'RE ANSWERING THE
ALARM? TO WHAT DO WE
OWE THE PLEASURE?

WELL, I'M ALMOST
EMBARRASSED TO
ADMIT IT BUT... I'M
ACTUALLY ENJOYING
THIS.

MANGATRON.
WHAT HAPPENED
TO MANGATRON?

HE'S DROWNING
HIS SORROWS.





STAND ASIDE
OR BE ERASED
FROM THE BOOK.

YOU WILL DO
AS YOU ARE
INSTRUCTED.

HE MEANS IT.
"THE BOOK" IS
WHAT THEY CALL
THE WORLD.

YOU'VE DONE
ENOUGH. GET OUT
OF THIS BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE AND
THEY SEAL US IN.

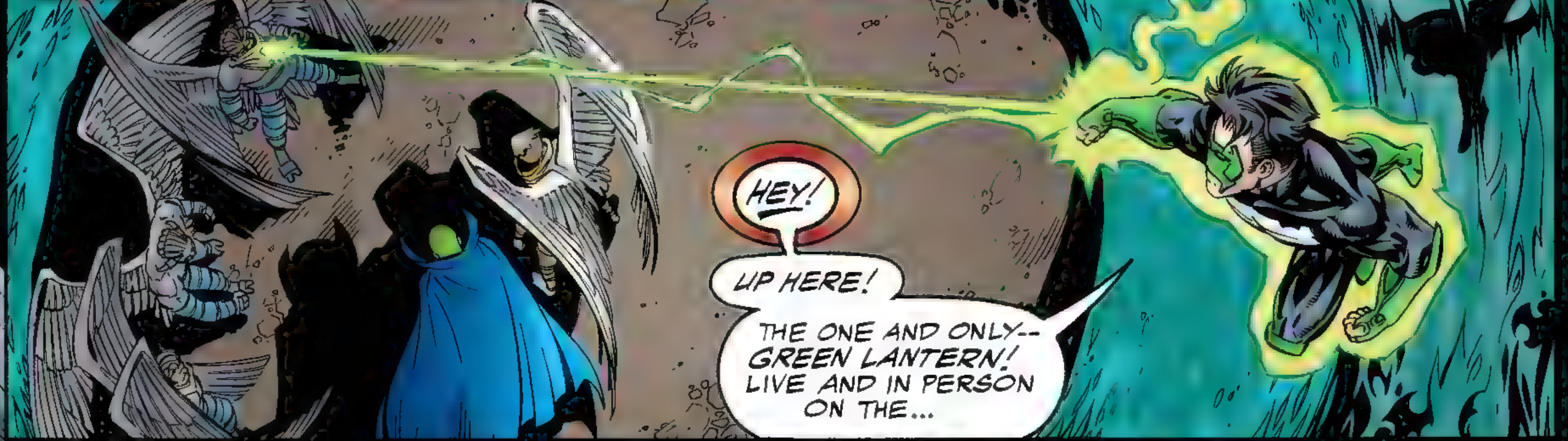
I CAN
HANDLE
THIS.



YOU CAN
"HANDLE"
NUH...

...THING...

AND YOU
CAN HANDLE
MY BUTT,
BUTT-HEAD!



HEY!

UP HERE!

THE ONE AND ONLY--
GREEN LANTERN!
LIVE AND IN PERSON
ON THE...



ZUMMF

SILENCE.

THERE WILL BE
NO FURTHER
INTERFERENCE.

WE
ARE...

GREAT
GOD.

THRAAK!

TRAUMIEL?

IN THE
NAME OF THE
PRESENCE.

YOU
PEOPLE.

HOW MANY
TIMES MUST
WE FACE
YOUR KIND?

WOULD-BE CONQUERORS
AND MASTER RACES, SO
FULL OF YOUR OWN
SUPERIORITY, YOU WILL
NOT SEE REASON OR HEAR
THE VOICE OF SANITY.

BUT SEE
THIS, HEAR
THIS...



WE WILL
NOT DO AS
WE ARE
INSTRUCTED.

SSHZZZAAKK!



OUR BODIES ARE
VIBRATIONALLY
ATTUNED TO THE
PLANE OF THE
BOOK.

BY TUNING TO
A HIGHER KEY
MOMENTARILY, WE
CAN **REPAIR** ANY
DAMAGE TO OUR
SUBSTANCE.

AND
RETURN
UNHURT.

YOU
WILL BE
ERASED.



REALLY?
BY
WHOM?



YOUR
GRAMMAR IS
IMPECCABLE,
WONDER
WOMAN.

IT APPEARS
TO HAVE
STUNNED
HIM.

YOU LOOK
LIKE AN
INTERESTING
WOMAN.



YOU DARE ASSAULT ME?

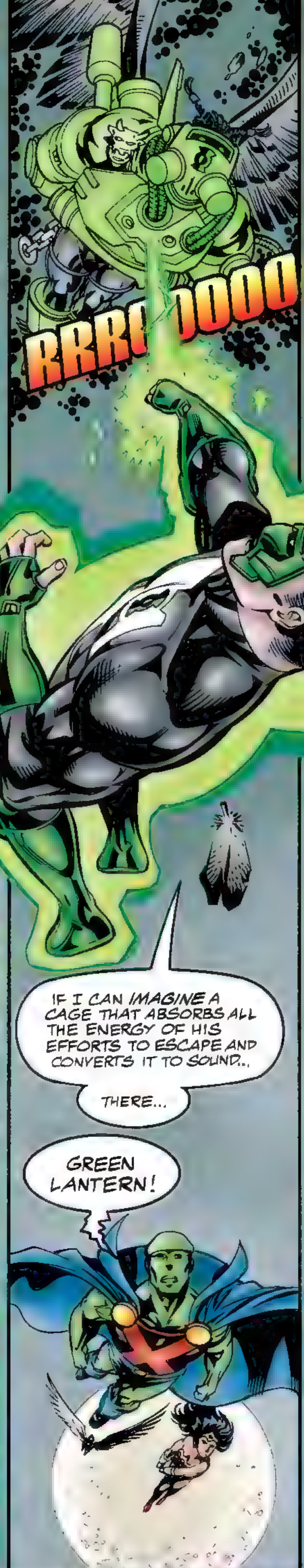
WINGED TRIPE, I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET!



I SUGGEST WE GET TO HIGH GROUND SOMETHING'S HAPPENING HERE AND I DON'T LIKE IT.

AND I WANT AN EXPLANATION FROM YOU.

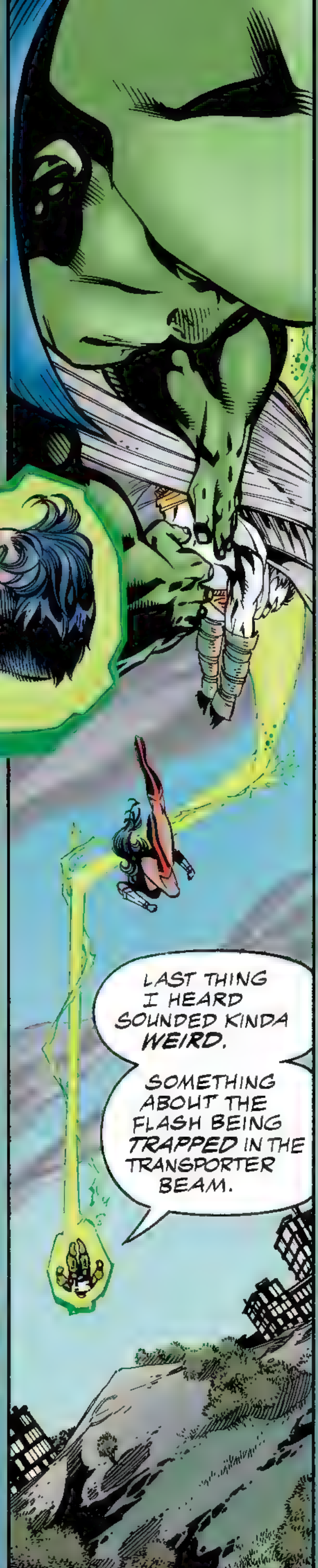
YES, MA'AM!



IF I CAN IMAGINE A CAGE THAT ABSORBS ALL THE ENERGY OF HIS EFFORTS TO ESCAPE AND CONVERTS IT TO SOUND...

THERE...

GREEN LANTERN!



LAST THING I HEARD SOUNDED KINDA WEIRD.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FLASH BEING TRAPPED IN THE TRANSPORTER BEAM.



WHEN SUPERMAN STARTED TO GET SOMEONE ABOUT THE WATCHTOWER HE SAW TWO SHIPS

THE WHOLE PLACE WAS SHAKING



HOW LITTLE
IT TAKES FOR
IT ALL TO
COME
TUMBLING
DOWN. THE
FLASH
PARALYZED,
SUPERMAN
ISOLATED.

STRIFE BETWEEN THE
ORDERS OF ANGELS. THE
THRONES, POWERS AND
DOMINIONS IN CHAOS.

THE HIERARCHIES OF
HEAVEN CAST INTO
DISARRAY. THE HARMONIES
BROKEN.



MY JOY
COULD
SCARCELY BE
BLEAKER.

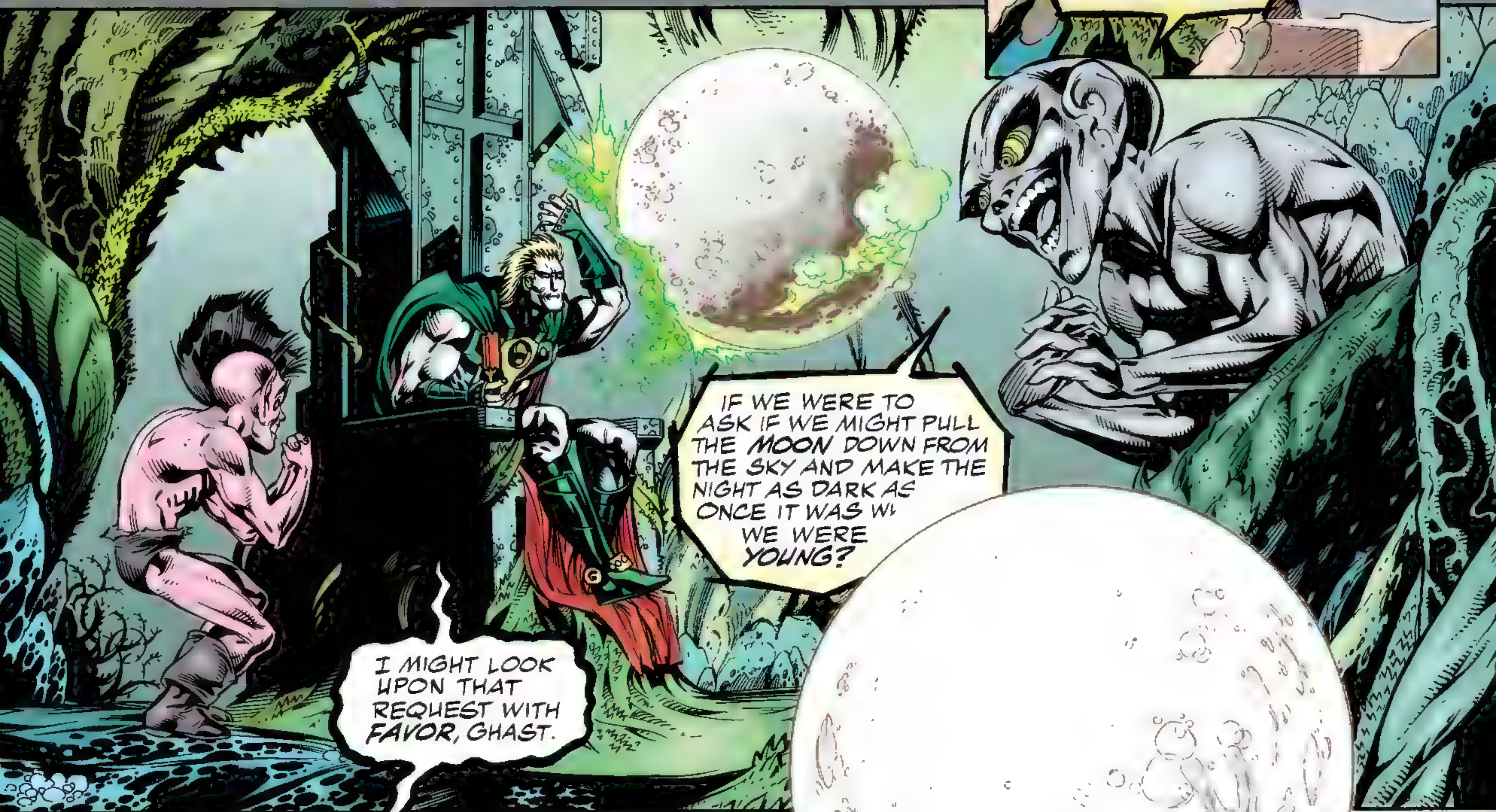
LET'S GIVE
THIS BREW A
FINAL STIR...



I HAVE
SOMETHING FOR
YOU TWO TO...
PLAY WITH.

JUST TO
PROVE A POINT
AND, IN THE END,
TAKE THREE FOR
THE PRICE OF
ONE.

AND IN RETURN
FOR OUR AID,
GREAT NERON?



IF WE WERE TO
ASK IF WE MIGHT PULL
THE MOON DOWN FROM
THE SKY AND MAKE THE
NIGHT AS DARK AS
ONCE IT WAS WHEN
WE WERE
YOUNG?

I MIGHT LOOK
UPON THAT
REQUEST WITH
FAVOR, GHAST.

WHY NOT
INDEED?

WHY
NOT?

HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH



...YOU'RE WHAT?

WHAT I SAID. I'M AN ANGEL. MY NAME'S ZAURIEL. I'M A GUARDIAN ANGEL IN THE EAGLE HOST OF THE PAX DEI. I WAS A GUARDIAN ANGEL. I QUIT. I REQUESTED MORTALITY.



YOU'RE AN ANGEL?
I MEAN, REALLY AN ANGEL...

WHAT'S SO STRANGE? YOU'RE HARDLY THE TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY YOURSELVES...



LOOK, I'M SORRY. I JUST GOT HERE AND NOW IT LOOKS LIKE THE MOST DANGEROUS HARRIER IN THE SEVEN HEAVENS IS RIGHT BEHIND ME.

ASMODEL. HIS NAME IS ASMODEL. HE'S MAJOR...

DO YOU HEAR THAT?

THIS ASMODEL. WHAT SORT OF POWER LEVELS ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?

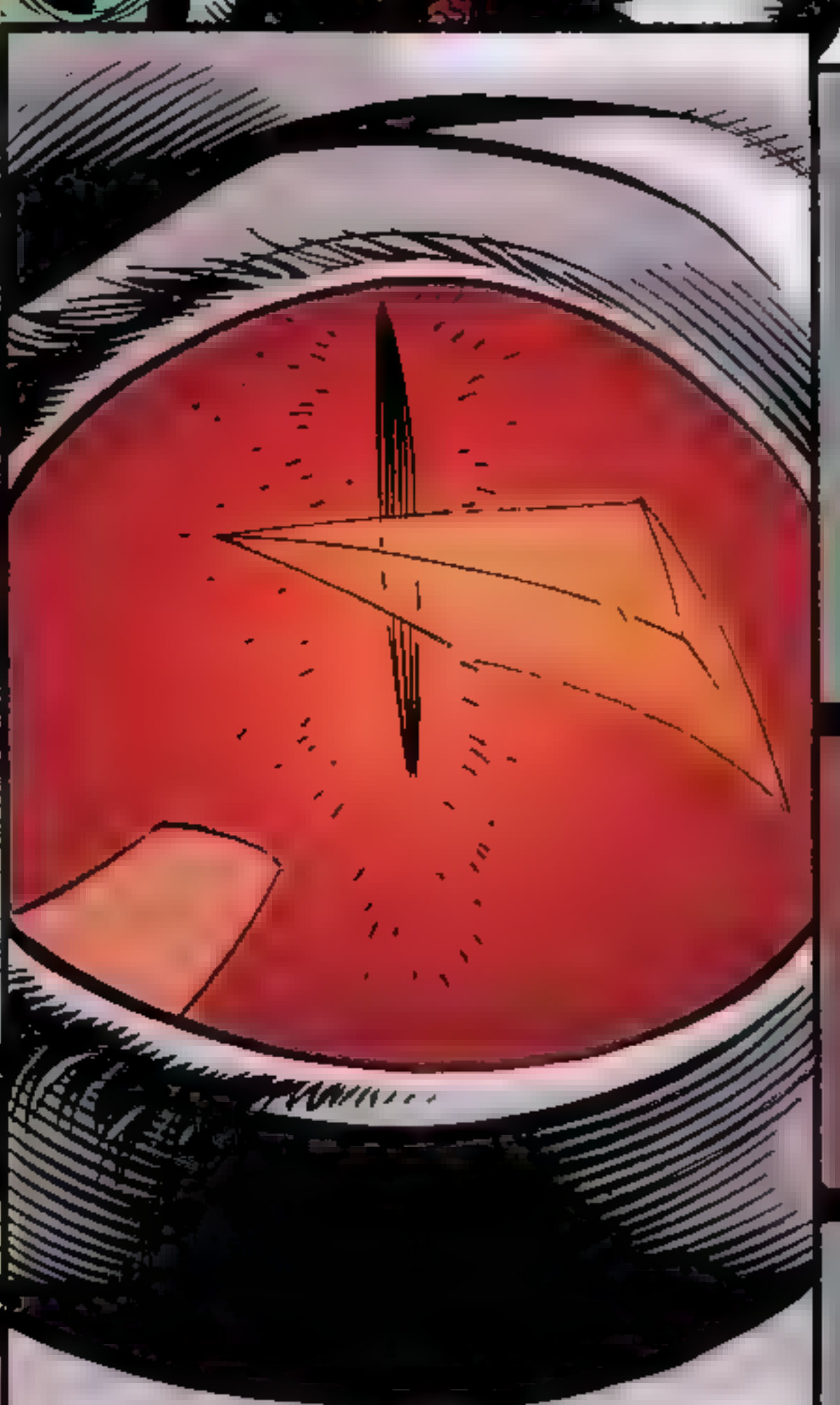


YEAH RIGHT. HOW BIG IS HE?

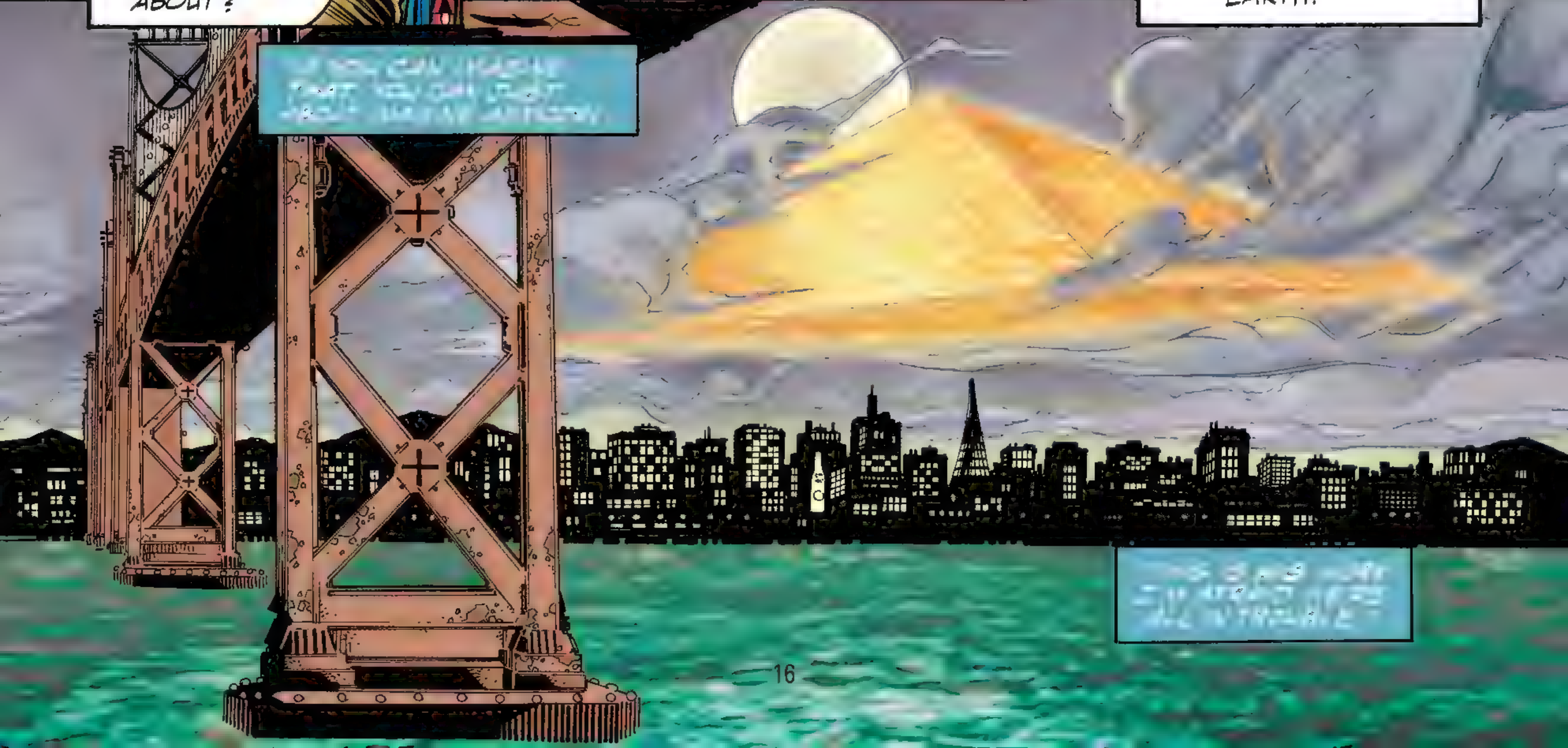
HE'S A KING-ANGEL OF THE CHERUBIM ALPHA BATTALION.

AND IF THAT DOESN'T MEAN MUCH TO YOU--

--IMAGINE A BEING WHOSE EVERY HEARTBEAT IS A THOUSAND HIROSHIMAS, WHOSE GAZE CAN STRIP FLESH FROM BONE.



WHOSE BLOOD IS THE UNIVERSAL SOLVENT, AN ACID TEN THOUSAND TIMES PURER THAN ANY ON EARTH.



THESE ARE THE POWER LEVELS OF THE ANGELS.

THESE ARE THE POWER LEVELS OF THE ANGELS.



SO LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU'RE AN ANGEL, RIGHT?

AND THESE OTHER GUYS ARE ANGELS TOO BUT THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL YOU? AM I CLOSE?

CLOSE ENOUGH...I... *KNOW* THINGS. SECRETS THEY CAN'T RISK HAVING ANYONE KNOW.

AND NOW THAT I'VE BECOME *FLESH*, I'M VULNERABLE.



WHERE'S ARTHUR?

AQUAMAN! WE JUST LEFT HIM!

HE WAS WITH TRAUMIEL. GOD!

LEAVE THIS TO ME.

I'LL JOIN YOU...



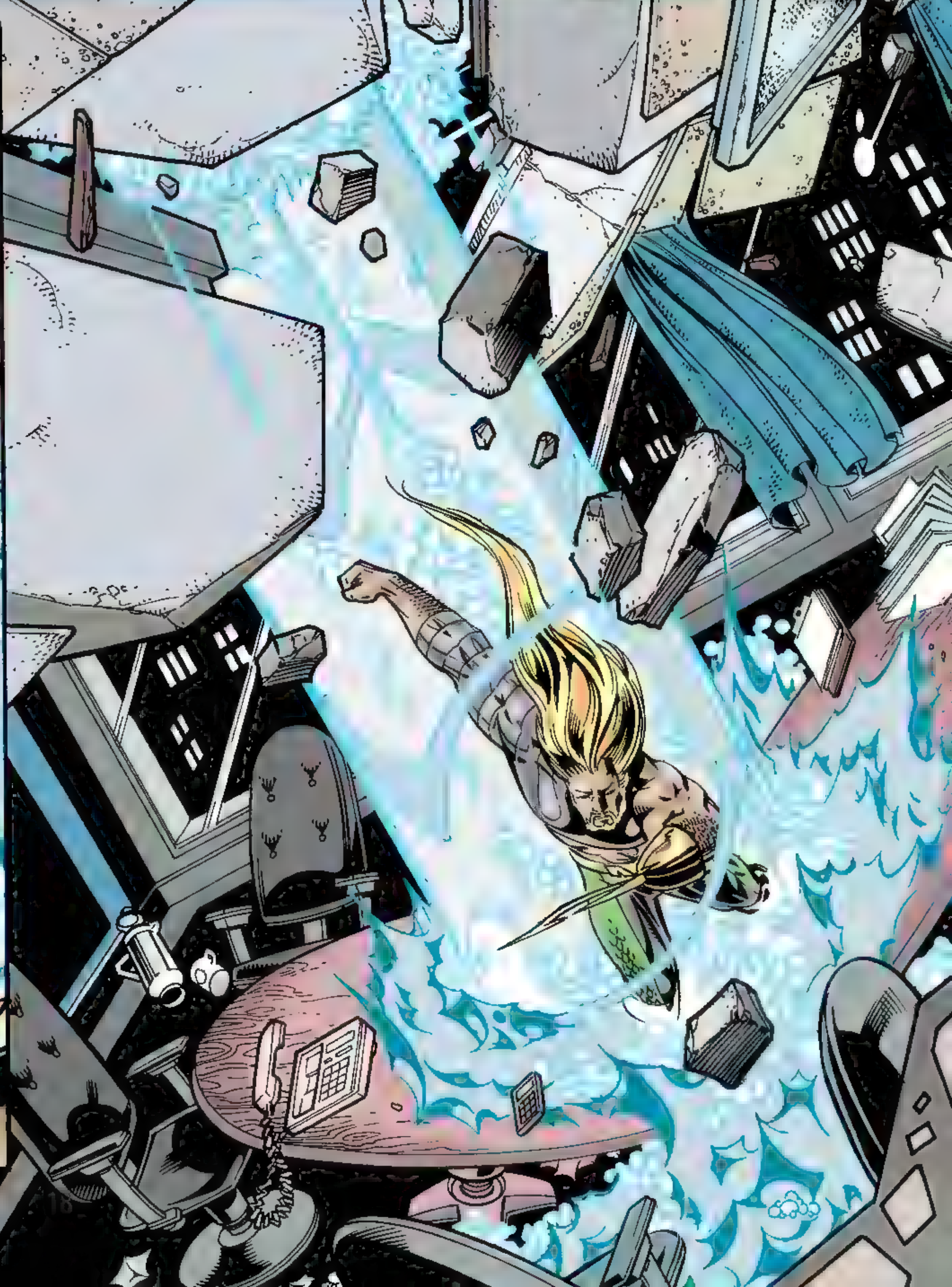
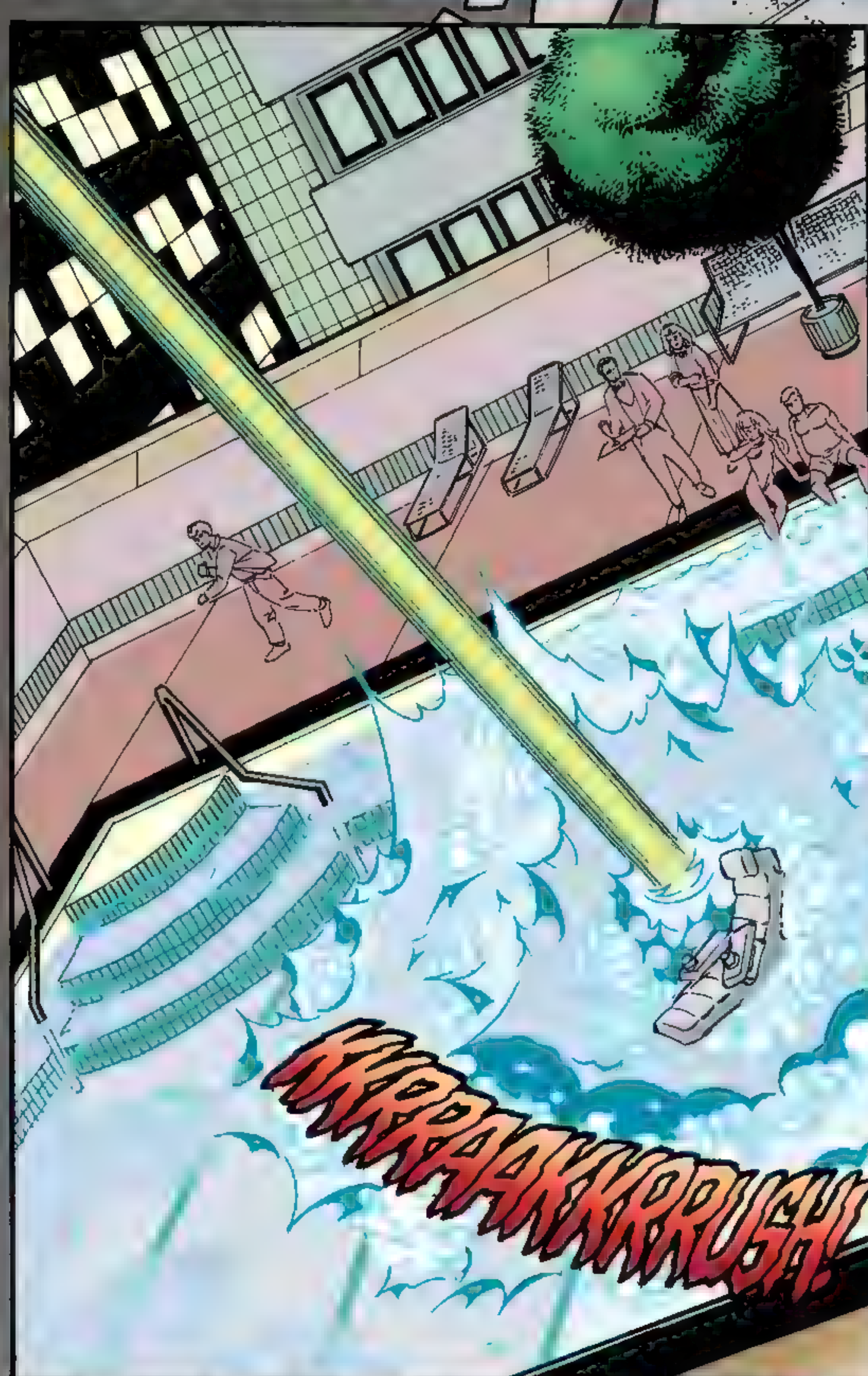
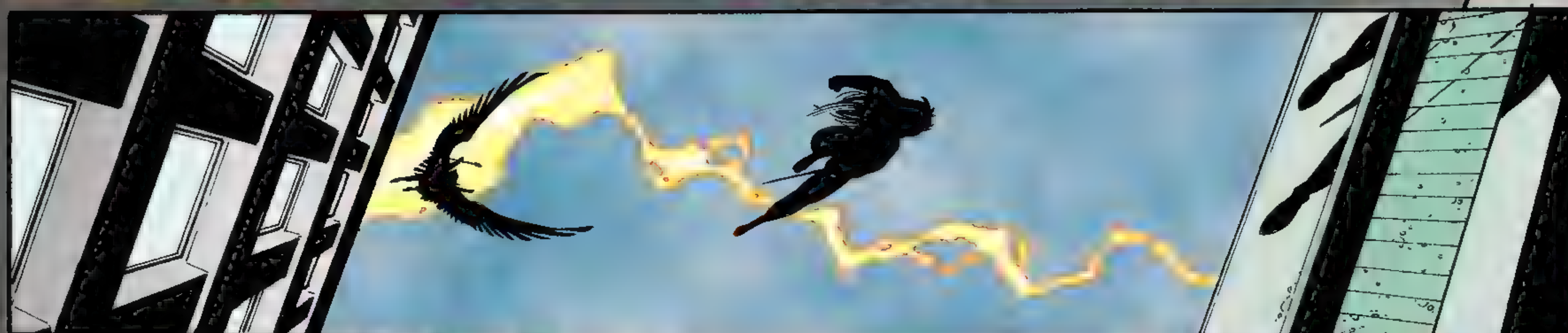
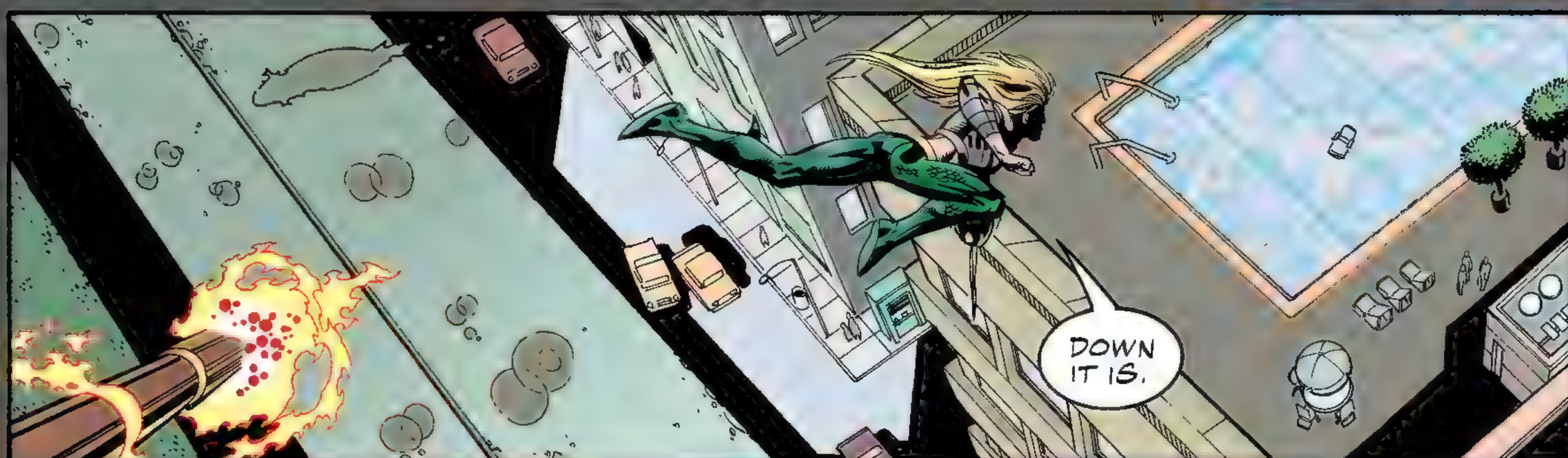
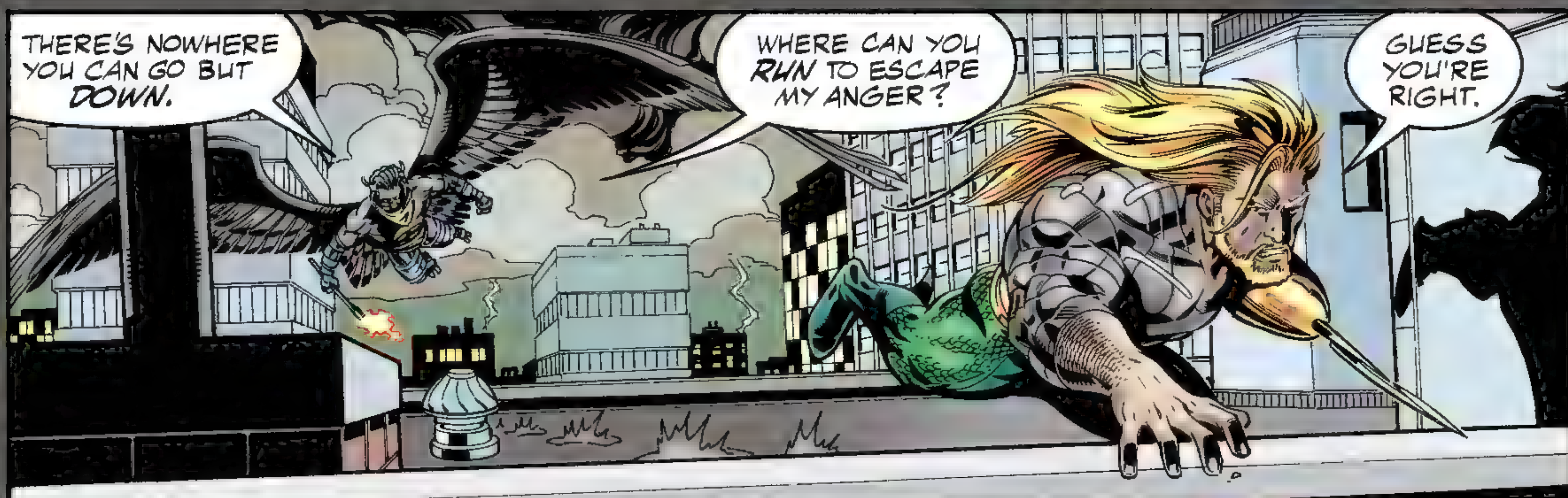
NO. I SHOULDN'T HAVE ALLOWED YOU TO GET INVOLVED IN THIS.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST.



GET OUT IF YOU CAN.

DON'T BE HERE WHEN ASMODEL ARRIVES!



YOUR BODY IS **STRONG**, ADAPTED TO THE PRESSURES OF THE OCEAN FLOOR.

BUT I WILL SHOW YOU PRESSURES **BEYOND** ALL ENDURANCE. I WILL DROWN YOU IN DEPTHS OF PAIN.

I WILL CRUSH YOUR BONES TO GLASS AND...

BLAH BLAH BLAH...

KRAAK!

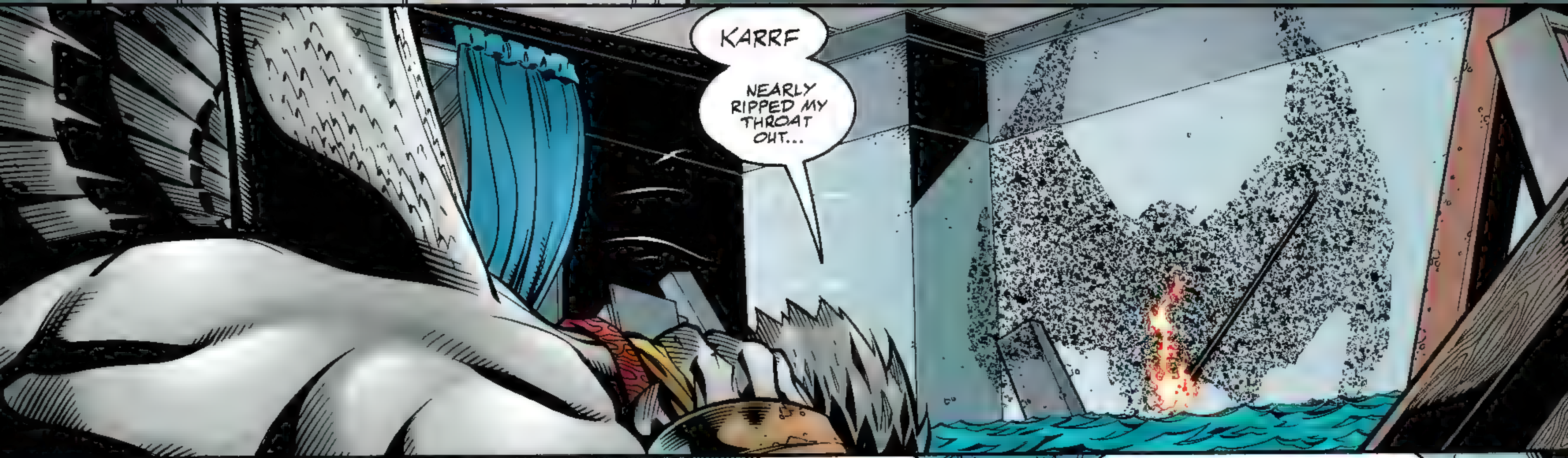
YOU'VE HAD THAT COMING FOR A LONG TIME.

KATAR?



THE RAVENS
WILL PICK ANGEL-
MEAT FROM YOUR
BONES, ZAHRIEL...

KKKKIIIIIIIIIIII



KARRF
NEARLY
RIPPED MY
THROAT
OUT...



ASH?
WHAT DID
YOU DO TO
HIM?



THAT
NAME YOU
SAID...

FORGET IT. I THOUGHT
YOU WERE SOMEONE
I USED TO KNOW...

CAN YOU
FEEL
SOMETHING?

SOMETHING'S
WRONG. I CAN
FEEL IT IN MY
BLOOD.



IT'S THE
TIDES.

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING TO
THE TIDES.

ONE OF THE
TRICKS OF THE
EAGLE HOST THEY
ALLOWED ME TO
KEEP.

THE SONIC
FLASH DISRUPTS
THE FREQUENCY
OF ANGELIC
VIBRATIONS. IT
CAN TAKE YEARS
TO RESTABILIZE.

"NOTHING ORGANIC CAN GET INTO OR OUT OF THE PYRAMID."

IT EVEN STOPPED J'ONN DEMATERIALIZING.

WHAT EXACTLY CAN WE EXPECT TO HAPPEN NOW, ZAURIEL?

WE CAN EXPECT A DISASTER.

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A HIGHER ORDER OF REALITY ENTERING THIS PLANE.

THE WORLD THEY COME FROM, THE WORLD I COME FROM, HAS... MORE OF EVERYTHING.

I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND YET; THE *LIGHT* OF HEAVEN WOULD SLASH OPEN YOUR CORNEAS. THE *MUSIC* OF HEAVEN WOULD PUNCTURE YOUR EARDRUMS AND DRIVE YOU INSANE.

THE AIR OF HEAVEN WOULD BURST YOUR LUNGS AND BOIL YOUR BLOOD.

ONLY SPIRIT CAN BEAR HEAVEN'S TOUCH.

ALL FLESH IS DESTROYED BY...

GREAT GOD... THE JUDGMENT HORN... HE MUST HAVE GONE MAD...

ASMODEL'S CHARIOT. PRESERVE US.

HE CAN'T ENTER THE EARTH PLANE IN FULL GLORY... THE DEVASTATION...

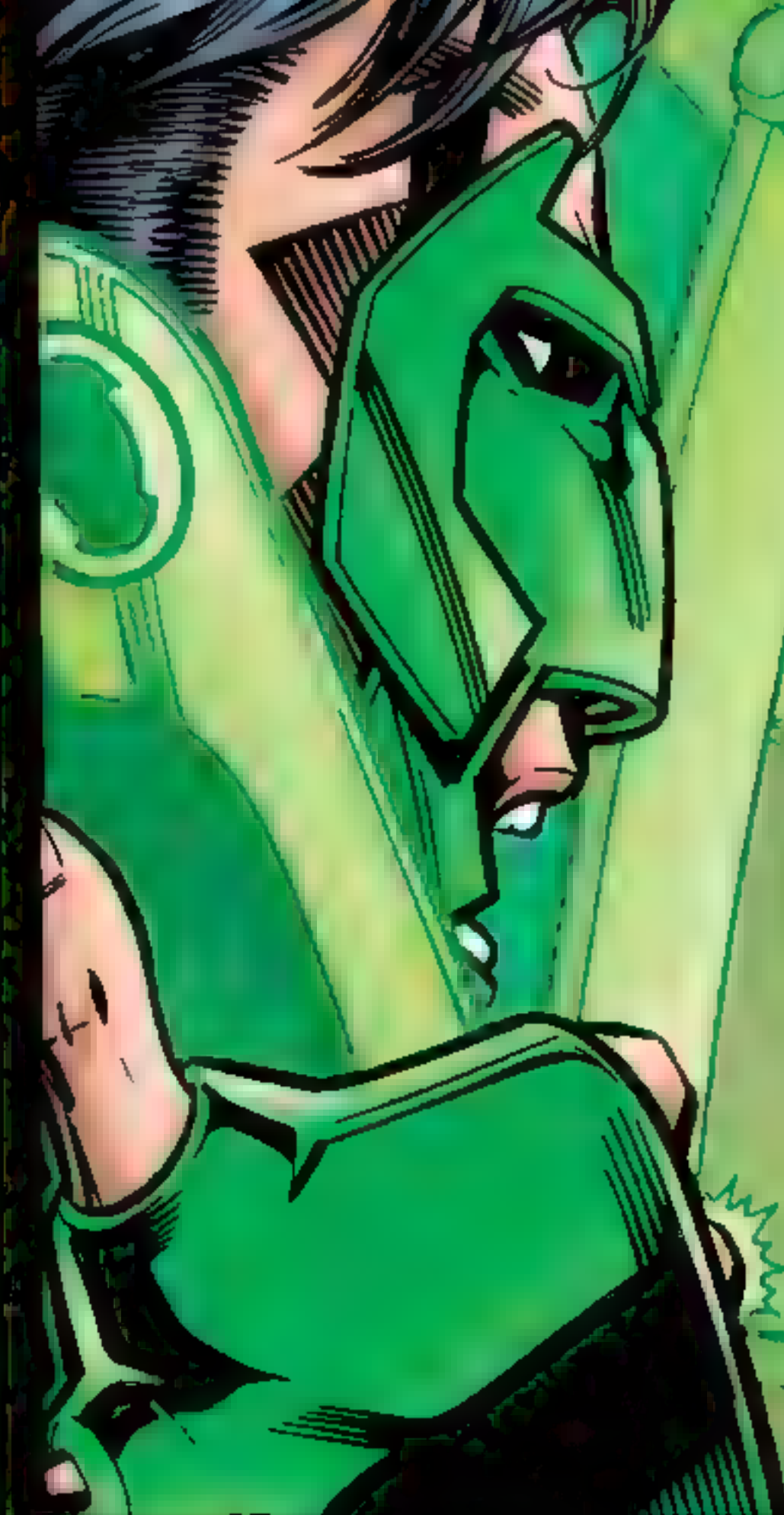
CHARIOT?

AH...LET ME TRY CALLING SUPERMAN ONE MORE TIME.



SUPERMAN!
HOW ARE
THINGS UP
THERE?

WE NEED
SOME MAJOR
LEAGUE
ASSISTANCE.



I'M AFRAID
WE HAVE
PROBLEMS OF
OUR OWN.

FLASH IS STILL
TRAPPED IN THE
TELEPORTER AND... AH...
ALL OUR INSTRUMENTS
TELL US THE MOON
HAS BEGUN TO FALL
TOWARDS EARTH.

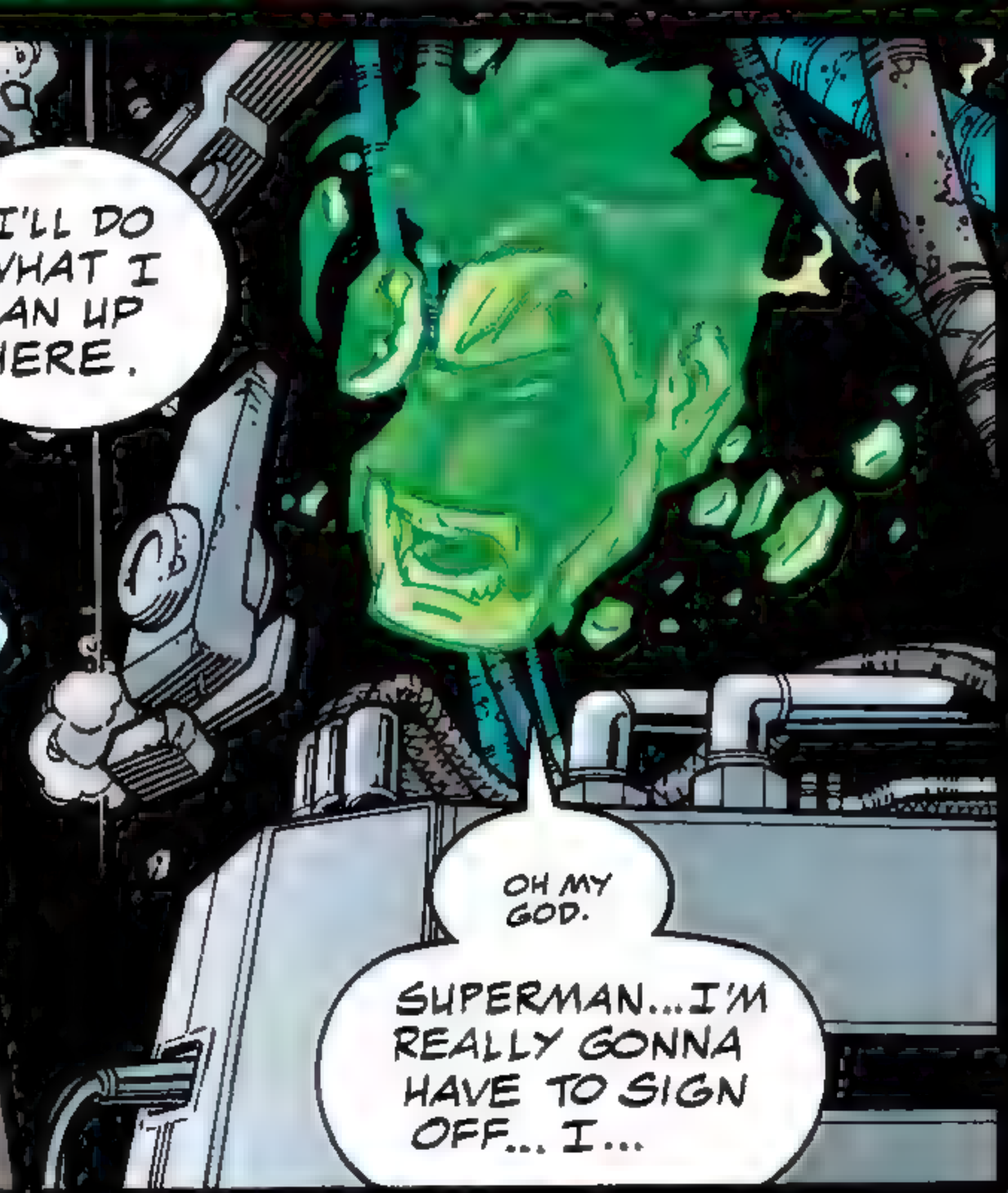
WHAT?

WE CAN'T
GET OUT OF
SAN FRANCISCO,
MAN! WE CAN'T
HELP YOU!



DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME. LOOK
AFTER YOURSELF
AND THE OTHERS.

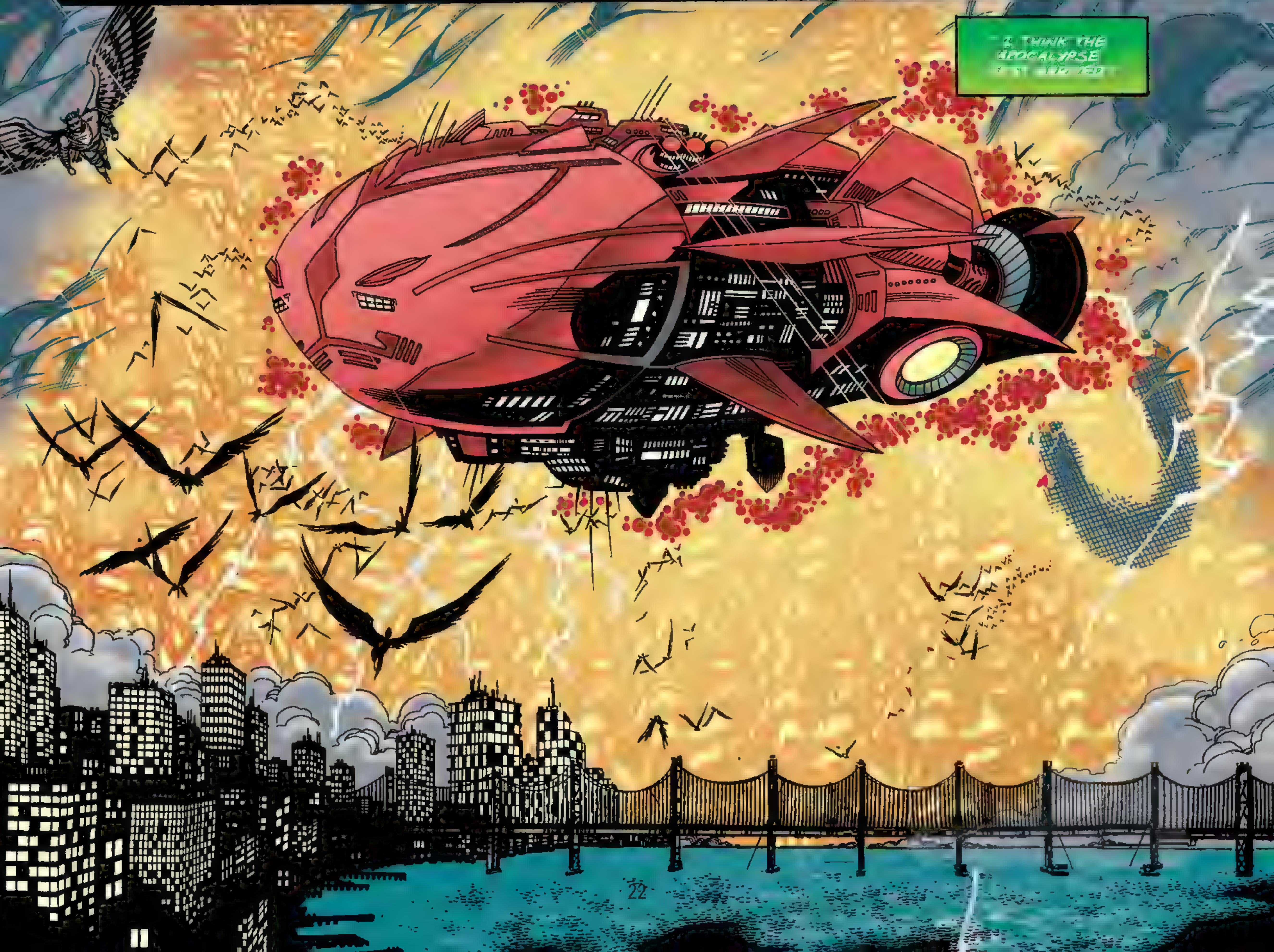
I'LL DO
WHAT I
CAN UP
HERE.



OH MY
GOD.

SUPERMAN...I'M
REALLY GONNA
HAVE TO SIGN
OFF... I...

I THINK THE
APOCALYPSE
IS HERE





JLA #7

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY HOWARD PORTER, WITH INKS

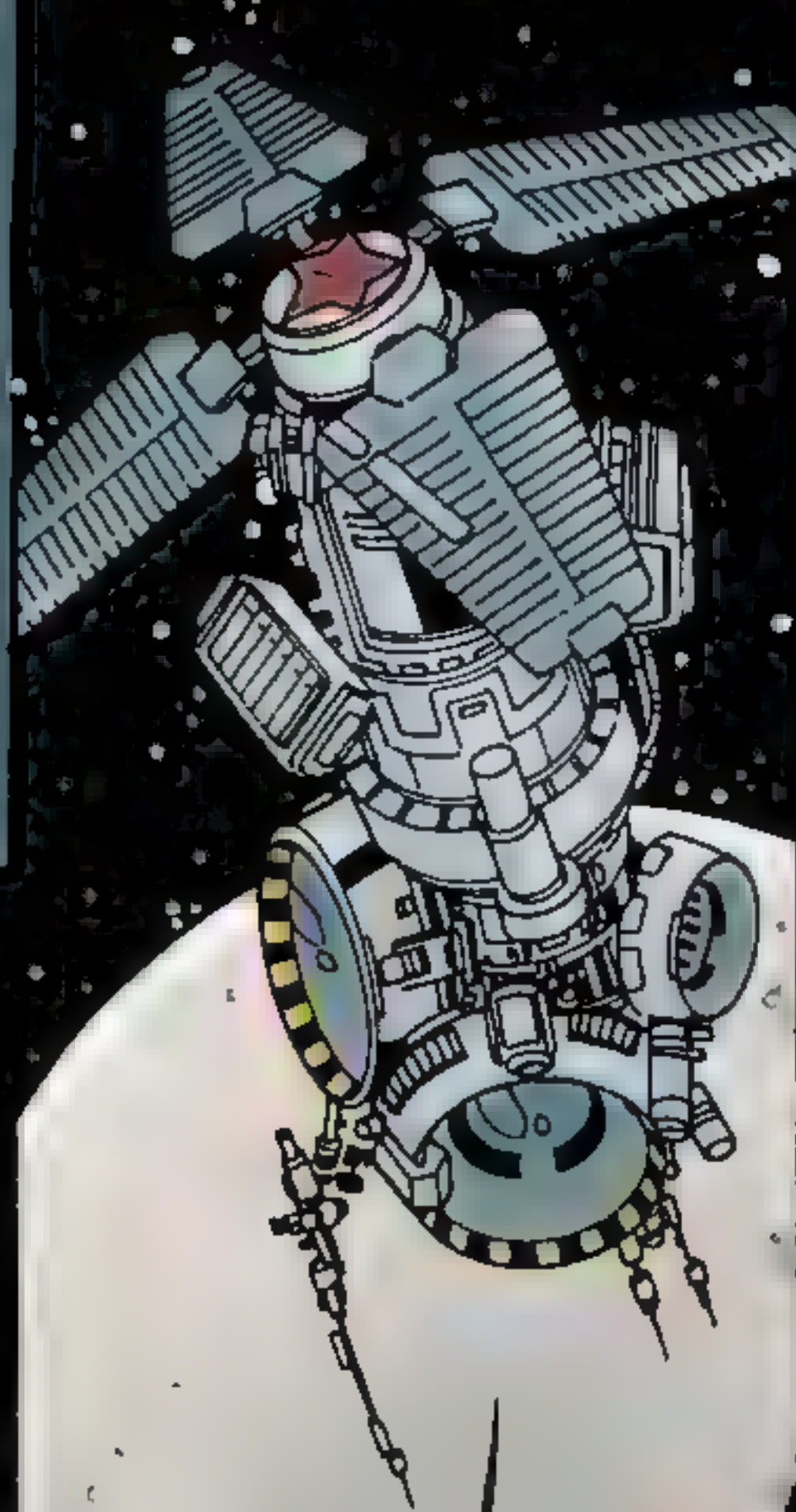
BY JOHN DELL AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY

Heaven ON EARTH



NOT ALL ANGELS
ARE GOOD ANGELS

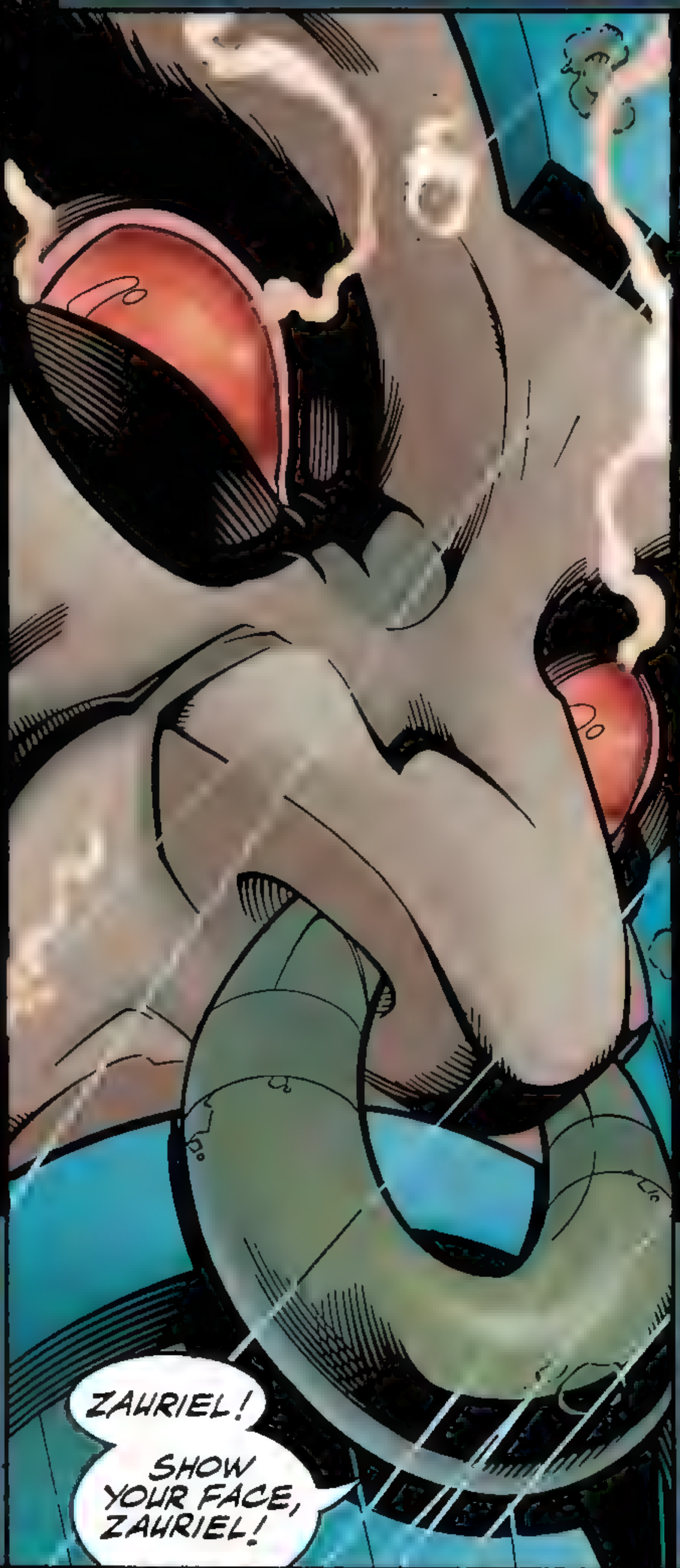
SAN FRANCISCO: NOW



THIS IS
S.T.A.R. ORBITAL
LABORATORIES
TO GROUND
CONTROL! WE'RE
READING WHAT
LOOK LIKE
MASSIVE
GRAVITATIONAL
DISTURBANCES
AND CLIMATIC
ANOMALIES.

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
TO SAY THIS
BUT...

WELL,
EVERYTHING
HERE SAYS
THE MOON'S
STARTED
MOVING
TOWARD
EARTH!

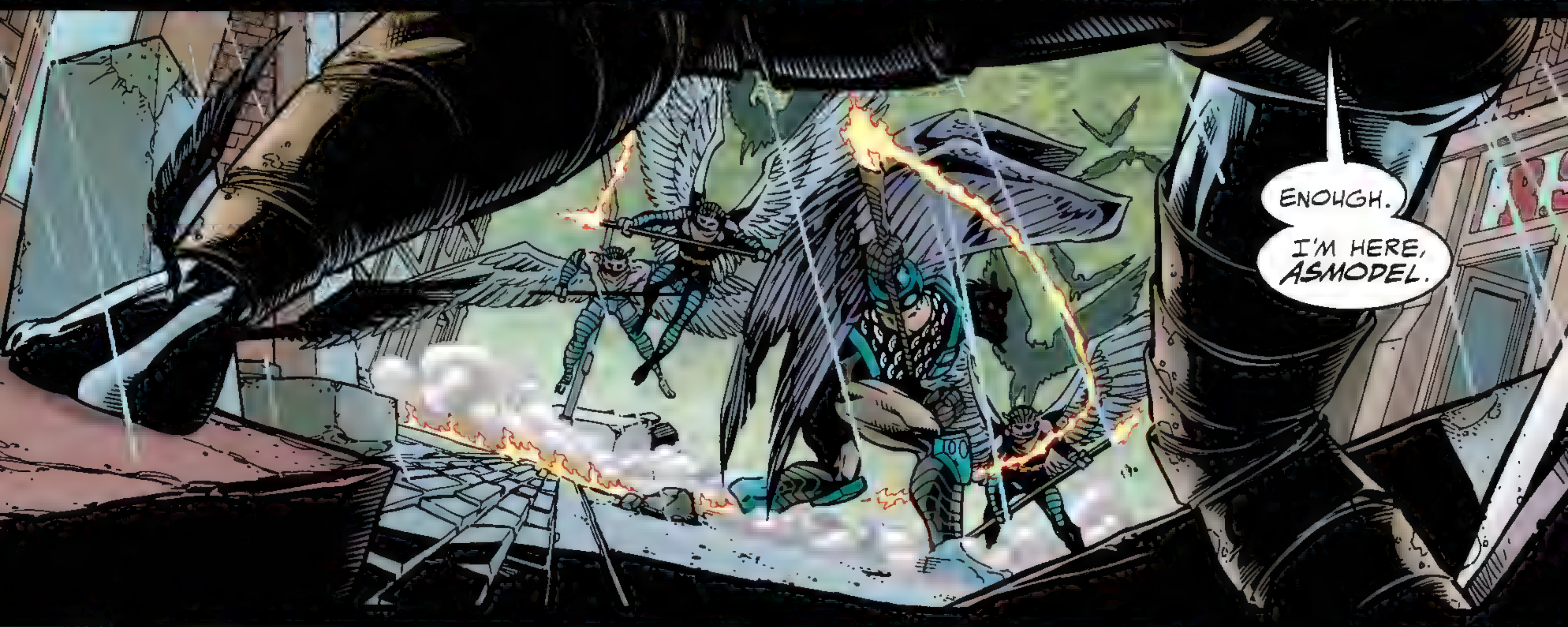


ZAHRIEL!
SHOW
YOUR FACE,
ZAHRIEL!



MUST I MAKE
ASHES OF THIS
CITY AND ITS
PEOPLE?

ZAHRIEL!

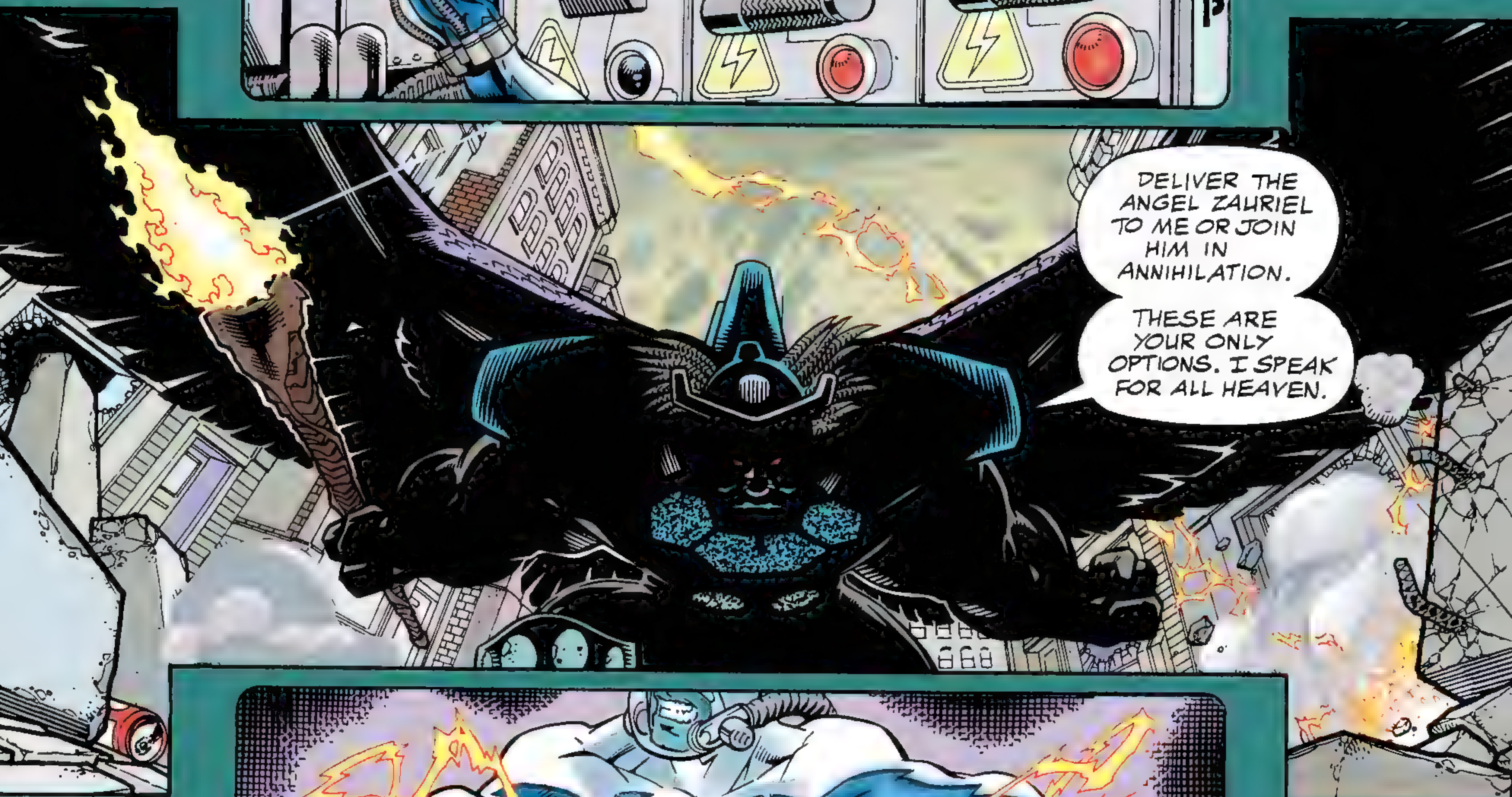
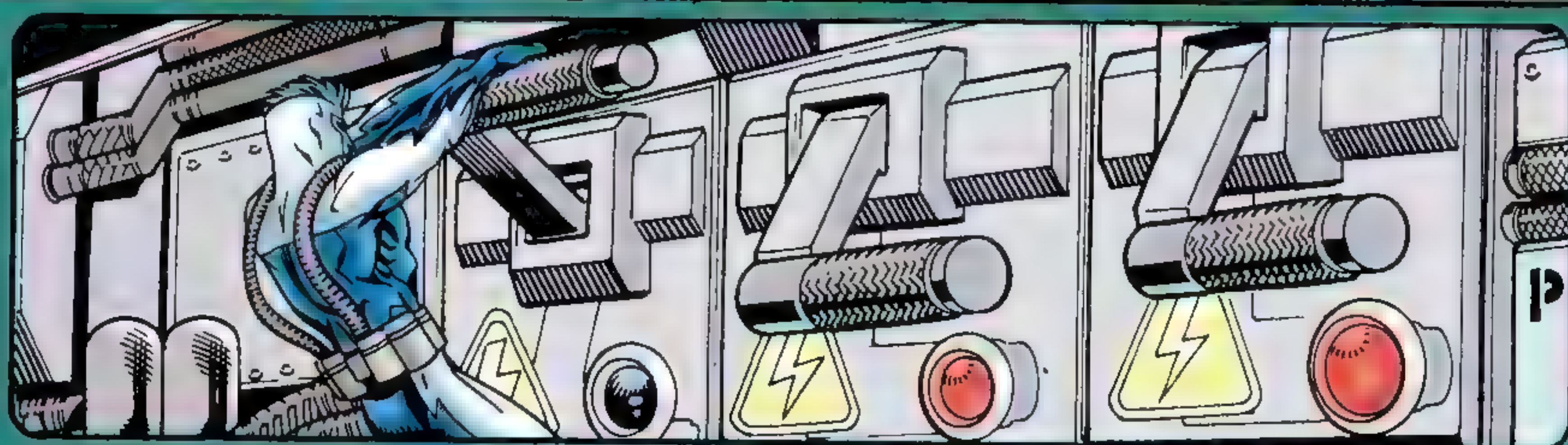


ENOUGH.
I'M HERE,
ASMODEL.



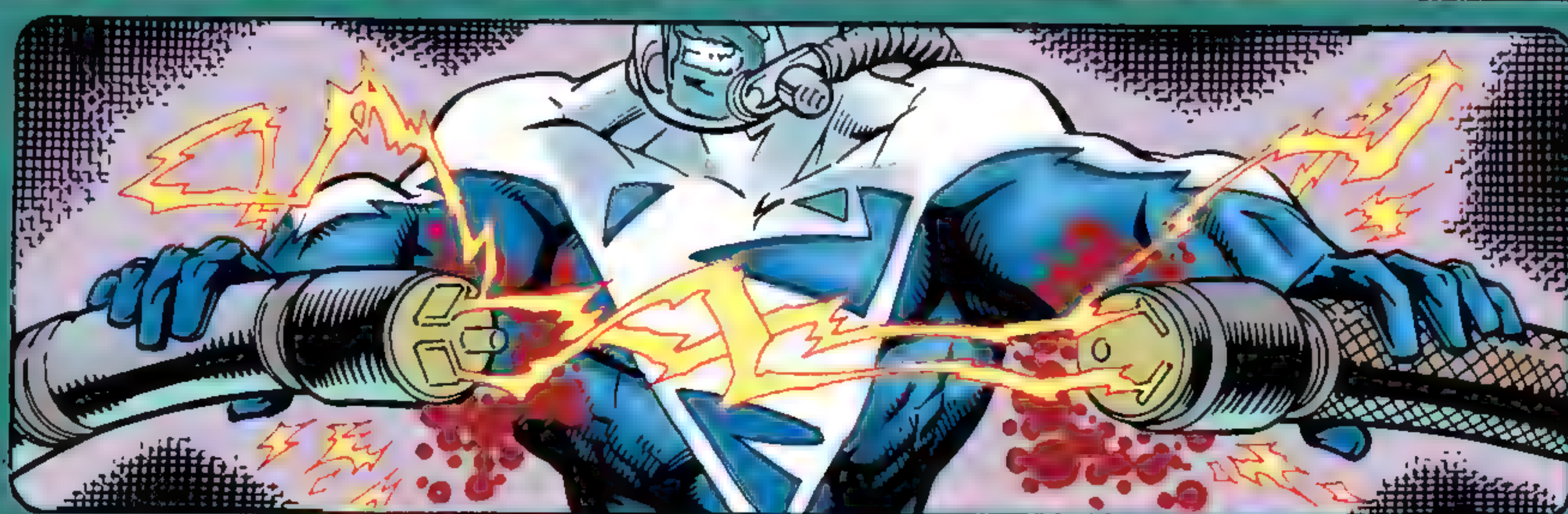
AND HE DOES
NOT STAND
ALONE.

THERE WILL
BE NO MORE
KILLING.



DELIVER THE
ANGEL ZAHRIEL
TO ME OR JOIN
HIM IN
ANNIHILATION.

THESE ARE
YOUR ONLY
OPTIONS. I SPEAK
FOR ALL HEAVEN.



THERE MUST BE
SOMEBODY WE CAN
CALL FOR HELP!

DOESN'T THE
JUSTICE LEAGUE
LIVE UP THERE?

SHH! SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING HERE! CAN
SOMEBODY CHECK
THESE READINGS?

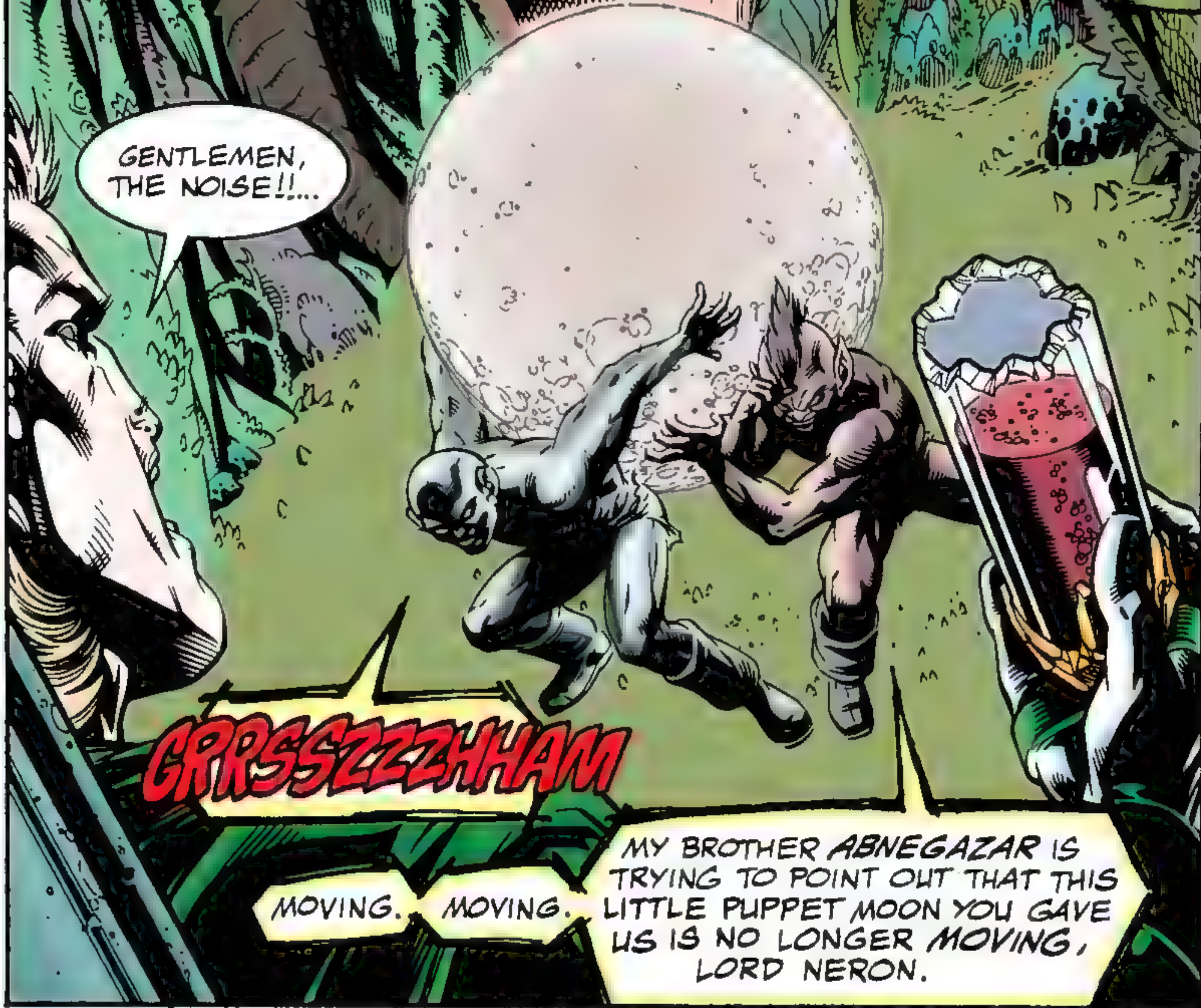
THIS
CAN'T BE
POSSIBLE,
CAN IT?



HELL:

SOMETIMES ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SIT BACK AND WATCH, AS THE IMBECILES BEAT THEIR OWN PATH TO THE PIT. I DON'T HAVE TO DO A...

NOT MOOOVVAAARRRGH!!

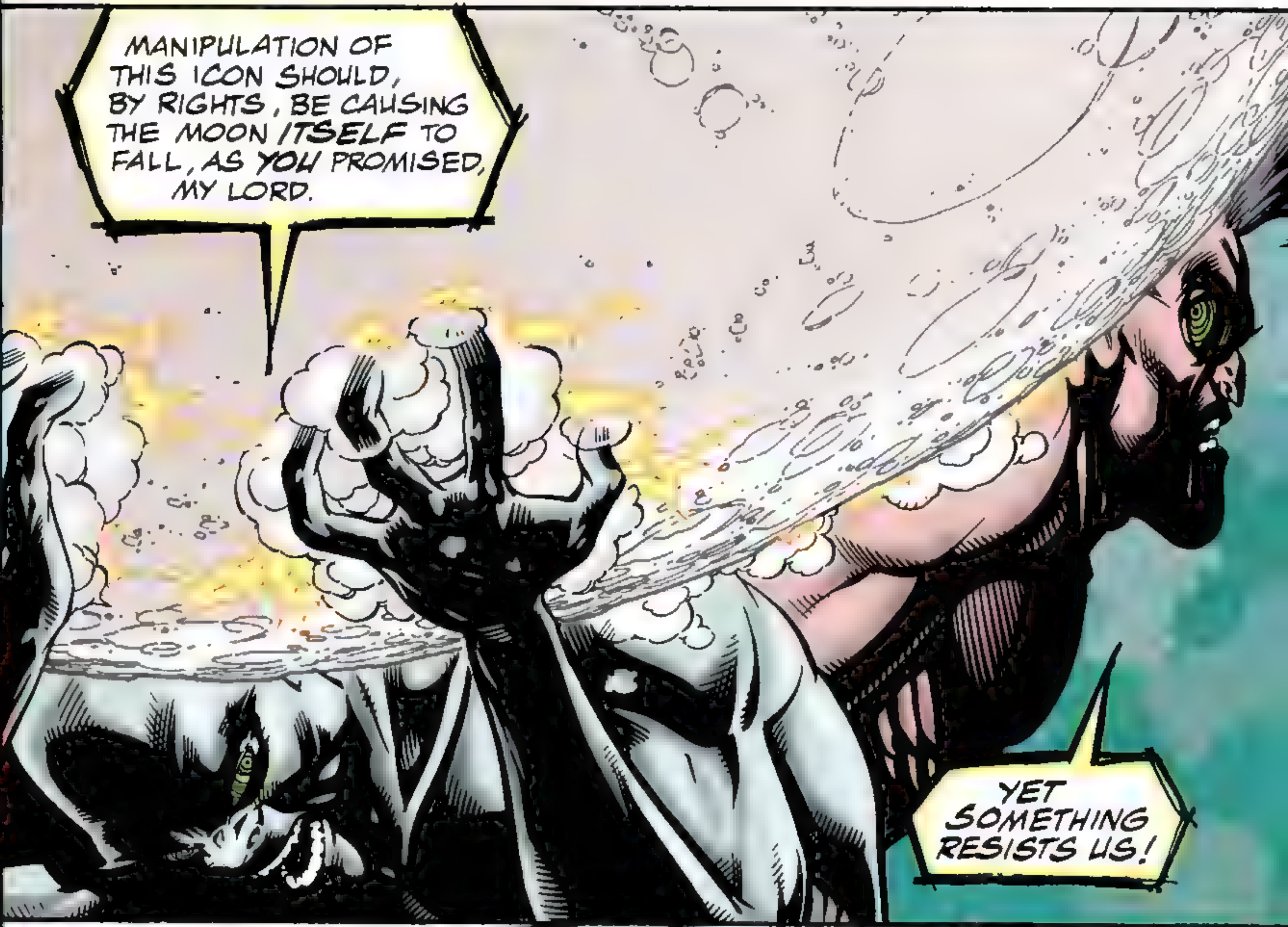


GENTLEMEN, THE NOISE!!...

GRRSSZZZHAM

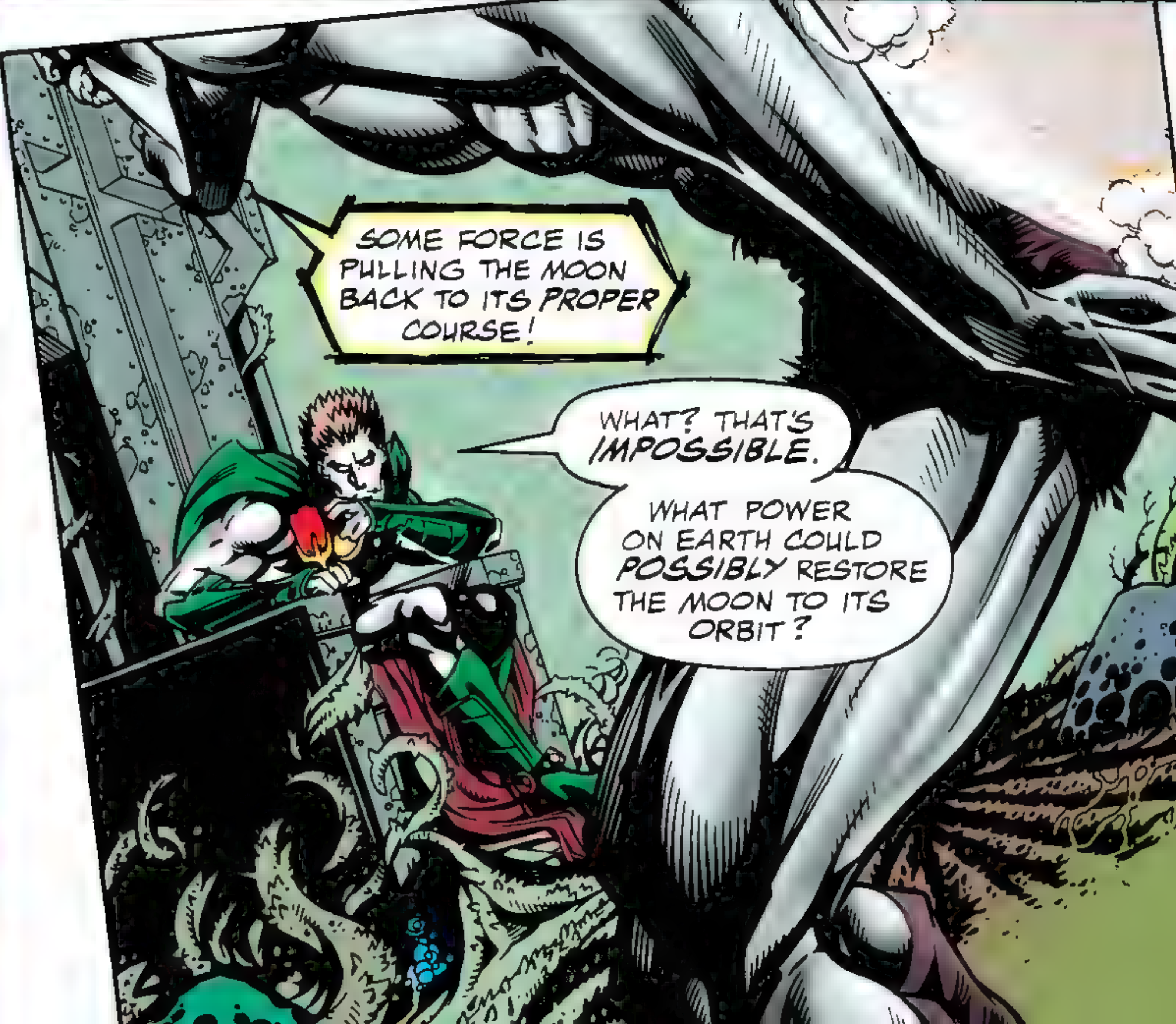
MOVING. MOVING.

MY BROTHER ABNEGAZAR IS TRYING TO POINT OUT THAT THIS LITTLE PUPPET MOON YOU GAVE US IS NO LONGER MOVING, LORD NERON.



MANIPULATION OF THIS ICON SHOULD, BY RIGHTS, BE CAUSING THE MOON ITSELF TO FALL, AS YOU PROMISED, MY LORD.

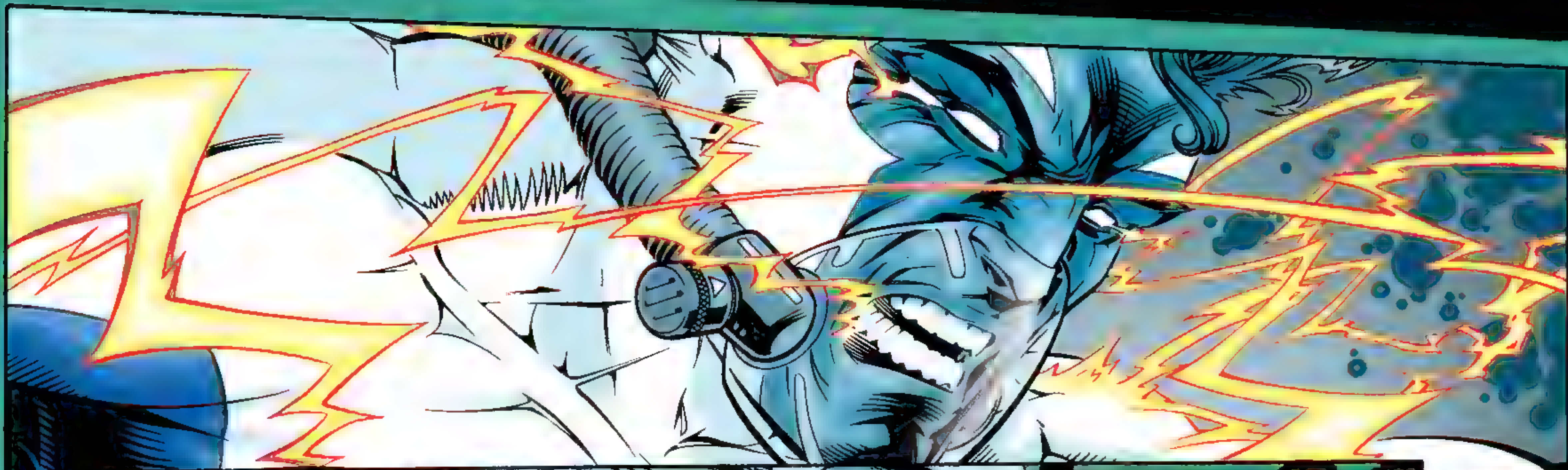
YET SOMETHING RESISTS US!



SOME FORCE IS PULLING THE MOON BACK TO ITS PROPER COURSE!

WHAT? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

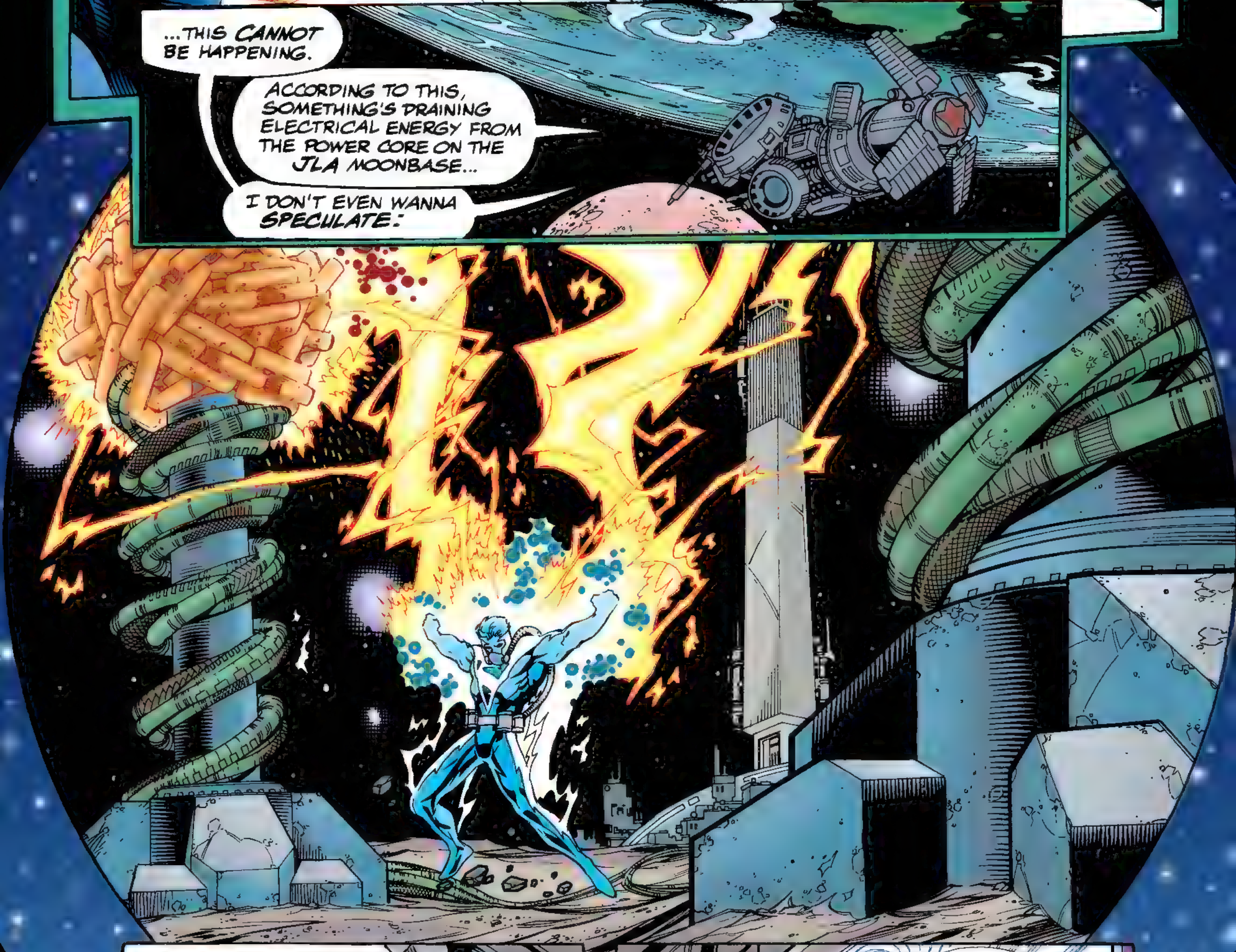
WHAT POWER ON EARTH COULD POSSIBLY RESTORE THE MOON TO ITS ORBIT?



...THIS CANNOT BE HAPPENING.

ACCORDING TO THIS, SOMETHING'S DRAINING ELECTRICAL ENERGY FROM THE POWER CORE ON THE JLA MOONBASE...

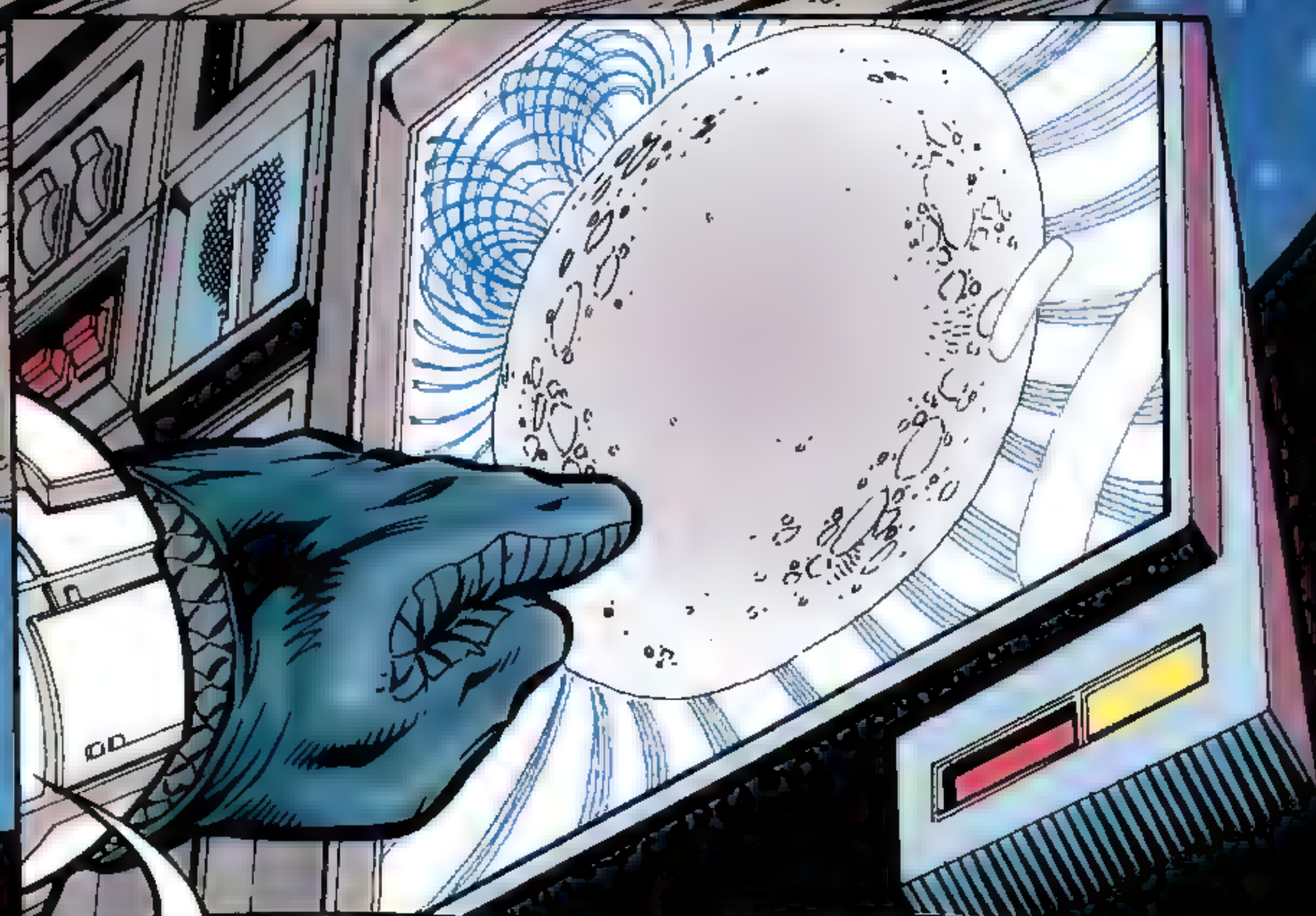
I DON'T EVEN WANNA SPECULATE.



THE... AH... THE INTENSE ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY UP THERE JUST CAUSED... WM... A MAGNETIC FIELD TO DEVELOP...

I CAN'T BE SAYING THIS.

THE MOON NOW HAS POLES WITH...



WITH AN OPPOSITE CHARGE TO THE EARTH'S. OH MY GOD, EARTH HAS BEGUN TO REPEL THE MOON...

I DON'T BELIEVE I'M SEEING THIS. HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING? WHAT'S CAUSING THIS?



MY NAME'S WALLY WEST.
I'M THE FLASH. I'M THE
FASTEST MAN ALIVE.

I HAVE TO KEEP
REMINDING MYSELF
BECAUSE RIGHT NOW
I'M FEELING PRETTY...
ABSTRACT.

SOME KIND OF
TRANSPORTER MAL-
FUNCTION'S LEFT
ME TRAPPED IN AN
INDETERMINATE
STATE.

NOW I'M FLICKERING
BETWEEN THE MOON AND
SAN FRANCISCO, WHICH
SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY
BAD SONG AND FEELS
WORSE.

SO EITHER IT'S JUST
ONE OF THOSE THINGS
THAT HAPPENS IF YOU
HANG'OUT AROUND
FUTURISTIC TECHNOLOGY...

OR SOMEBODY WANTED
ME AND SUPERMAN
OUT OF THE WAY...

I AM A
KING-ANGEL OF THE
PAX-DEI, THE ARMY
OF HEAVEN! LORD
HARRIER OF THE BULL
HOST!

NOTHING STANDS
BETWEEN MY
QUARRY AND ME!

THIS ZAURIEL
IS A DESERTER! A
TRAITOR TO THE
LIGHT!

I LEFT THE BURNING
MEADOWS LEGITIMATELY
AND YOU KNOW IT. I WAS
GRANTED MORTALITY BY
THE DEATH-ANGEL OF THE
THIRD HEAVEN!

WHY DON'T
YOU ADMIT
THAT YOU'RE
DOING THIS
DESPERATE INSANE
THING BECAUSE OF
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT
YOU, ASMODEL.

ERASE ME IF IT'LL
SAVE MORE HUMAN LIVES
BUT DON'T THINK THIS...
INTERVENTION WILL BE
OVERLOOKED BY THE
PRESENCE...

WE HAVE
ARRANGED FOR A
SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE
EVENT TO OCCUR ON THE
FRINGES OF CREATION; THE
ATTENTION OF THE PRESENCE
IS CURRENTLY.. DIVERTED.

YOU WILL
ALL BE
ERASED.



MINE WAS THE VOICE THAT
SHATTERED THE WALLS OF
JERICHO! MY JUDGMENT
DESTROYS MATTER ITSELF!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUU!

AAAA!

... SOME KIND
OF SUBSONIC
ATTACK...

WHAT
DOES HE
WANT?

HE WANTS ME DEAD
BECAUSE I STUMBLED
ONTO HIS PLANS. HE'S
WILLING TO ATTACK THE
EARTH-PLANE JUST TO
PRESERVE HIS SECRET.

YOU HAVE CHOSEN
TO STAND AT THE
TRAITOR'S SIDE.

HE'S GOING TO REBEL,
SEE? HE'S WAITED A
MILLION YEARS.

AND HE THINKS HE
CAN SUCCEED WHERE
LUCIFER FAILED.

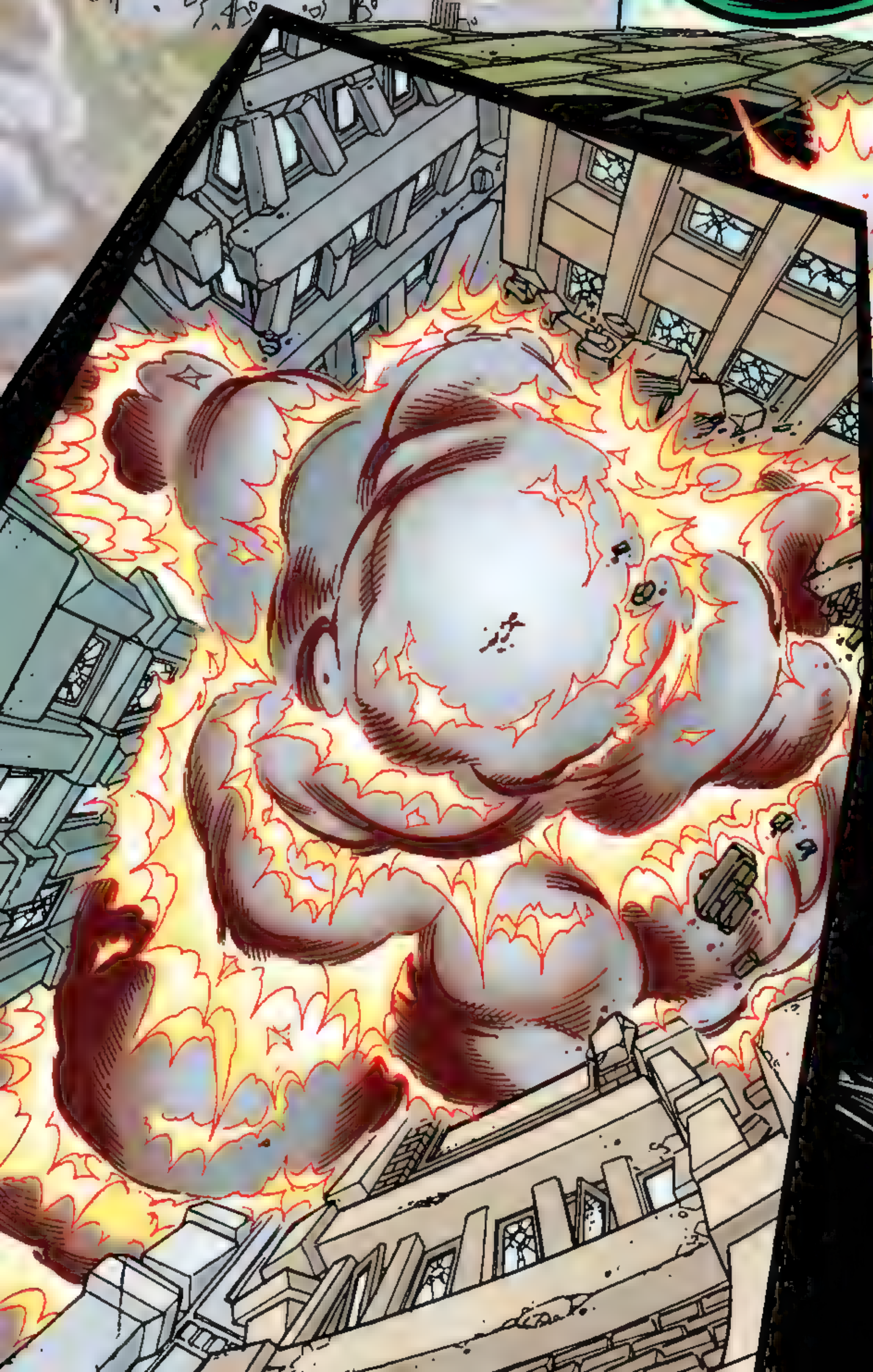
ACCURSED
OF
HEAVEN!



ON YOUR
KNEES AND
PREPARE TO...

ASMODEL!

NO
MORE
LIVES.



YOU
TRY MY
PATIENCE.



UNNNHH

EVERYBODY
OKAY?

WE NEED
SUPERMAN. I
DON'T CARE
HOW GOOD WE
THINK WE ARE...

SUPERMAN CAN'T
GET THROUGH THE
ANGELIC SHIELD
ASMODEL'S ERECTED
AROUND THE CITY.

IT'S UP TO
US TO DO
WHAT WE
CAN.

WELL, THE SHIELD'S
PROBABLY BEING
GENERATED FROM
INSIDE ASMODEL'S
CHARIOT.

IT MIGHT BE
POSSIBLE TO
SWITCH IT OFF...

FINE.

BUT IF J'ONN
FALLS, IT'S UP TO
YOU TO DELAY
ASMODEL,
ARTHUR.

YOUR RING'S
BEEN MORE
EFFECTIVE
AGAINST THE
ANGELS THAN
ANYTHING ELSE
WE'VE TRIED,
GREEN
LANTERN.

IF YOU CAN KEEP
THE ANGELS OFF
OUR BACKS, WE'LL
DISABLE THE
SHIELD.

OH,
SURE,
YEAH.

NO
PROBLEM.

SO
WHAT
DO I
DO?

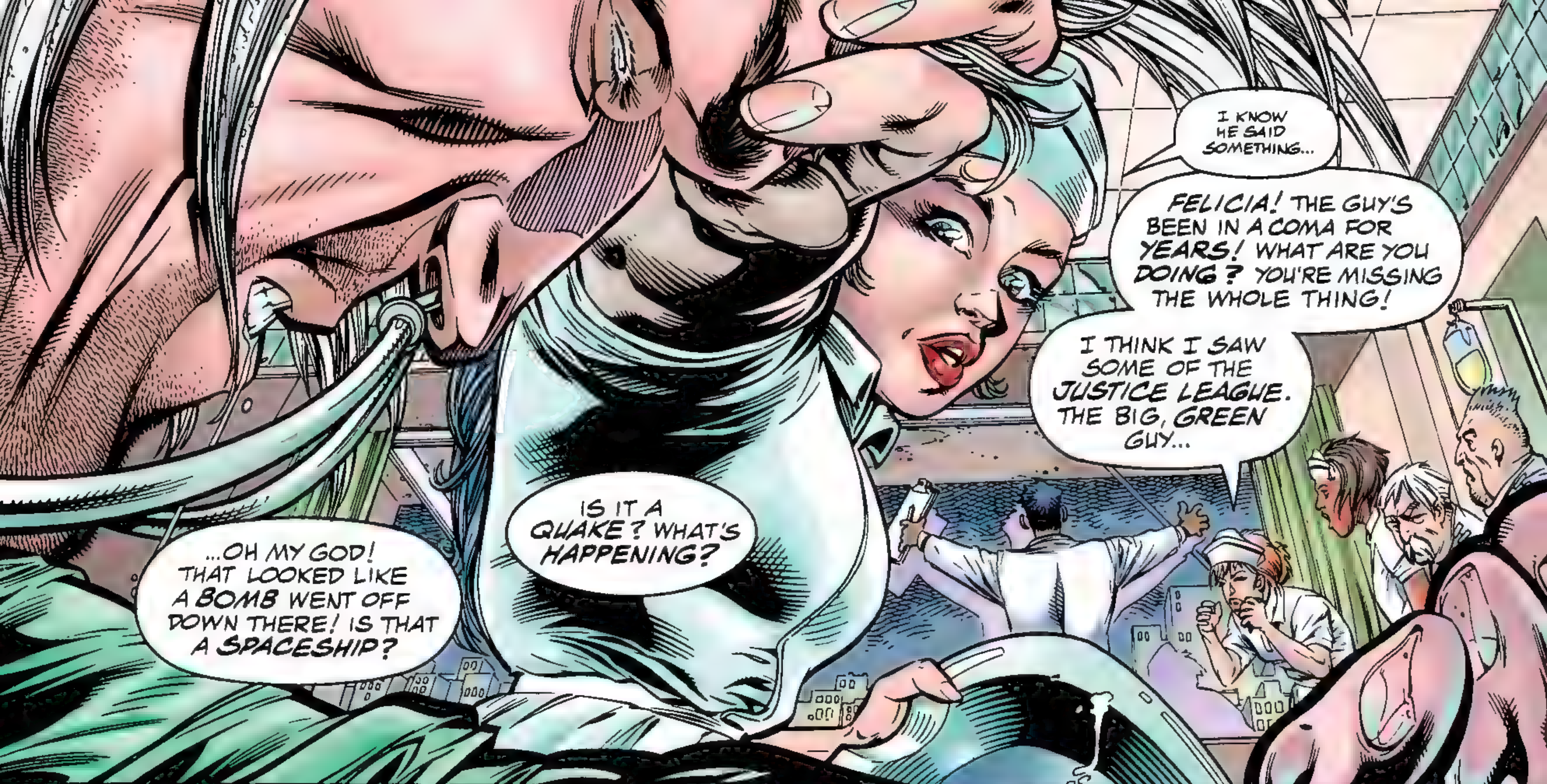
THERE ARE REAL
PEOPLE CAUGHT UP
IN THIS. SHOULDN'T
WE BE HELPING
THEM?

USING WHAT?
A HYDROGEN
BOMB?

HEY,
MAYBE YOU
COULD TRY
TO REHABIL-
ITATE
HIM.

AH, WHY
NOT?

WITH
EXTREME
PREJUDICE IF
NECESSARY.



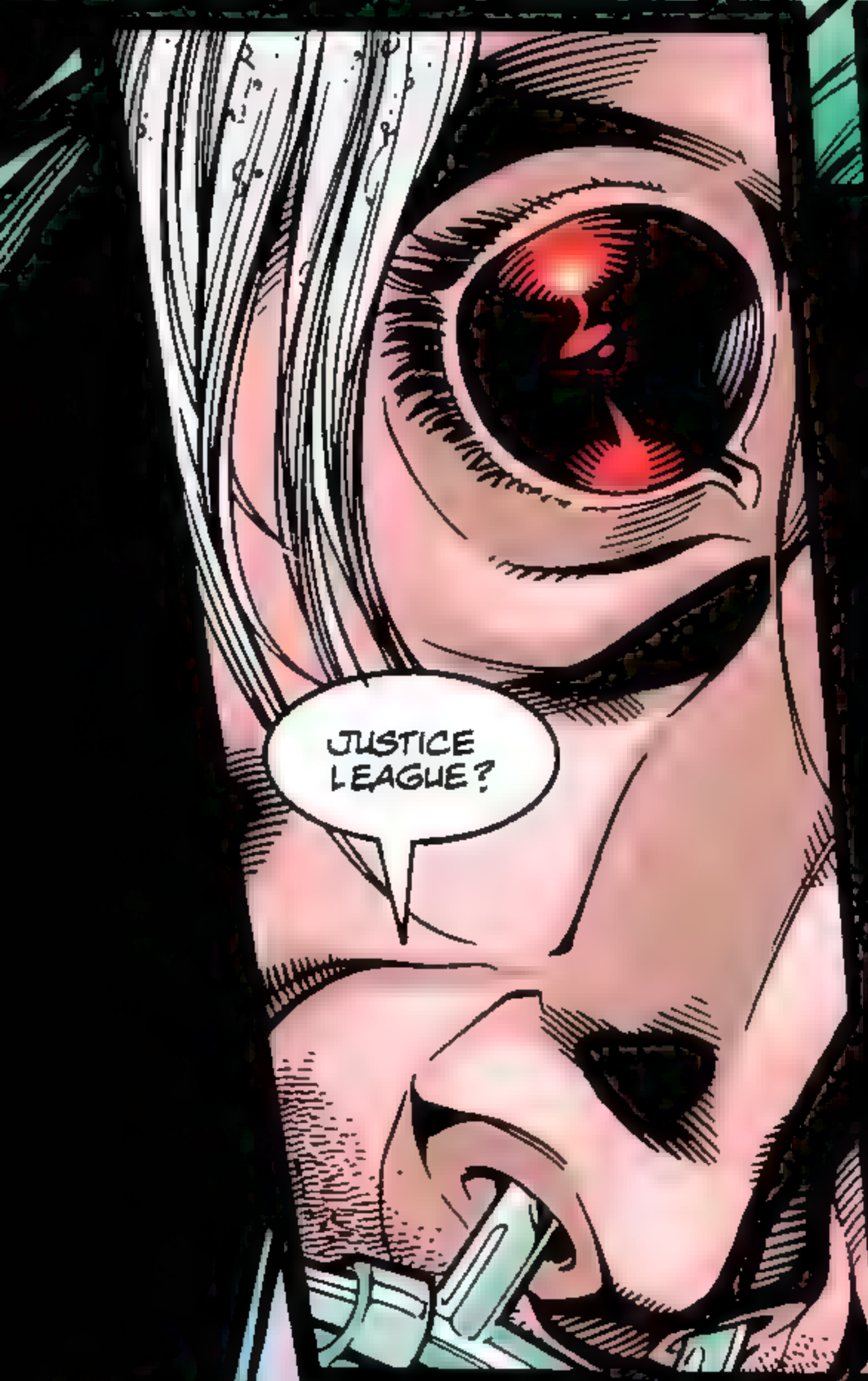
I KNOW HE SAID SOMETHING...

FELICIA! THE GUY'S BEEN IN A COMA FOR YEARS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE MISSING THE WHOLE THING!

I THINK I SAW SOME OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE. THE BIG, GREEN GUY...

IS IT A QUAKE? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

...OH MY GOD! THAT LOOKED LIKE A BOMB WENT OFF DOWN THERE! IS THAT A SPACESHIP?



JUSTICE LEAGUE?

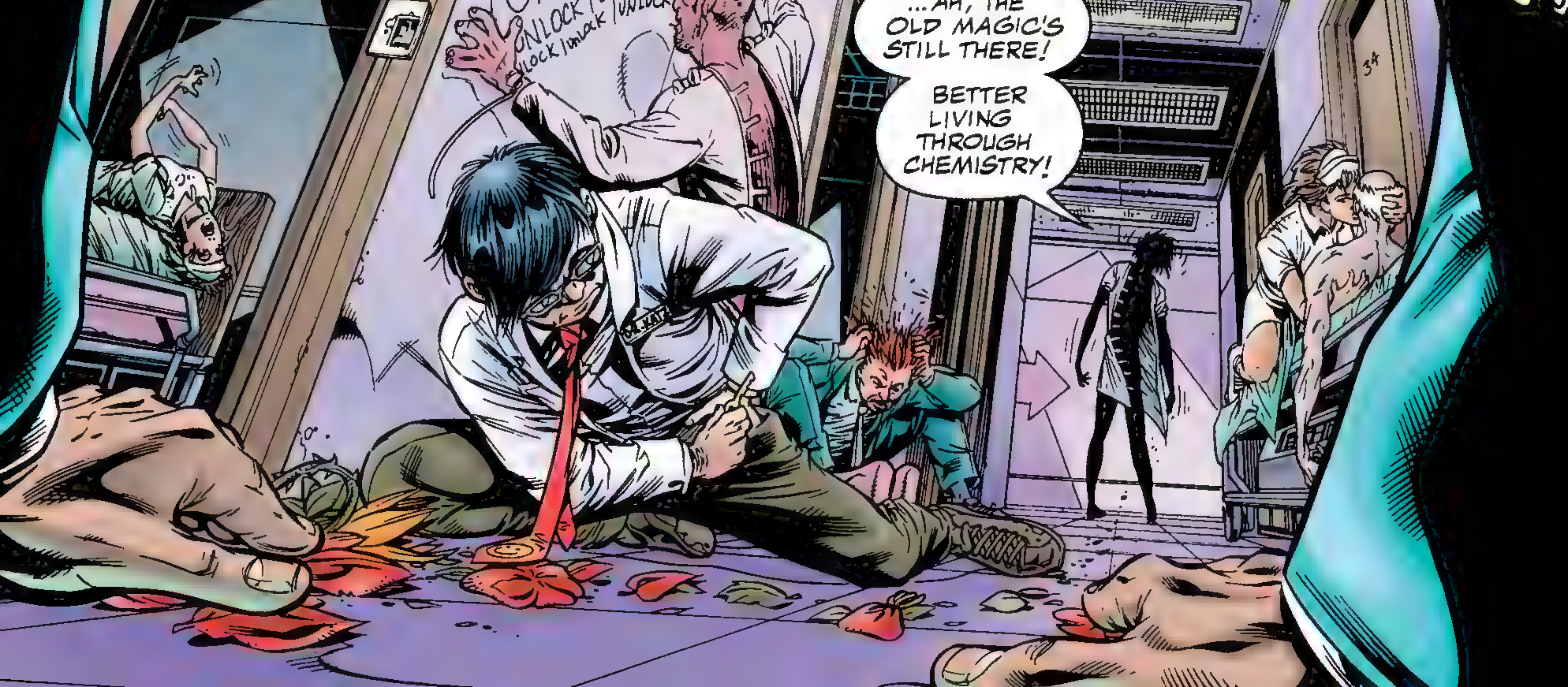


YAAAAA!

WELL!
TIME I GOT TO WORK! THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY.



HAHAHAHAHA HAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA



...AH, THE OLD MAGIC'S STILL THERE!

BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY!

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE TELEPORT DEVICE BENDS SPACE USING PULSED BEAMS OF SOMETHING CALLED AMBIENT MATTER.

I'VE BEEN EMBEDDED IN AMBIENT MATTER, TRAPPED IN A FOUR-DIMENSIONAL REVOLVING DOOR.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ALTER MY RATE OF MOLECULAR MOTION, PULL FREE OF THE WAVE...

AND I CAN FEEL MYSELF GOING, SLOTTING INTO SPACE AND STRETCHING MY WAY THROUGH 239,000 MILES OF VACUUM TO SAN FRANCISCO.

HE SMILES AND IT'S THAT ONE SMILE HE HAS, THE ONE THAT REMINDS YOU HE'S NOT REALLY FROM HERE.

AND LATER, WHEN IT'S ALL OVER, I ASK SUPERMAN HOW HE MANAGED TO DO WHAT HE DID.

AMBIENT MATTER EXISTS IN NEITHER ONE PLACE NOR ANOTHER BUT CAN BE USED AS A CARRIER, A SOLID WAVE THROUGH SPACETIME.

AND I KNOW THAT THE MOON'S GRAVITY MAKES HIM SIX TIMES MORE SUPERMAN THERE THAN ON EARTH BUT...

'THERE WERE LARGER FORCES AT WORK TODAY, WALLY,' HE SAYS.

GO FIGURE.

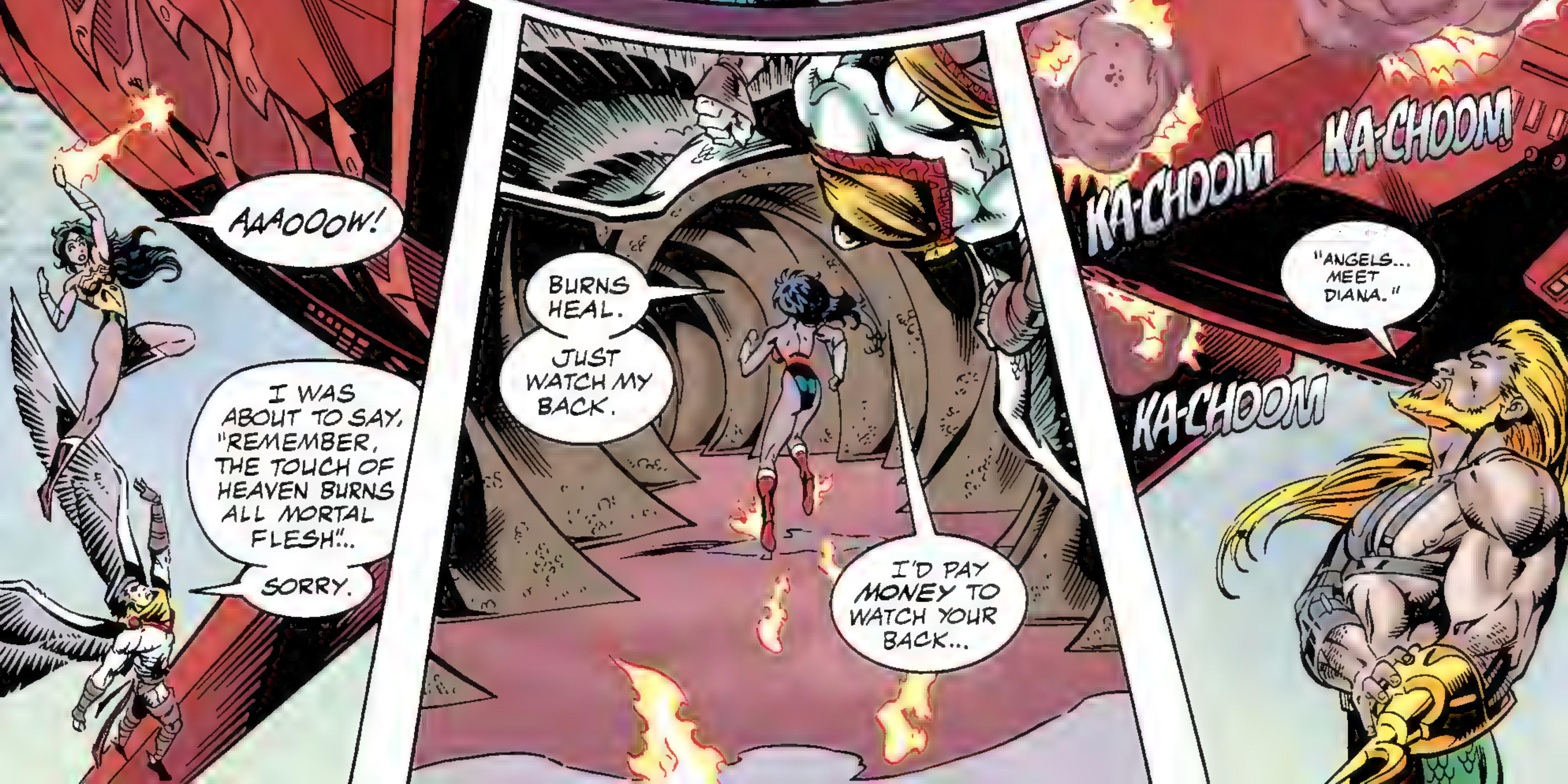


BEST I
CAN THINK
OF ON
SHORT
NOTICE.

IT'S KINDA
LIKE THAT
MOVIE...

I'LL TAKE YOUR
WORD FOR IT, KYLE.
HOLD THEM FOR
AS LONG AS YOU
CAN AND DON'T
LET ME DOWN.

WONDER
WOMAN, HEY!
REMEMBER
THAT...



AAAOWW!

I WAS
ABOUT TO SAY,
"REMEMBER,
THE TOUCH OF
HEAVEN BURNS
ALL MORTAL
FLESH"...

SORRY.

BURNS
HEAL.

JUST
WATCH MY
BACK.

I'D PAY
MONEY TO
WATCH YOUR
BACK...

KA-CHOOM

KA-CHOOM

KA-CHOOM

"ANGELS...
MEET
DIANA."

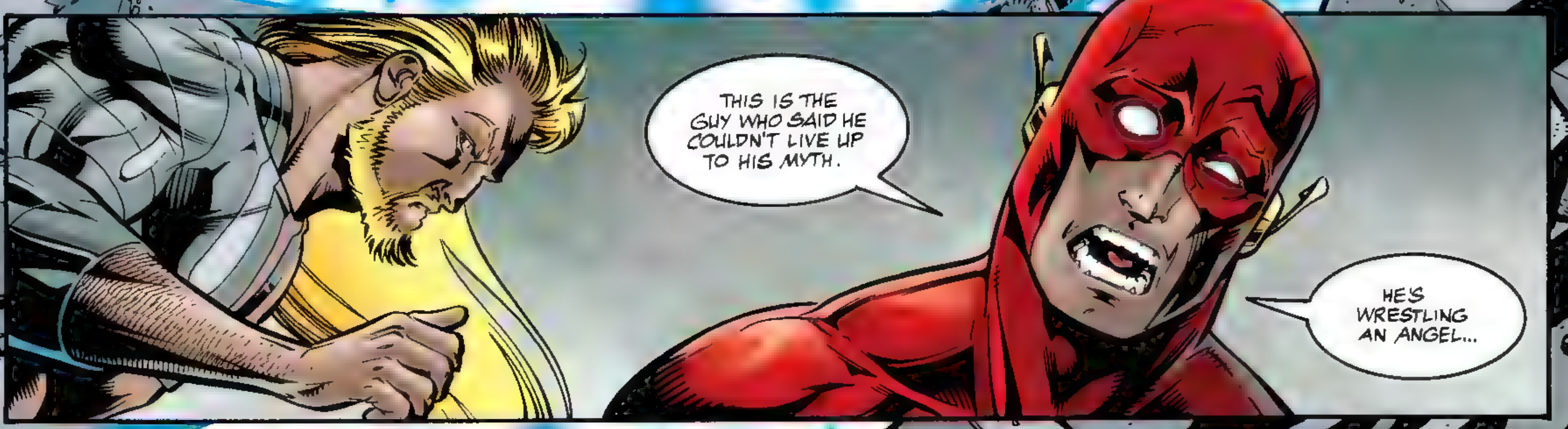






YIELD!

NEVER!



THIS IS THE GUY WHO SAID HE COULDN'T LIVE UP TO HIS MYTH.

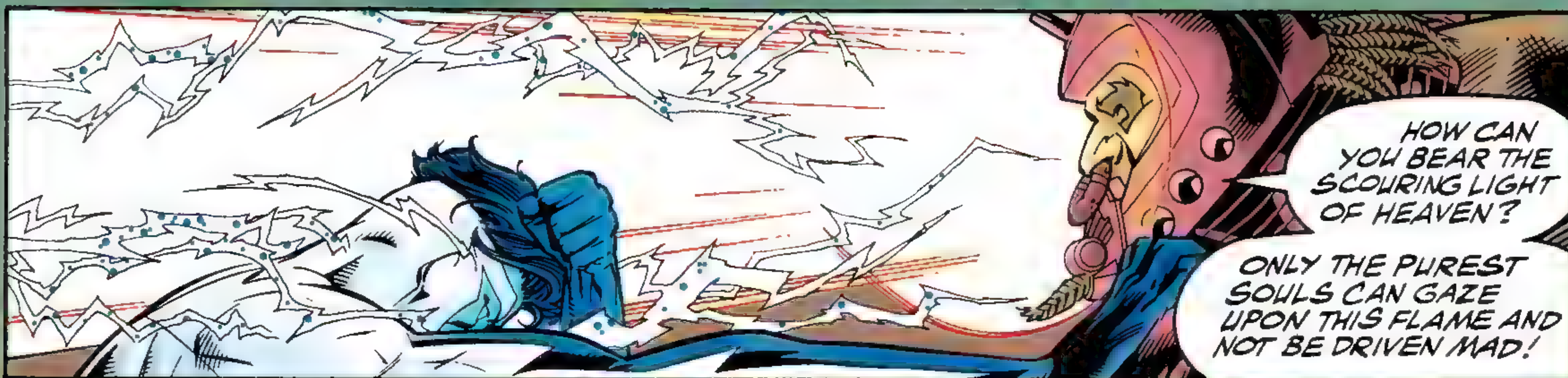
HE'S WRESTLING AN ANGEL...



I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU JUST DID THAT TO A CHERUBIM CHARIOT. THAT WAS ACTUALLY... THAT WAS BIBLICAL, WONDER WOMAN...

THE TROUBLE IS... IT'S FALLING NOW AND IT'LL DESTROY EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES...

I'LL ASSUME FULL RESPONSIBILITY.



HOW CAN YOU BEAR THE SCOURING LIGHT OF HEAVEN?

ONLY THE PUREST SOULS CAN GAZE UPON THIS FLAME AND NOT BE DRIVEN MAD!

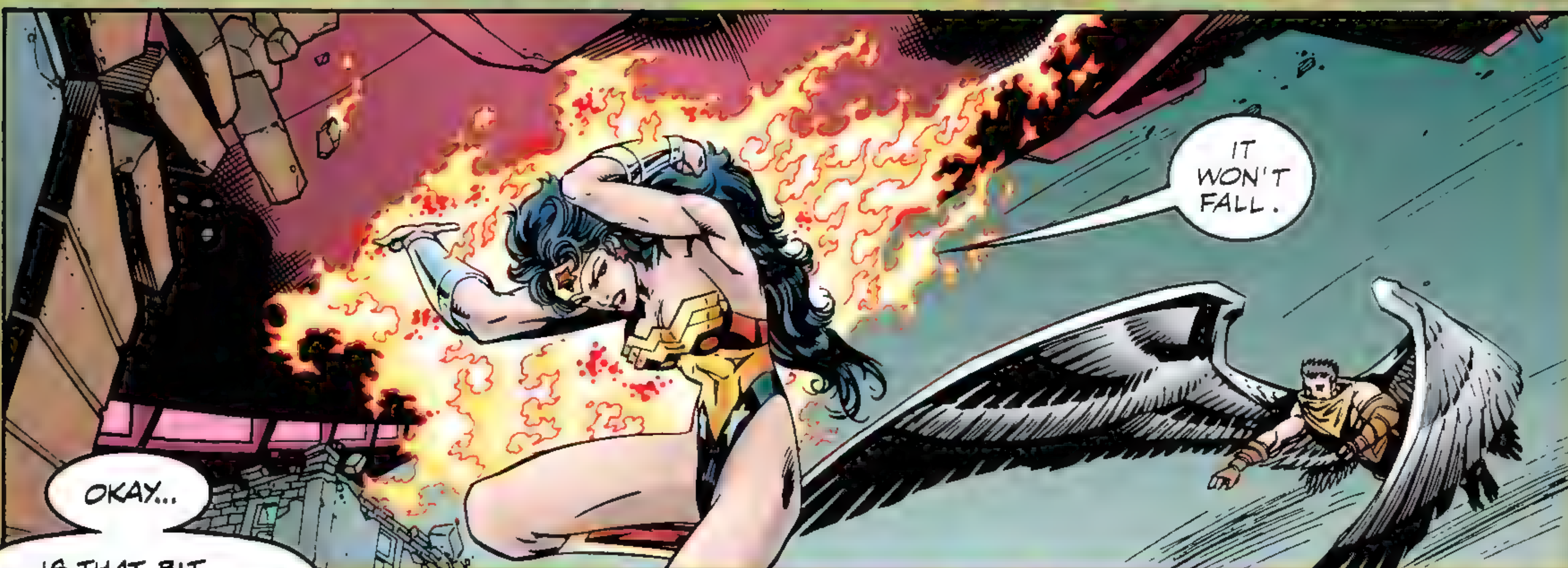


MAN, DOESN'T IT EVER JUST HIT YOU HOW AWESOME ALL THIS IS?

SOMETIMES I JUST LOOK AROUND AND I REALIZE WHAT I'M DOING...

C'MON, SPACE CADET, NEVER MIND THE PRETTY COLORS, MAN! WE WORKED IT OUT!

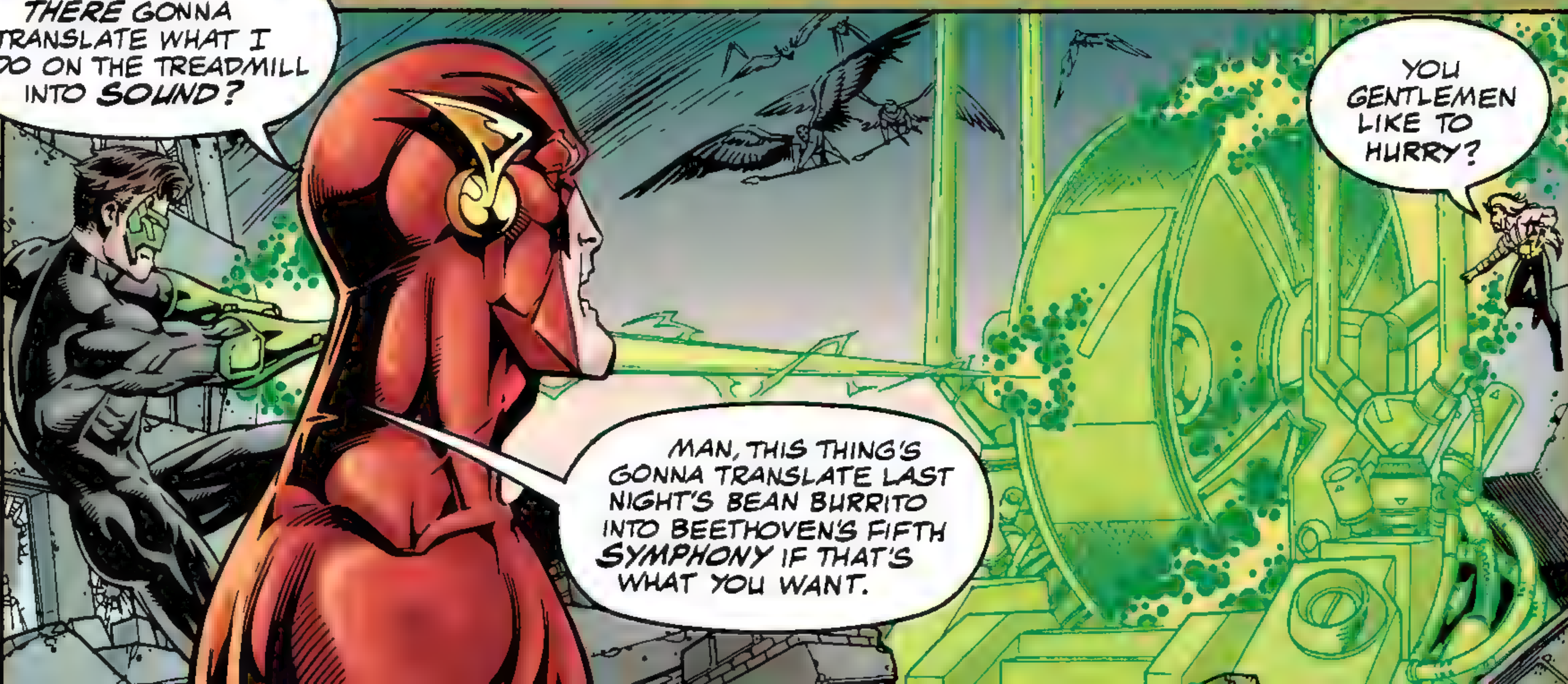
I WANT YOU TO MAKE SOMETHING FOR ME...



IT WON'T FALL.

OKAY...

IS THAT BIT THERE GONNA TRANSLATE WHAT I DO ON THE TREADMILL INTO SOUND?



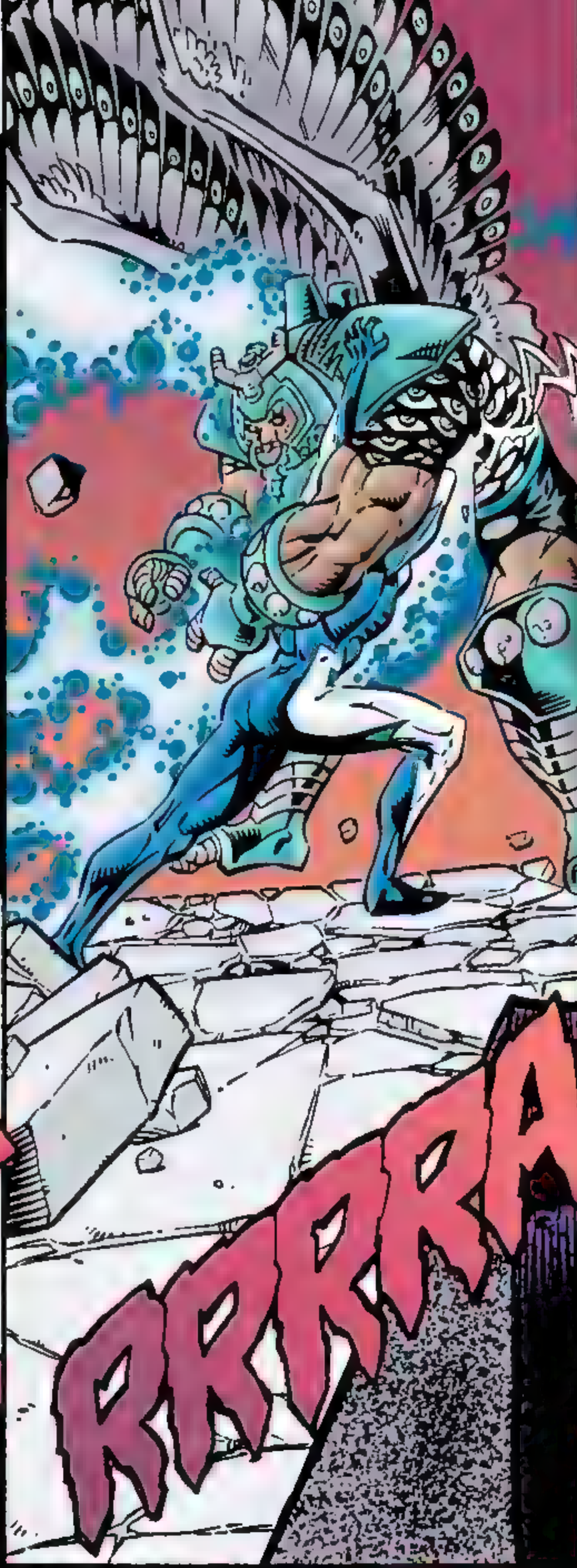
YOU GENTLEMEN LIKE TO HURRY?

MAN, THIS THING'S GONNA TRANSLATE LAST NIGHT'S BEAN BURRITO INTO BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.



ARE YOU KIDDING?

THAT'S WHAT I DO FOR A LIVING.



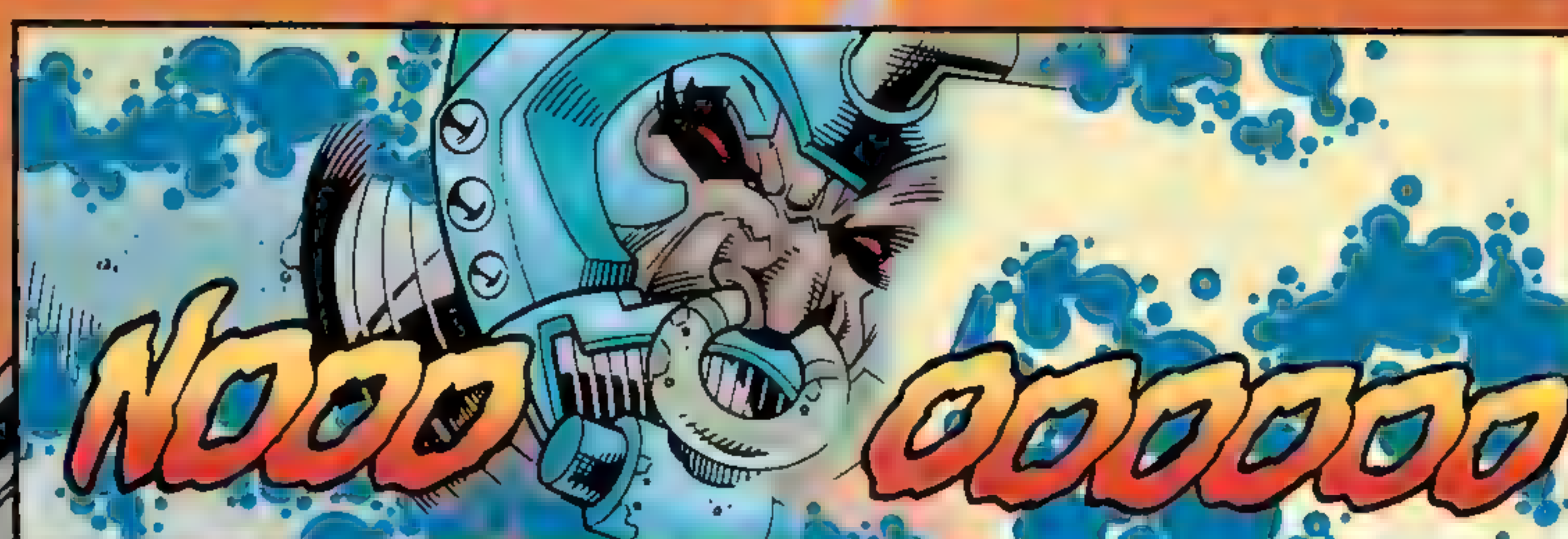
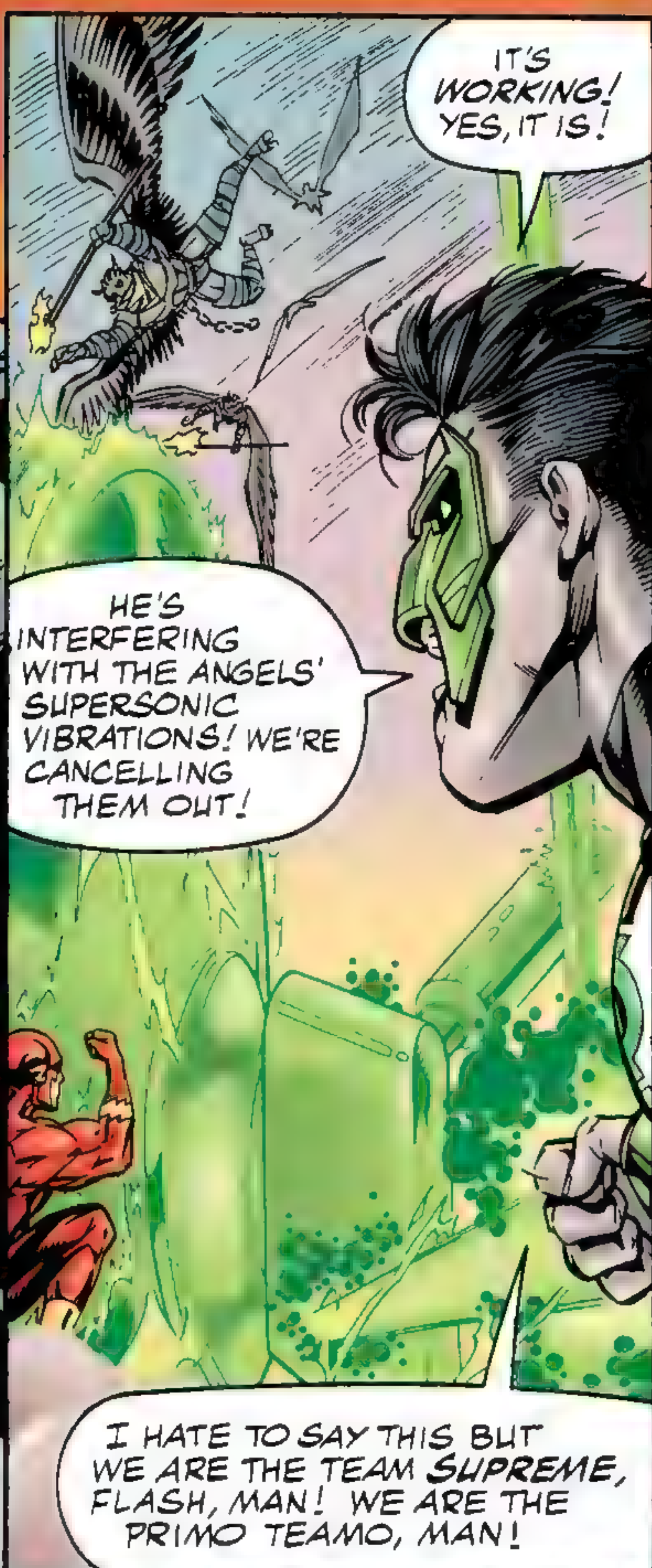
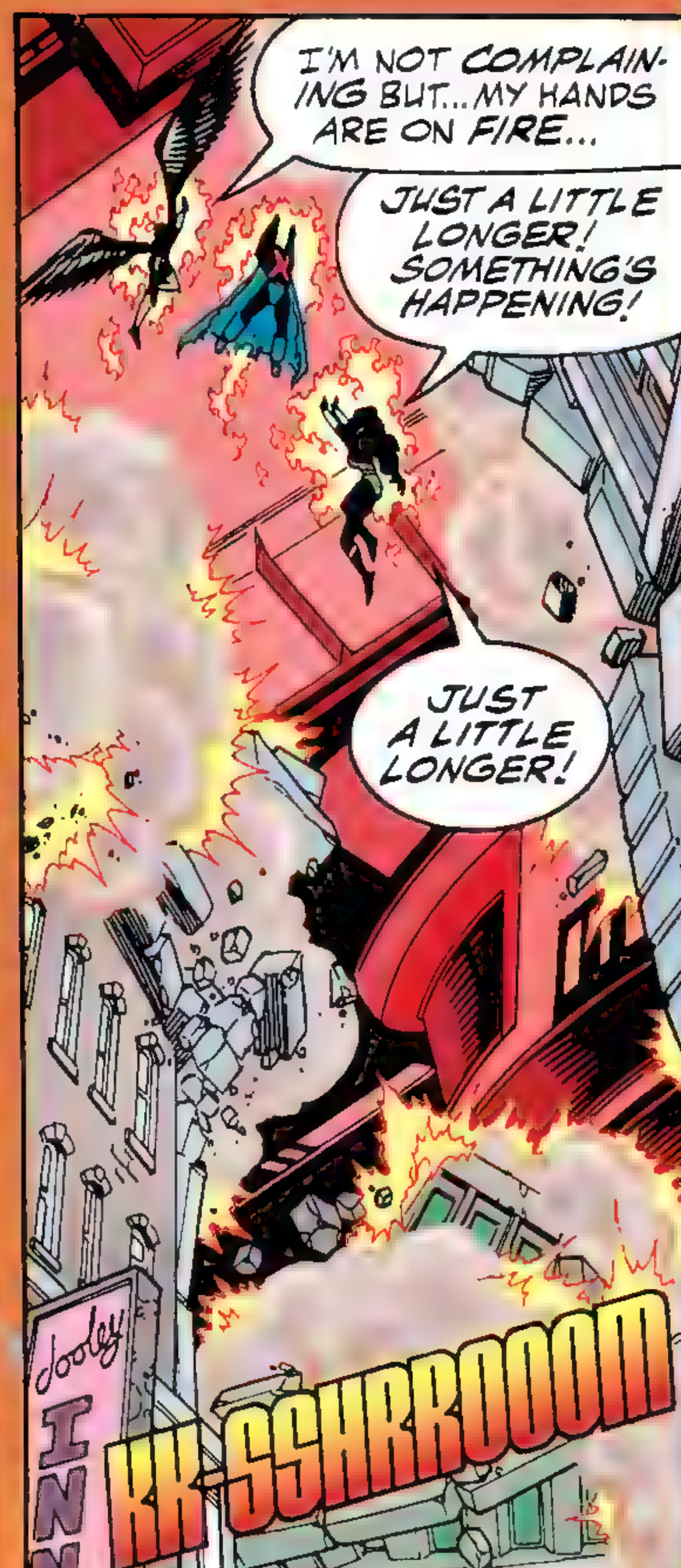
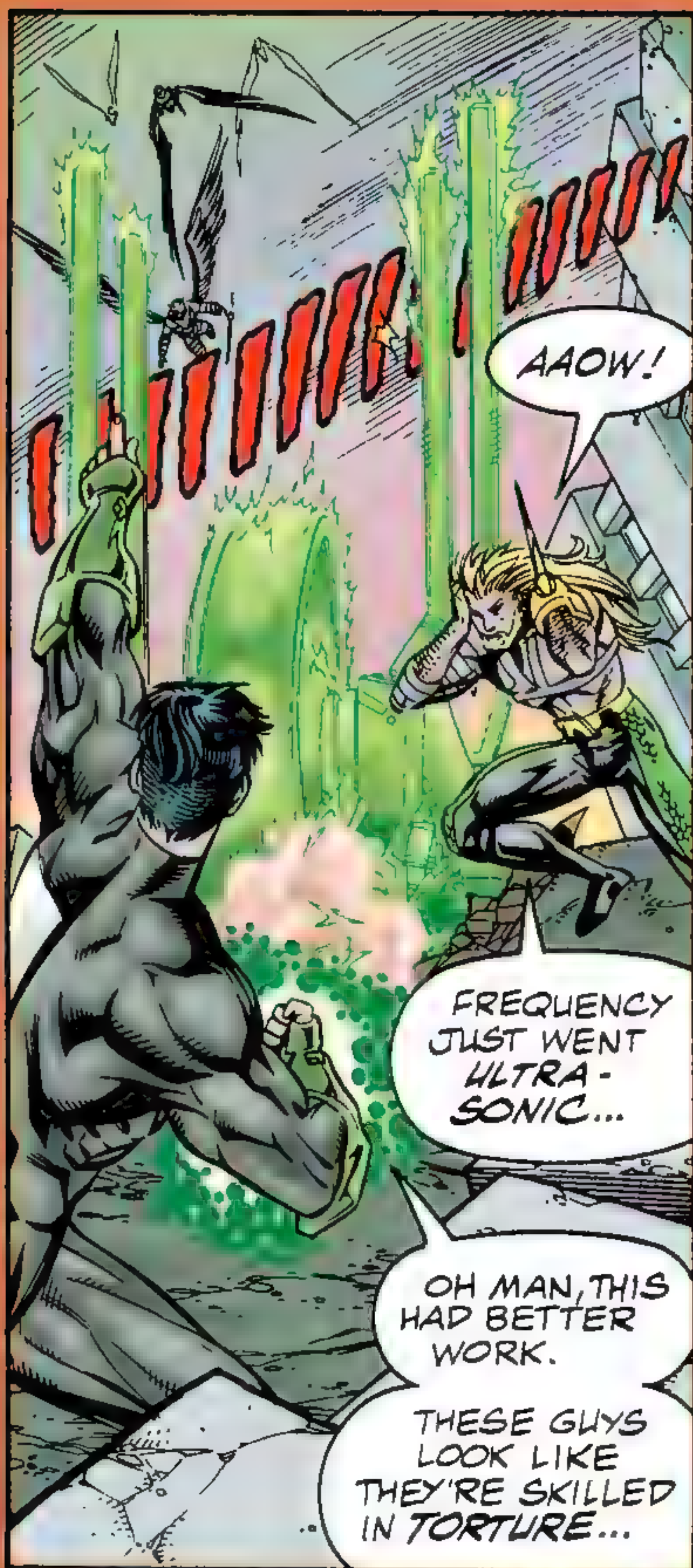
IT WON'T FALL!

HERA!
IT WON'T FALL!

PERHAPS...
NOT, WONDER WOMAN.



LET'S... SEE
WHAT WE
CAN DO.





... ASMODEL? SURE, HE'LL BE BACK. HE'LL USE FLESH-SUITS NEXT TIME, I'LL PROBABLY KILL HIM, THERE'LL BE COURTROOM DRAMAS IN HEAVEN...

AND IN THE END NONE OF IT MATTERS, SO WHY CAN'T WE ALL JUST BE NICE AND HAVE BABIES?



THAT'S MY PATHETIC PRAYER EVERY NIGHT BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP.

I CAN'T THANK YOU PEOPLE ENOUGH.

SO... HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT OUR OFFER?

THERE'S ALWAYS A PLACE IN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE FOR, WELL... A BIG FELLA WITH WINGS LIKE YOU.

IT'S AN HONOR AND I'M THINKING ABOUT IT LONG AND HARD AND... THE ANSWER IS 'NO.'

I BECAME MORTAL FOR A REASON. THERE WAS A REASON BEHIND ALL OF THIS MESS AND THERE ARE THINGS I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF NOW.

I'LL HELP WITH THE CLEANING, BUT OTHERWISE...



'THINGS'?

TOO EMBARRASSING TO SAY, SUPERMAN.



REALLY.

UNCOOL.

Epilogue

I'D HAVE
PREFERRED TO
AVOID THIS IF
POSSIBLE,
SUPERMAN.

I UNDERSTAND THAT, BATMAN,
BUT YOU HELPED MAKE THE
RULES AND WE NEED AT LEAST
SIX MEMBERS FOR GREEN
ARROW'S INAUGURATION.

AND SINCE FLASH AND
I FELT J'ONN NEEDED
SOME TIME TO RECOVER
FROM WHAT HE WENT
THROUGH AT...

WAIT!
THERE'S
SOMETHING...



DIANA...?

PROUD OF ALL YOUR SURVEILLANCE,
HMM? ALL YOUR SNARES AND YOUR
LOCKS AND BOLTS.

DIDN'T MOMMY TELL YOU THERE'S
A MAN YOU CAN'T LOCK YOUR DOORS
AGAINST? THERE'S A MAN YOU CAN'T
HIDE FROM, EVEN IN YOUR OWN
LITTLE HEADS.

AND
GUESS
WHAT?





I'M
BACK.

AND NOW
WE CAN
BEGIN.



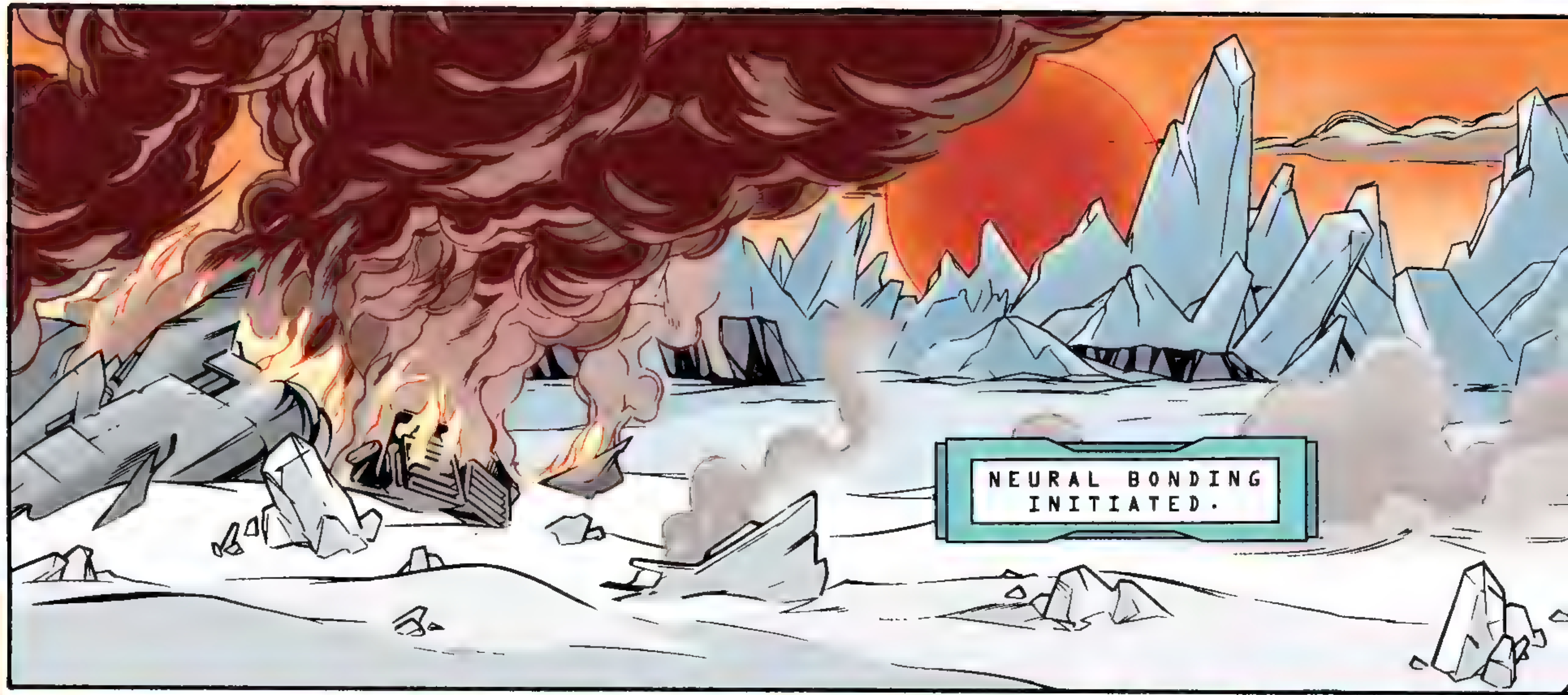


JLA #8

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY OSCAR JIMENEZ, WITH INKS BY

CHIP WALLACE AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY





TRRK... BUH
SEMMOC... BUH
REE VELLOC TUR?

KK-TREC? RING
TRANSLATING...
RUHK... NOT MUCH
TIME...



THERE'S NOT MUCH
TIME... DYING... I'M...

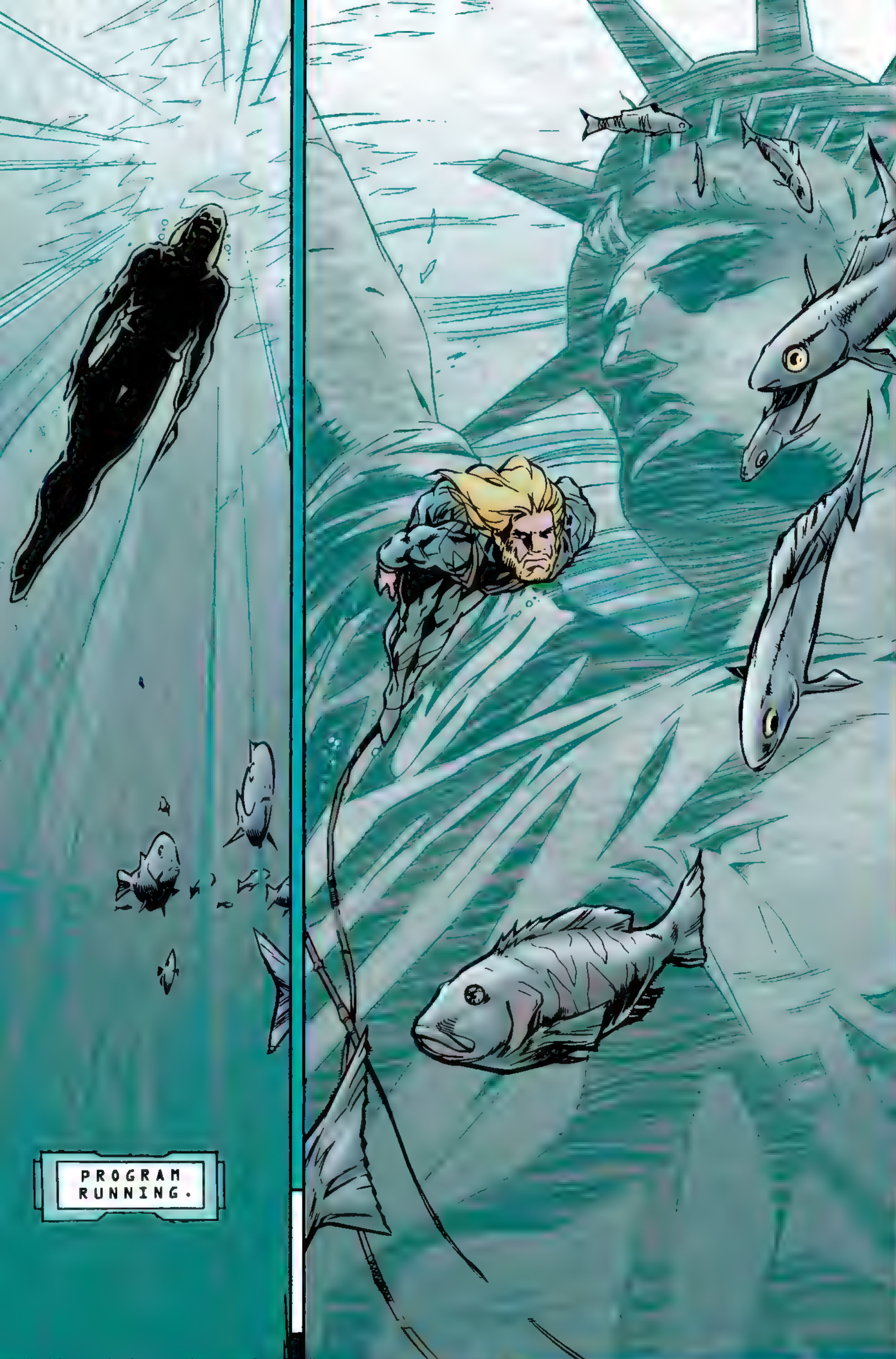
MY NAME...
TOMAR RE OF...
OF THE GREEN
LANTERN CORPS...
KURRF...



YOU... YOU MUST
BE MY... **SUCCESSOR**...
THE RING...

THE RING
WILL... EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING.



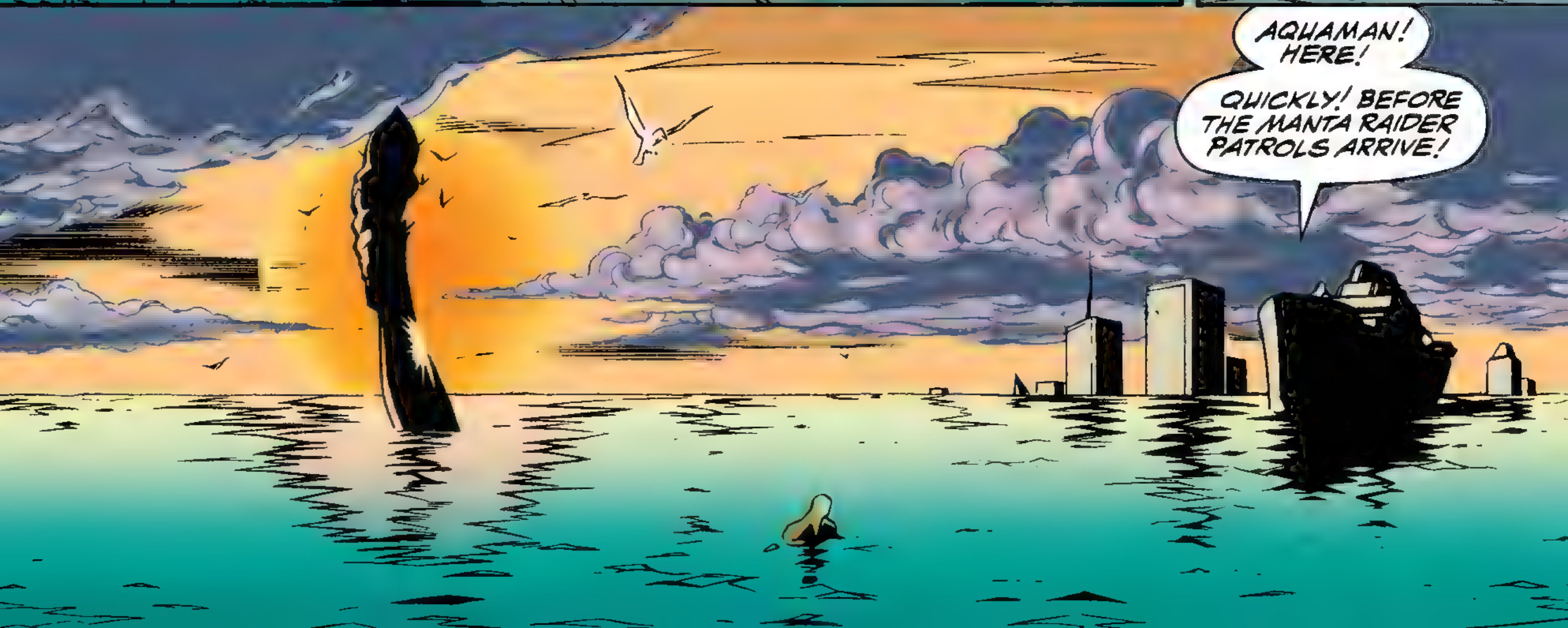


PROGRAM
RUNNING.



FAAA!

AQHAMAN!



AQHAMAN!
HERE!

QUICKLY! BEFORE
THE MANTA RAIDER
PATROLS ARRIVE!

PROGRAM
RUNNING.

YOU'RE
BROODING,
AGAIN,
BRUCE.

THOSE DAYS
ARE OVER. WE
FOUGHT OUR
FIGHT.

TIME TO
LET A NEW
GENERATION
CARRY THE
TORCH.

I KNOW BUT...
THINGS HAVE BECOME
SO MUCH WORSE OUT
THERE SINCE WE LAST
WORE THOSE COSTUMES,
SELINA.

I...WORRY
ABOUT THE
BOYS.

THIS IS HOW
ALFRED MUST
HAVE FELT.

IT'S TOO LATE
TO STOP IT NOW.
YOU AND TIM HAVE
BEEN TRAINING
BRUCE JR. ALMOST
SINCE THE DAY HE
WAS BORN.

DON'T TELL ME
YOU DIDN'T WANT
THIS. YOU SAID
IT YOURSELF.

"AS LONG AS GOTHAM
NEEDS THEM, BATMAN
AND ROBIN CAN NEVER
DIE."

U.S. GOVERNMENT
TELEPORT TERMINAL,
WASHINGTON D.C.

SECOND.

DO I
LOOK THAT
NERVOUS?

AH, IT'S NOTHING,
KID. FEELS LIKE
RAIN ON THE SKIN,
THEN YOU'RE GONE.

JUST LET ME
TAP IN THE JLA
CODES AND YOU'LL
BE UP IN THE
WATCHTOWER
IN NO TIME.

SO YOU'RE
THE NEW
MEMBER,
HUH?

FIRST
TIME IN A
TELEPORT
BOOTH?

THAT GUY WAS
YOUR FATHER?
JEEZ. I'M
GETTING OLD.

SO, WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE OLD MAN,
KID? MUST BE
PROUD OF
YOU.

HE
DIED.

YEAH, I
REMEMBER THE
OLD GREEN
ARROW.

ANY
RELATION?

MY
FATHER.

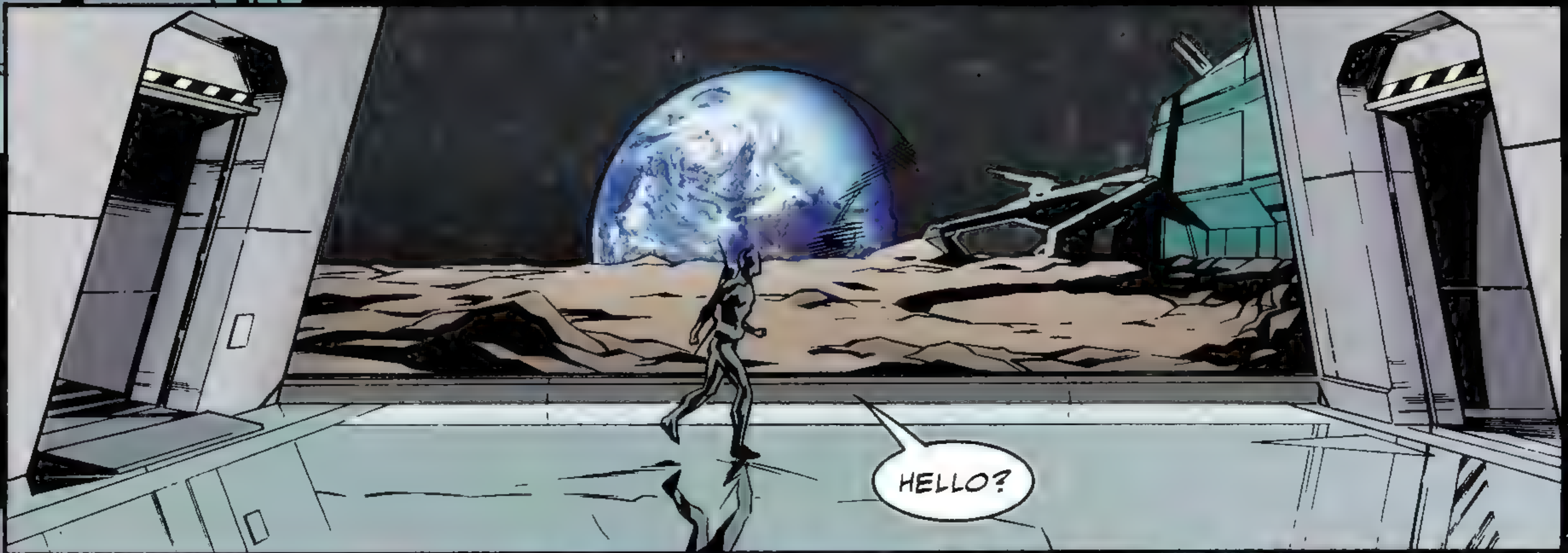
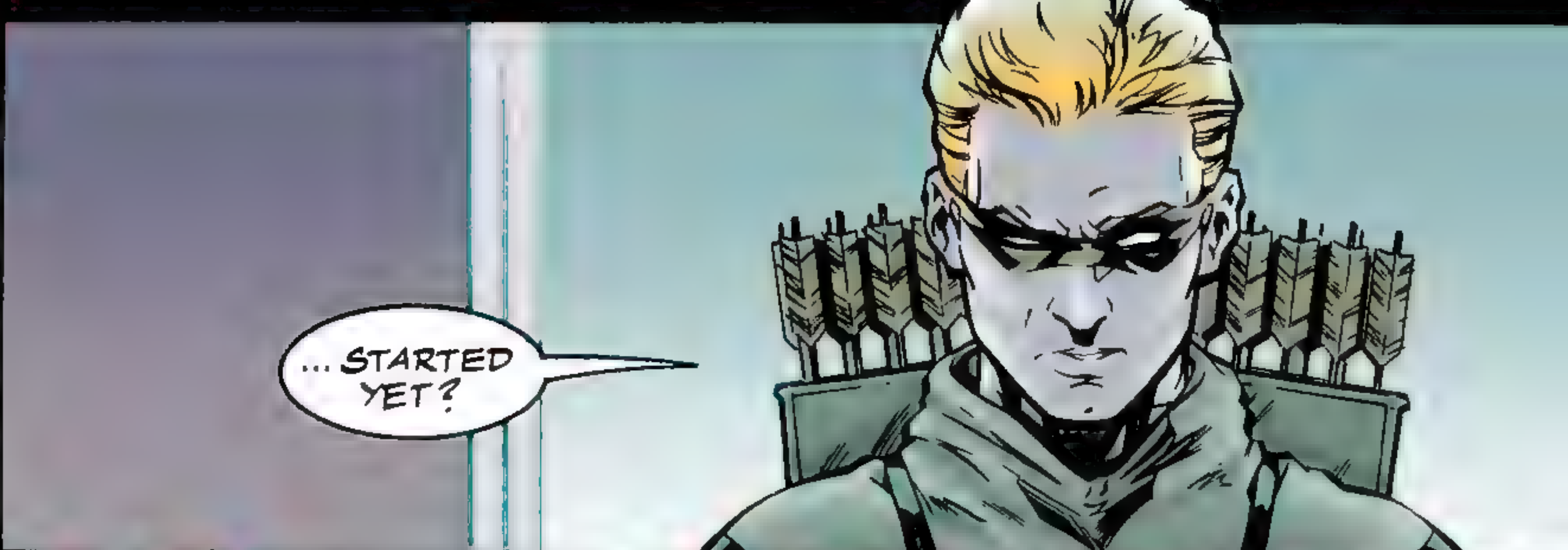
AND I'M
NOT A
MEMBER
YET.
THEY'RE
STILL
TESTING
ME.

HAS
IT...

W
A
R
C
H



UNUSUAL

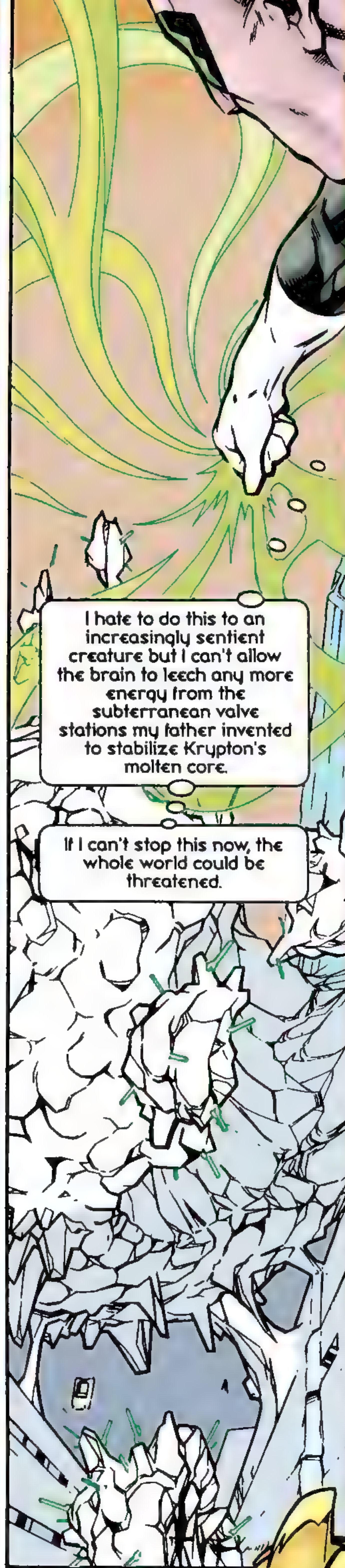




Another spontaneously generated anomaly. This time a self-assembling crystalline brain-using the city's own mineral structure to accelerate its growth, it's becoming more complex with each moment.

It began to transmit a harmonic signal this presun, but no one understands what it might be attempting to communicate.

There's no more time to even try to understand.



I hate to do this to an increasingly sentient creature but I can't allow the brain to leech any more energy from the subterranean valve stations my father invented to stabilize Krypton's molten core.

If I can't stop this now, the whole world could be threatened.



GREEN LANTERN! THANK RAO YOU'RE HERE!

ANY THOUGHTS ON THE NATURE OF THESE DISTURBANCES?

NOT SO FAR. I NEED INSPIRATION.

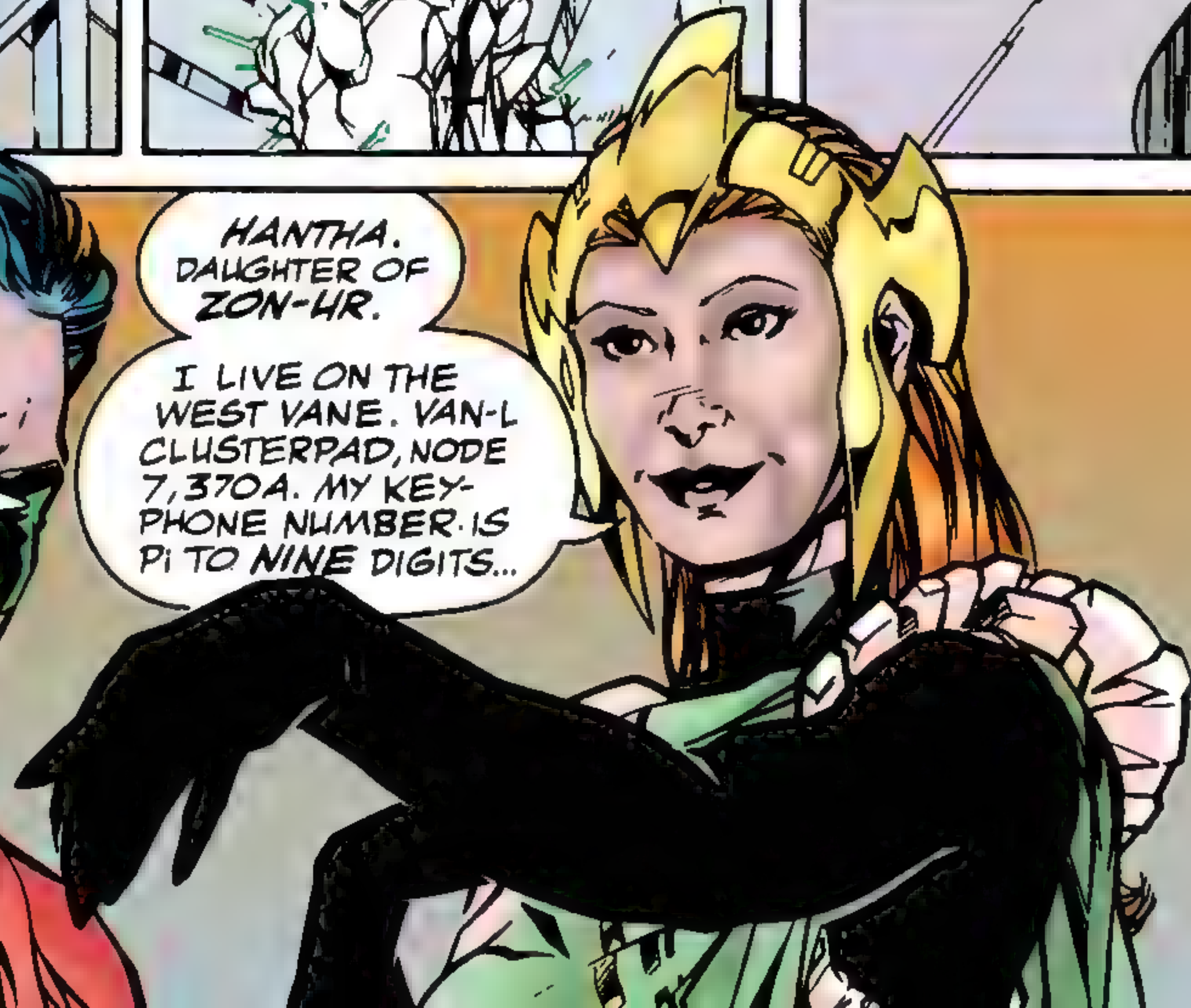
FORGIVE ME, BUT...PERHAPS SOME OF MY INTELLIGENCE-ENHANCING PERFUME CAN HELP, GREEN LANTERN.

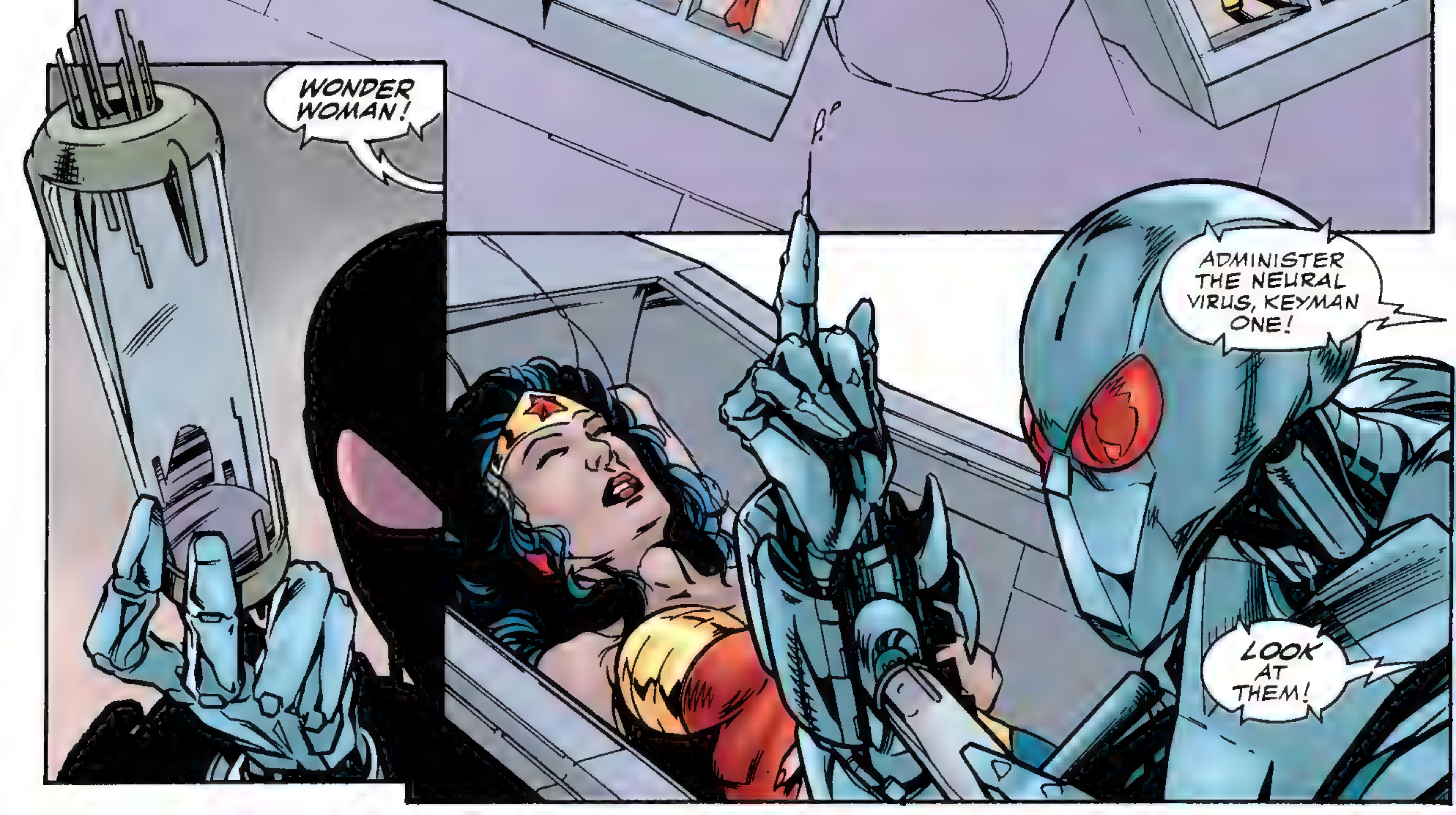
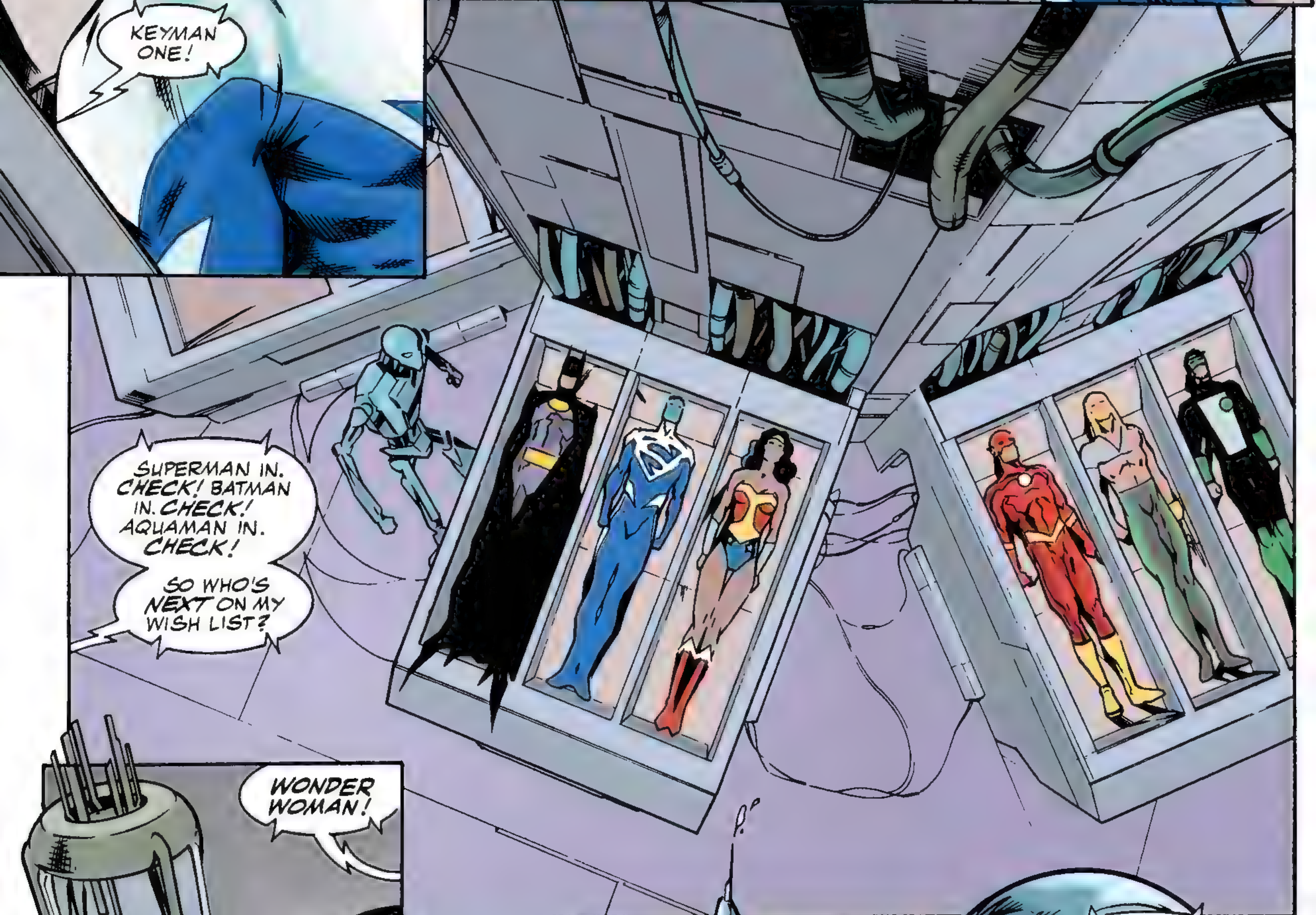


✓
YES, OF COURSE! THANK YOU...

HANTHA. DAUGHTER OF ZON-HR.

I LIVE ON THE WEST VANE. VAN-L CLUSTERPAD, NODE 7,370A. MY KEY-PHONE NUMBER IS PI TO NINE DIGITS...







EACH IN HIS
OWN LITTLE
BOTTLE WORLD.
EACH
WORKING
FOR ME,
UNAWARE.

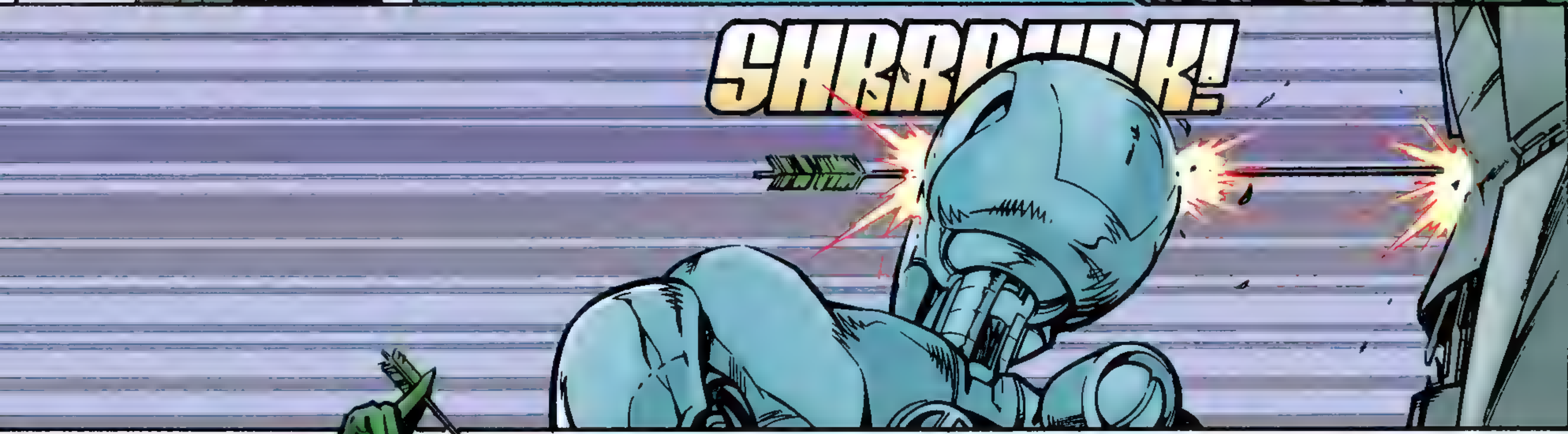


DREAMING
ME TO
TOTAL
POWER.

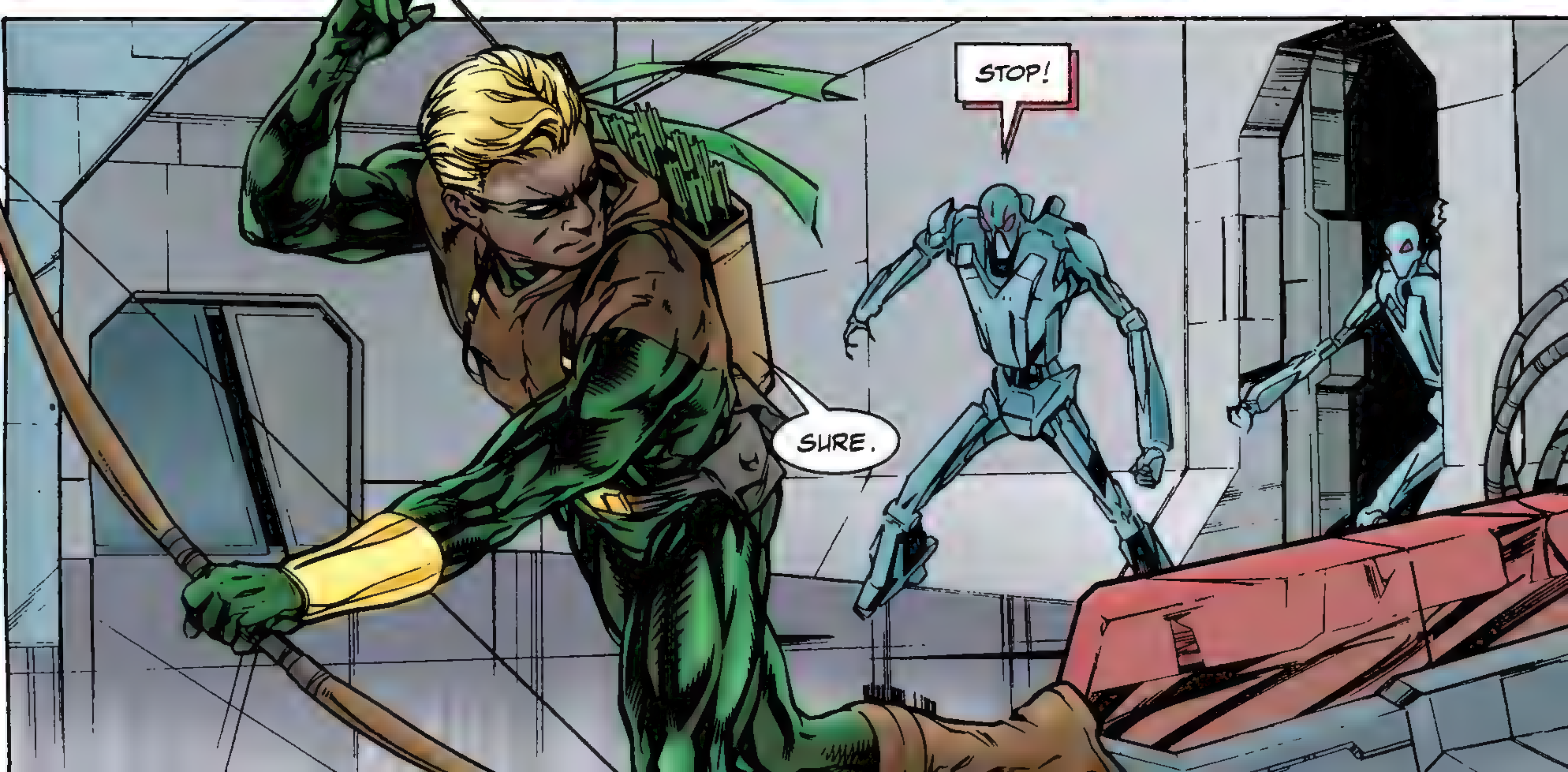
DR. DESTINY...
BAH! DREAM
ON.



HUNNH!

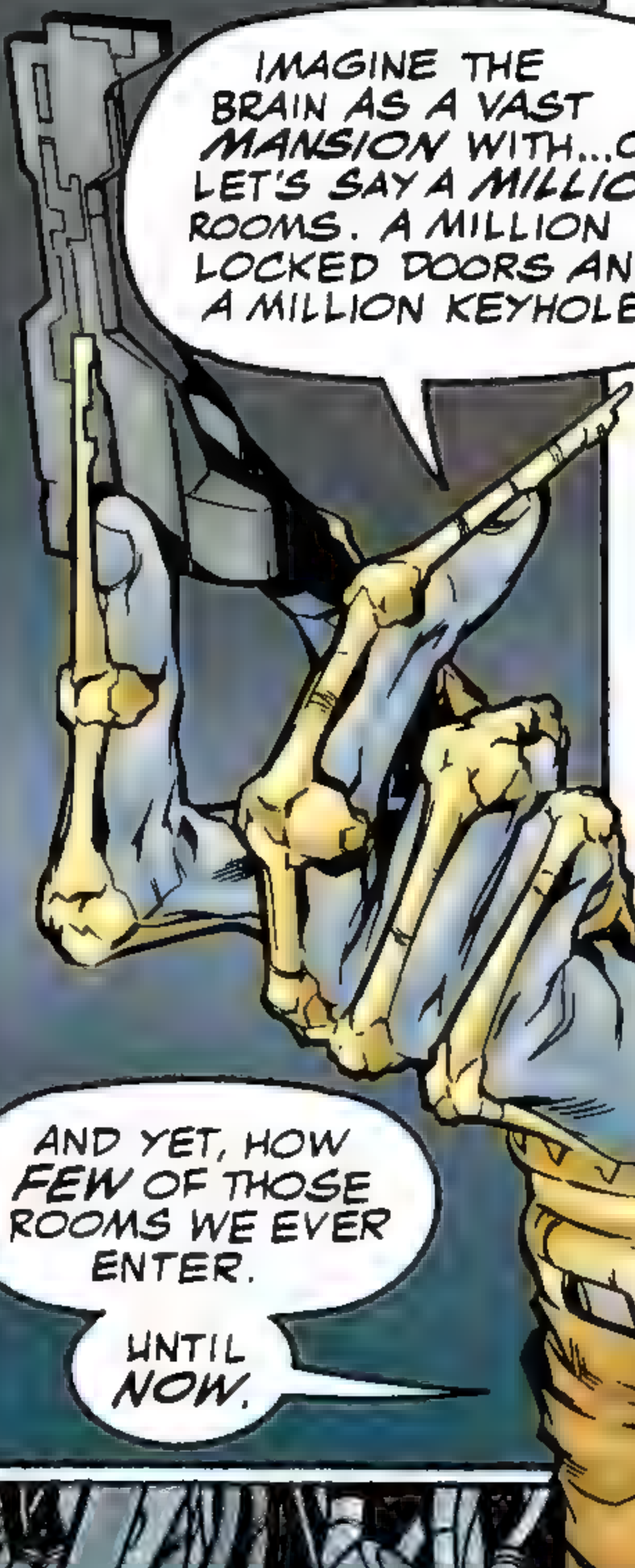


SHRRR!



STOP!

SURE.



IMAGINE THE
BRAIN AS A VAST
MANSION WITH...OH,
LET'S SAY A MILLION
ROOMS. A MILLION
LOCKED DOORS AND
A MILLION KEYHOLES.

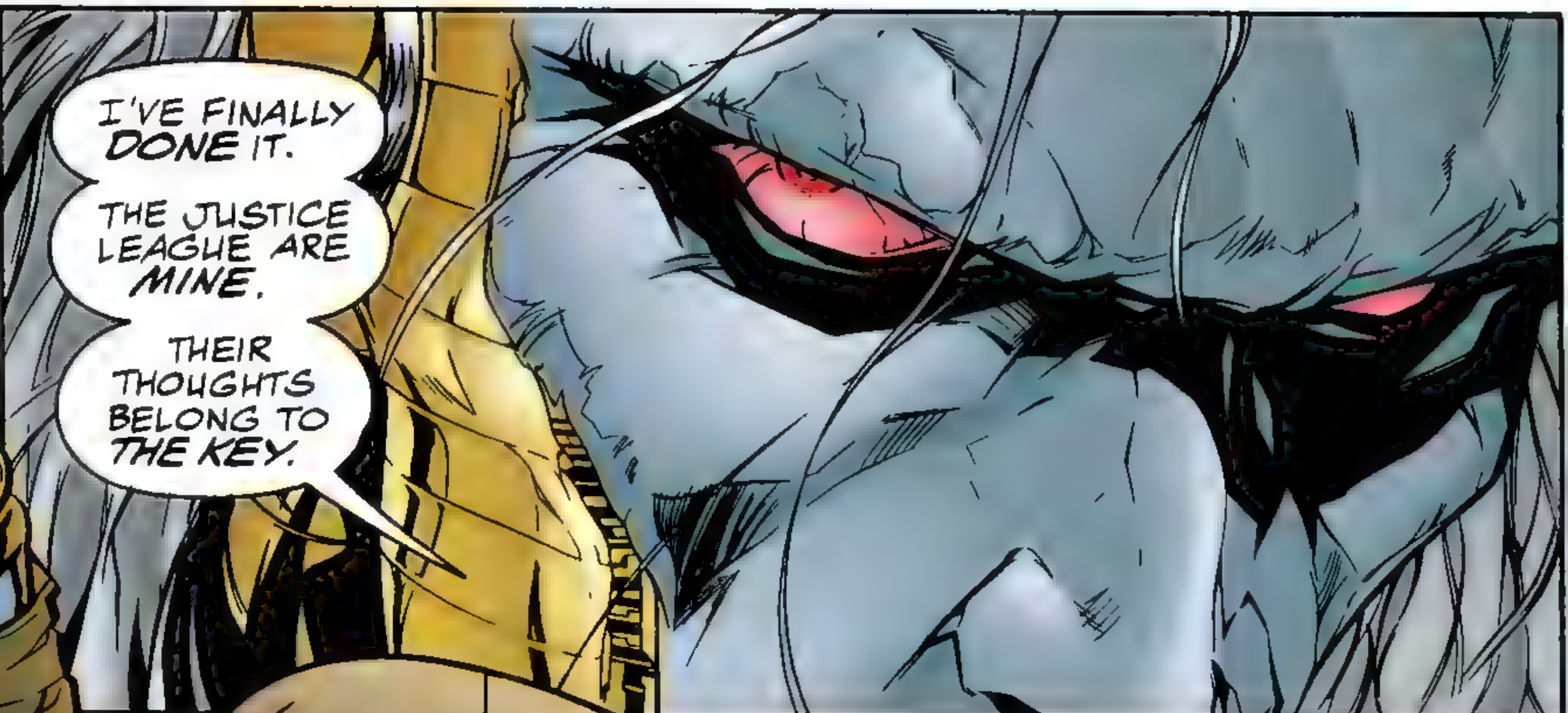


MY PSYCHO-CHEMICALS
HAVE BEGUN TO OPEN
ALL OF THE LOCKED DOORS
IN MY HEAD.

I'M TAPPING THE 90%
OF THE BRAIN WE NEVER
USE AND IT'S GIVING ME
SUCH...WONDERFUL IDEAS.

AND YET, HOW
FEW OF THOSE
ROOMS WE EVER
ENTER.

UNTIL
NOW.



I'VE FINALLY
DONE IT.

THE JUSTICE
LEAGUE ARE
MINE.

THEIR
THOUGHTS
BELONG TO
THE KEY.



AND WITH THEIR
HELP, I SHALL
OPEN THE DOORS
ONTO A NEW
UNIVERSE!

OH, AND
MAKE A NOTE OF AN
INTERESTING SIDE
EFFECT OF MY
EXPANDING
CONSCIOUSNESS.

I CAN'T
STOP TALKING
TO MYSELF...



PROGRAM
RUNNING.

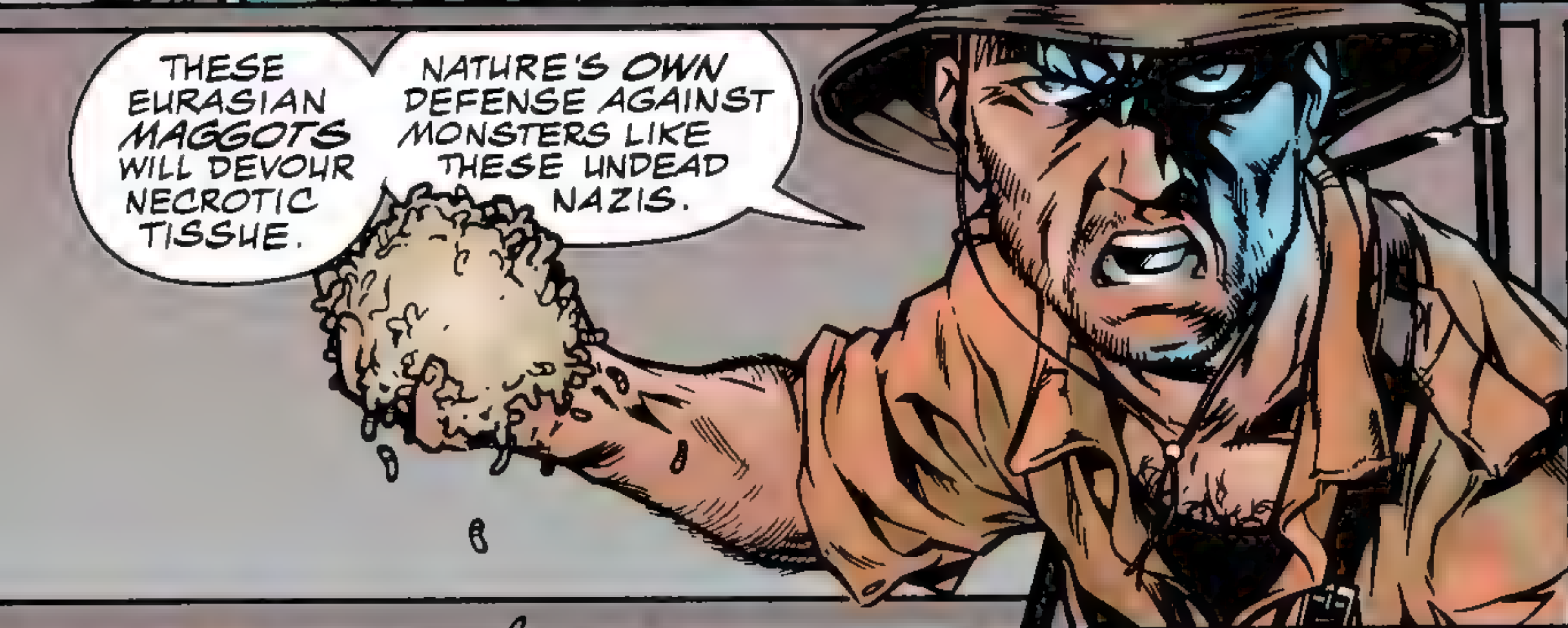
TREVOR! I NEED
HELP HERE! THESE
NAZI ZOMBIES
REFUSE TO LISTEN
TO REASON!

I HAVE THE
ANSWER HERE,
DIANA.

LOOK! THEY'RE
AFRAID OF THE
CLOCKWISE BUDDHIST
SWASTIKA! A SYMBOL
OF LIFE!



NOW WE CAN RETURN
THEM TO THE WHEEL OF
LIFE AND DEATH WITH
THE HELP OF OUR
SECRET WEAPON...



THESE
EURASIAN
MAGGOTS
WILL DEVOUR
NECROTIC
TISSUE.

NATURE'S OWN
DEFENSE AGAINST
MONSTERS LIKE
THESE UNDEAD
NAZIS.

NO TREASURE
CAN BE WORTH
SO MANY LIVES.



IN HERA'S NAME!
WHAT DOES VON
GUNTHER WANT?

WHAT CAN BE
WORTH ALL OF
THIS HORROR?

THIS IS
THE TEMPLE
OF NO, THE
PRIMAL SHE-
GOD, DIANA.
IT CONTAINS
TREASURES
BEYOND
WORTH.



AH, WONDER WOMAN
AND THE AMERIKANER,
STEVE TREVOR!

I HAD INTENDED TO
INSURE THAT DOOR FOR
A QUARTER OF A MILLION
DOLLARS.

BUT DO COME
IN, LIEBCHEN. IF
ONLY SO THAT I
CAN TELL YOU--
YOU ARE...

...TOO
LATE.

THE TREASURE
OF NO BELONGS
TO BARONESS
PAULA VON
GUNTHER.

LOOK!

A LITTLE
TOY WORLD
IN A
BOTTLE.

THE KEY TO MY
MASTER PLAN, MEIN
KLEINE. WITH THIS,
I WILL ESTABLISH A
NEW REICH THAT WILL
ENDURE UNTIL THE
STARS GO OUT!

AND WITHOUT
YOUR SUPER
POWERS, YOU
HAVEN'T A HOPE
IN HELL OF
PREVENTING
IT.





AQUAMAN! ANY LUCK?

I SALVAGED WHAT I COULD: SOME WEAPONS, SOME FOOD.

PROGRAM RUNNING.



GOD BLESS YOU, AQUAMAN.

IT'S NOT MUCH AND IT WON'T LAST LONG.

YEAH, WELL IT MIGHT JUST BE ENOUGH TO SEE US THROUGH TO THE MOUNTAINS AND DRY LAND.

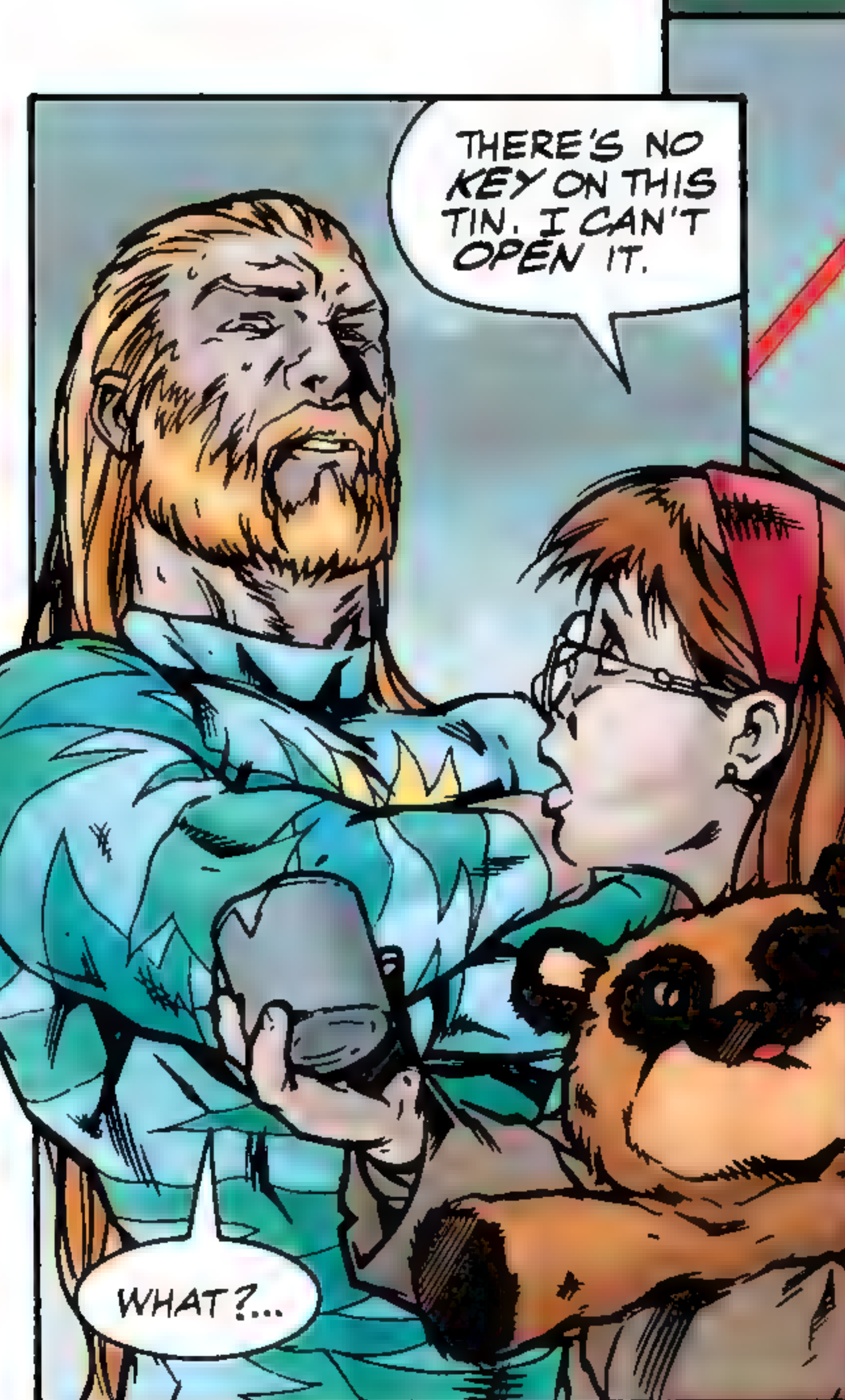


AT LEAST IT'S NOT FISH.

AH... SORRY.

THAT'S NOT SOMETHING I TAKE PERSONALLY.

REALLY.



THERE'S NO KEY ON THIS TIN. I CAN'T OPEN IT.

WHAT?...



MANTA RAIDERS!

WOMEN AND CHILDREN CLEAR THE DECK! BREAK OUT THE WEAPONS!

MANTA RAIDERS!

KROOM!

PROGRAM
RUNNING.

THE BRAIN
WAS SIMPLY A
REMOTE DEVICE,
AMPLIFYING A
SIGNAL I WAS
ABLE TO TRACE...

HERE.

ONE OF THE
DATASPHERES IN
MEMORY ANNEX
SEEMS TO BE
TRANSMITTING...

YOU'RE DOING
TOO MUCH, KAL-EL.
YOU LOOK TIRED.

DON'T YOU EVER
THINK YOU'RE TRYING
TOO HARD TO LIVE UP
TO YOUR FATHER'S
UNREALISTIC EXPECT-
TATIONS OF YOU?

I ALLOWED
THE BRAIN TO
REGROW TO
PRE-CRITICAL
SIZE, THEN
USED THE RING
TO TRANSLATE
ITS RUDIMENTARY
CODE-MESSAGE.

LET'S DISCUSS
THIS SUBJECT AT A
DESIGNATED
ENCOUNTER PERIOD,
MOTHER. I HAVE
WORK TO DO.

THIS ONE.
THE SIGNAL'S
COMING FROM
HERE...

I KNOW THIS PLANET.
I'M SURE IT'S IN THE
NEIGHBORING SECTOR.

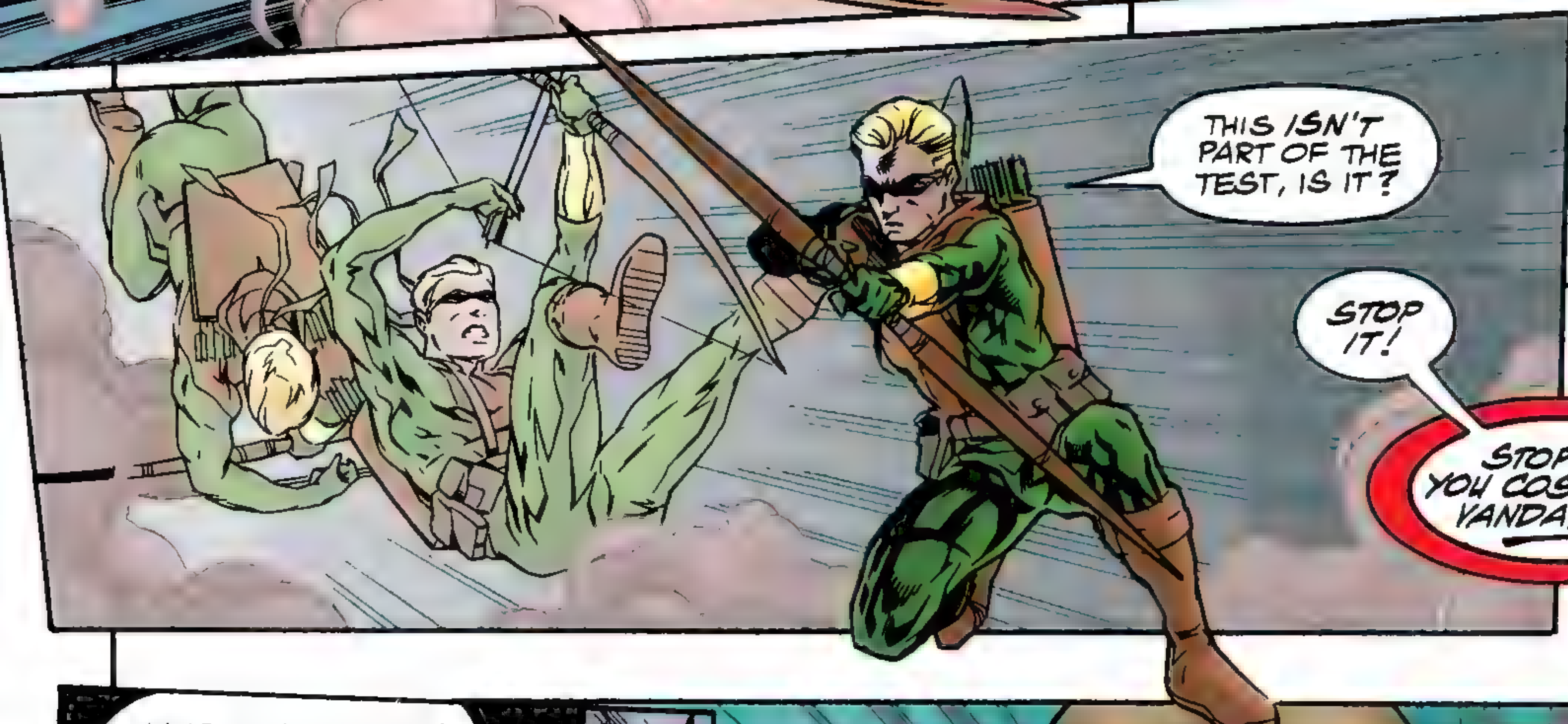
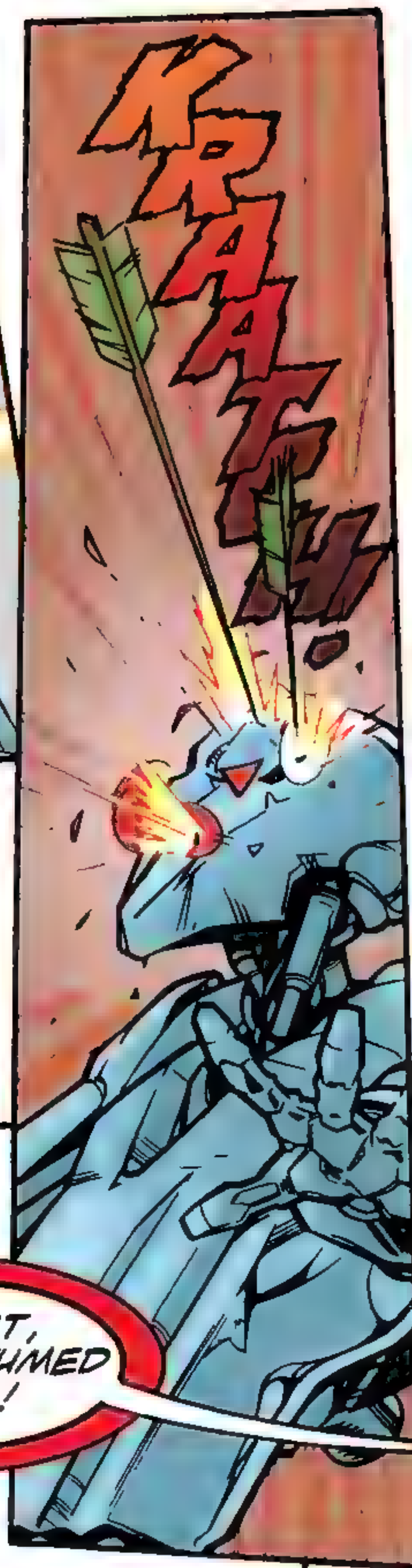
IT LOOKS LIKE I
MAY BE OFF WORLD
FOR SOME TIME.

HM.

YOU'LL NEED
THE MEMORY KEY
TO UNLOCK THE
DATASPHERE.

HERE.

THE
KEY?



THIS ISN'T PART OF THE TEST, IS IT?

STOP IT!

STOP IT, YOU COSTUMED VANDAL!



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW LONG IT TAKES TO BUILD ONE OF THOSE? HOW DARE YOU DAMAGE MY EQUIPMENT!

WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY? YOU'RE NOT ON MY LIST.

AND YOU'RE NOT ON MINE.

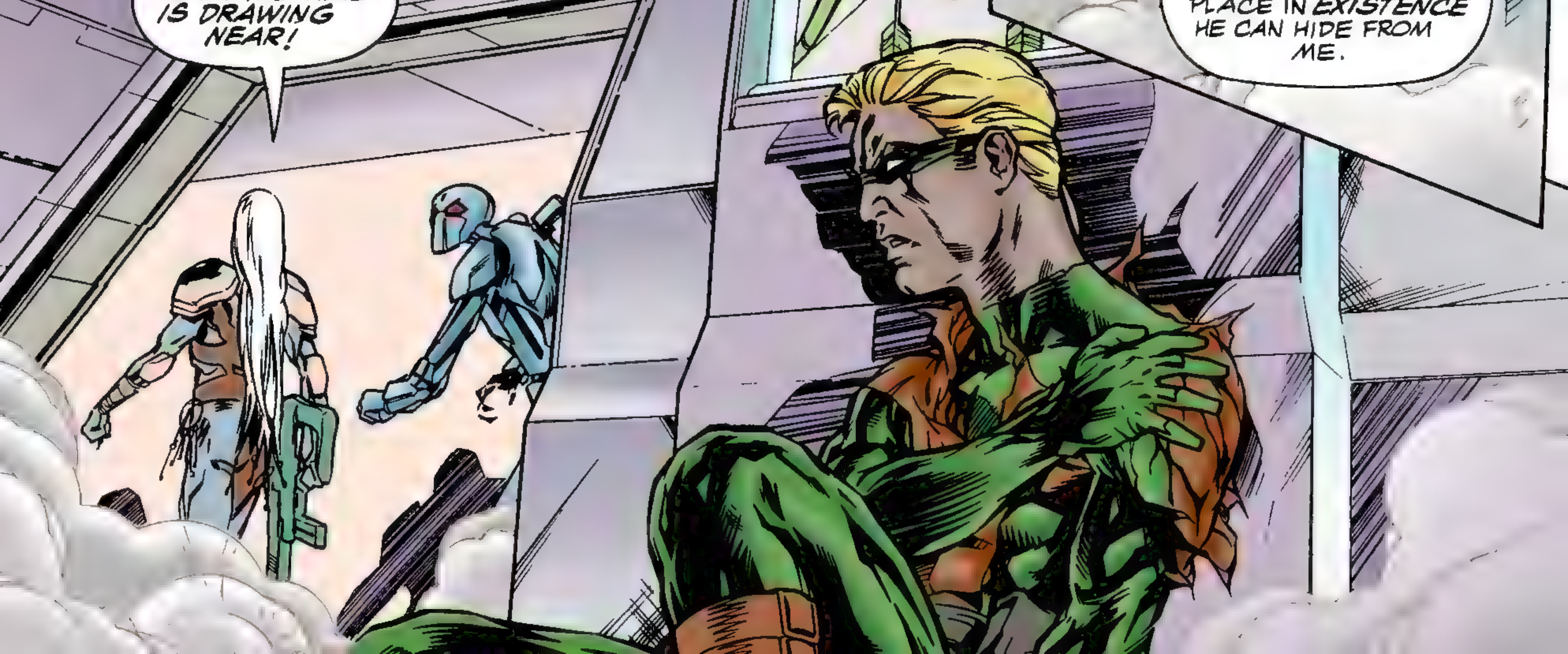
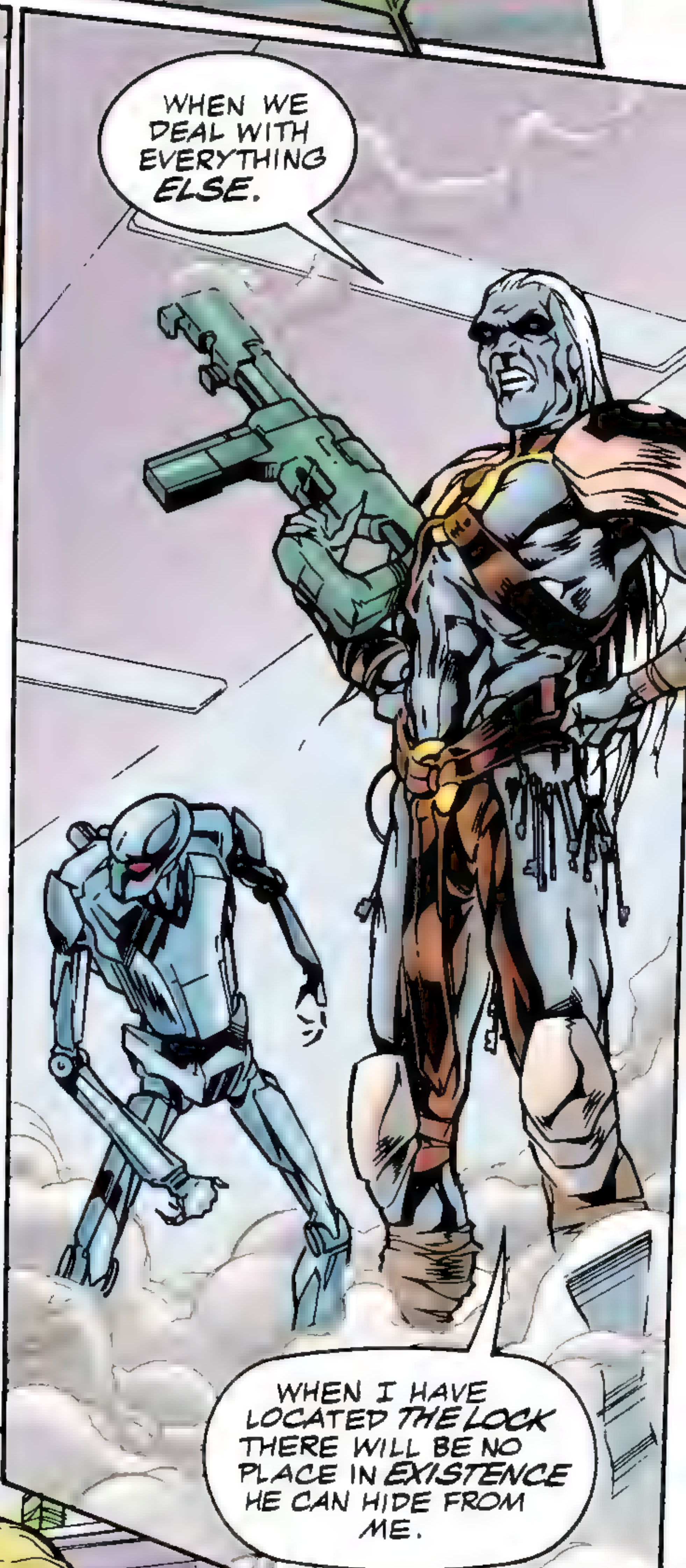
YOU FIRST.

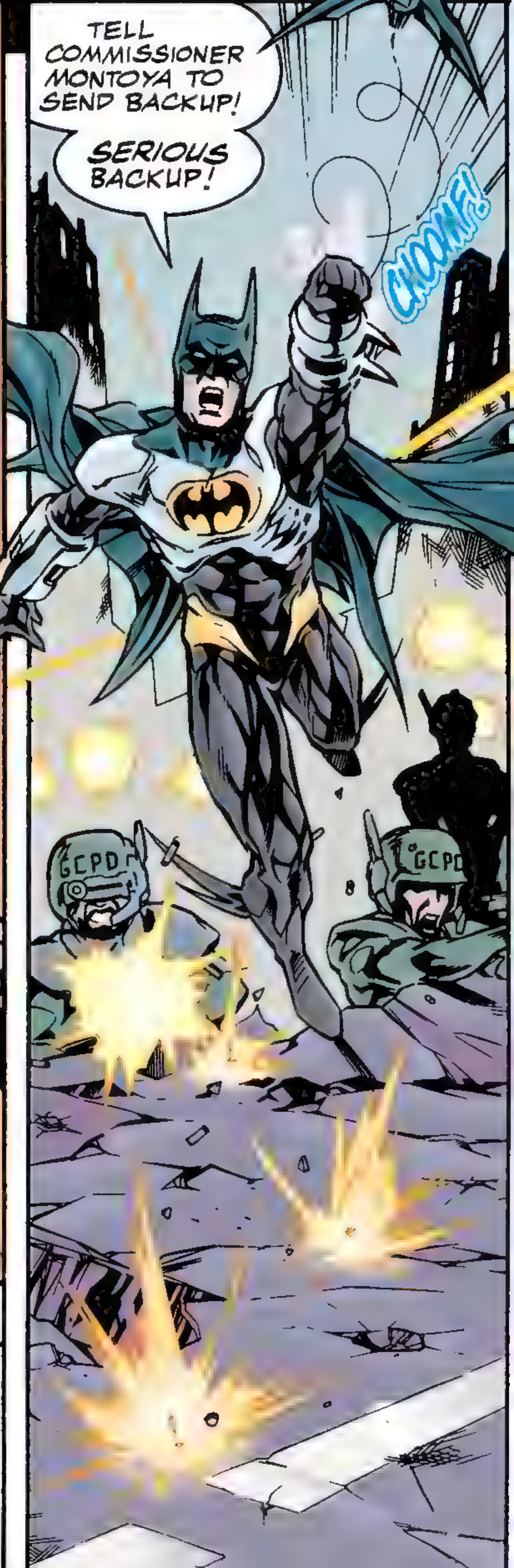
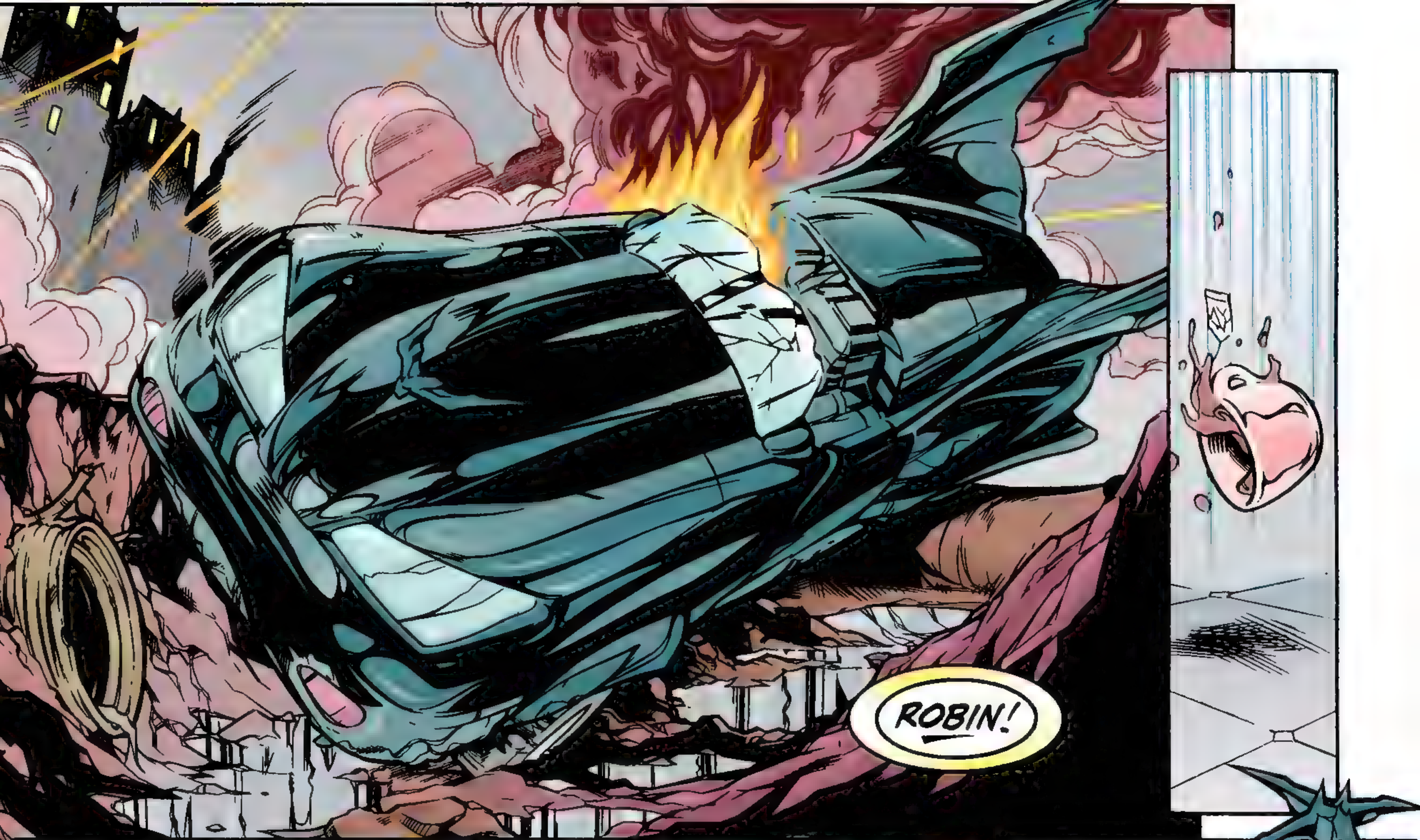


WHO AM I? I'M THE IMMINENT MASTER OF...WELL, EVERYTHING REALLY.

I'M THE KEY, YOU IGNORANT JUNKFOOD MTV MORON! DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

THE KEY!







I'M GOING IN!



HUFF!

LET THE BOY GO! WHOEVER YOU ARE!

LET THE BOY GO!



SMOKE'S CLEARING... I CAN SEE SOME...

OH NO... IT'S HIM. HE'S BACK. OH GOD, IT'S NEVER GOING TO END.

IT'S HIM.

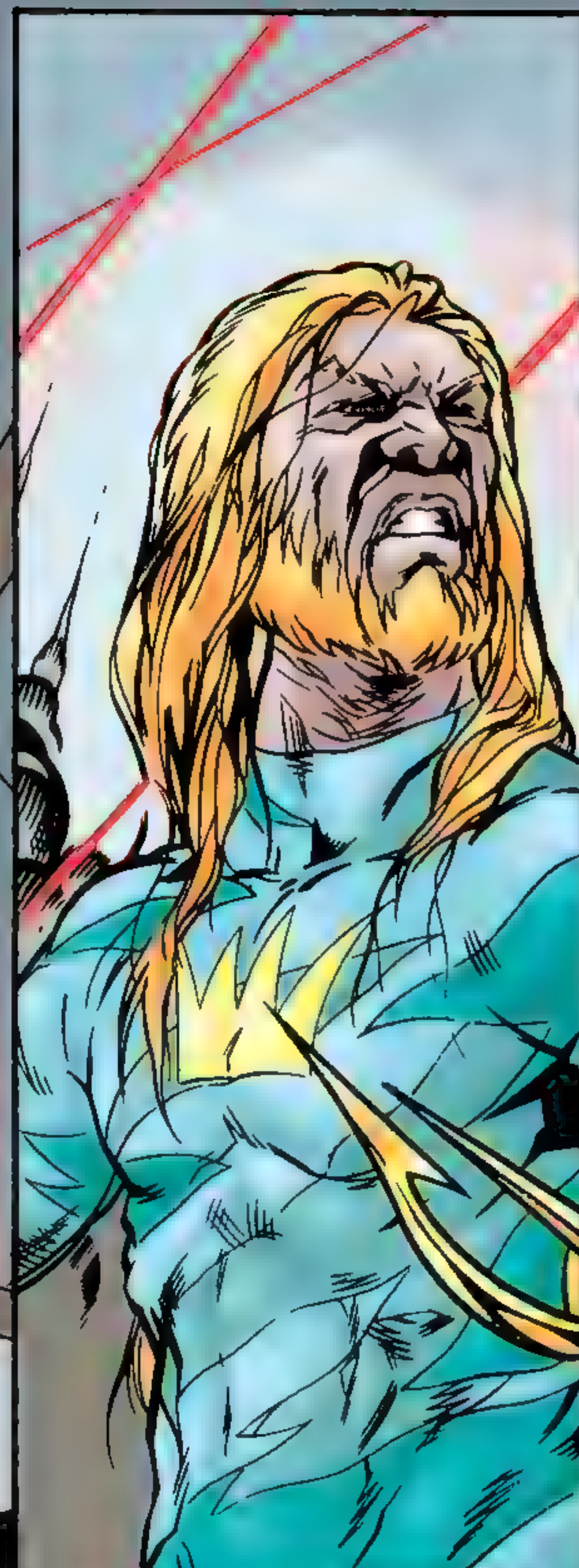


BRUCE?

THE JOKER.



HA.



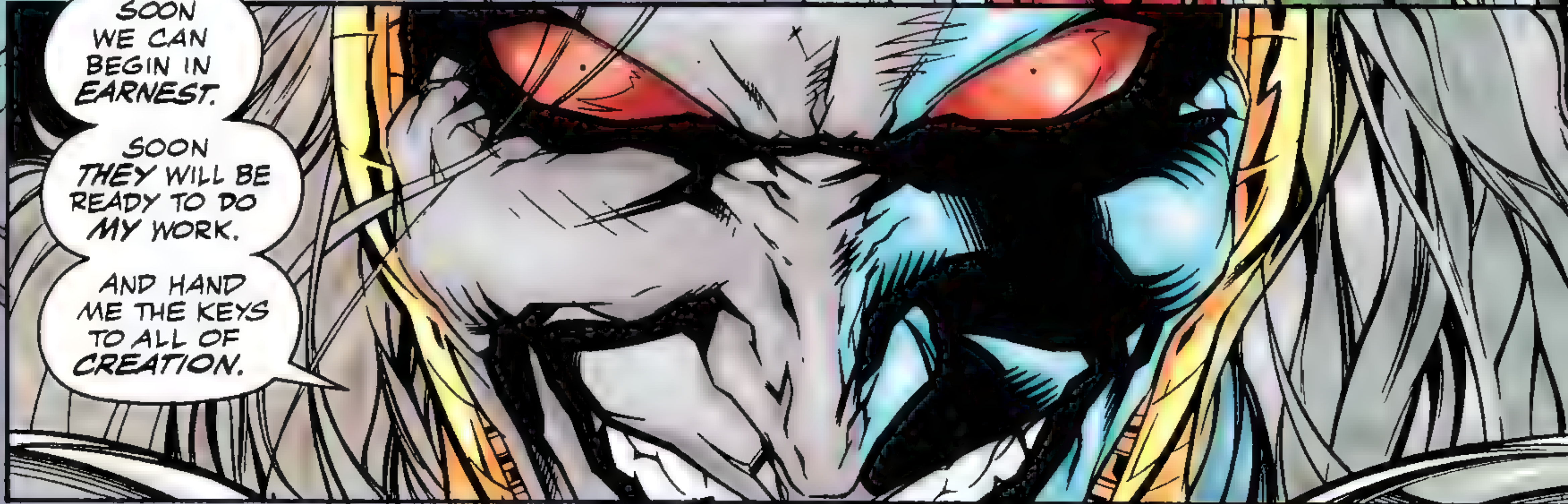
ADMINISTER THE VIRUS TO THE FLASH, KEYMAN THREE.

OUR LITTLE REPLICIA REALITY IS ABOUT TO BEAR FRUIT.

SOON WE CAN BEGIN IN EARNEST.

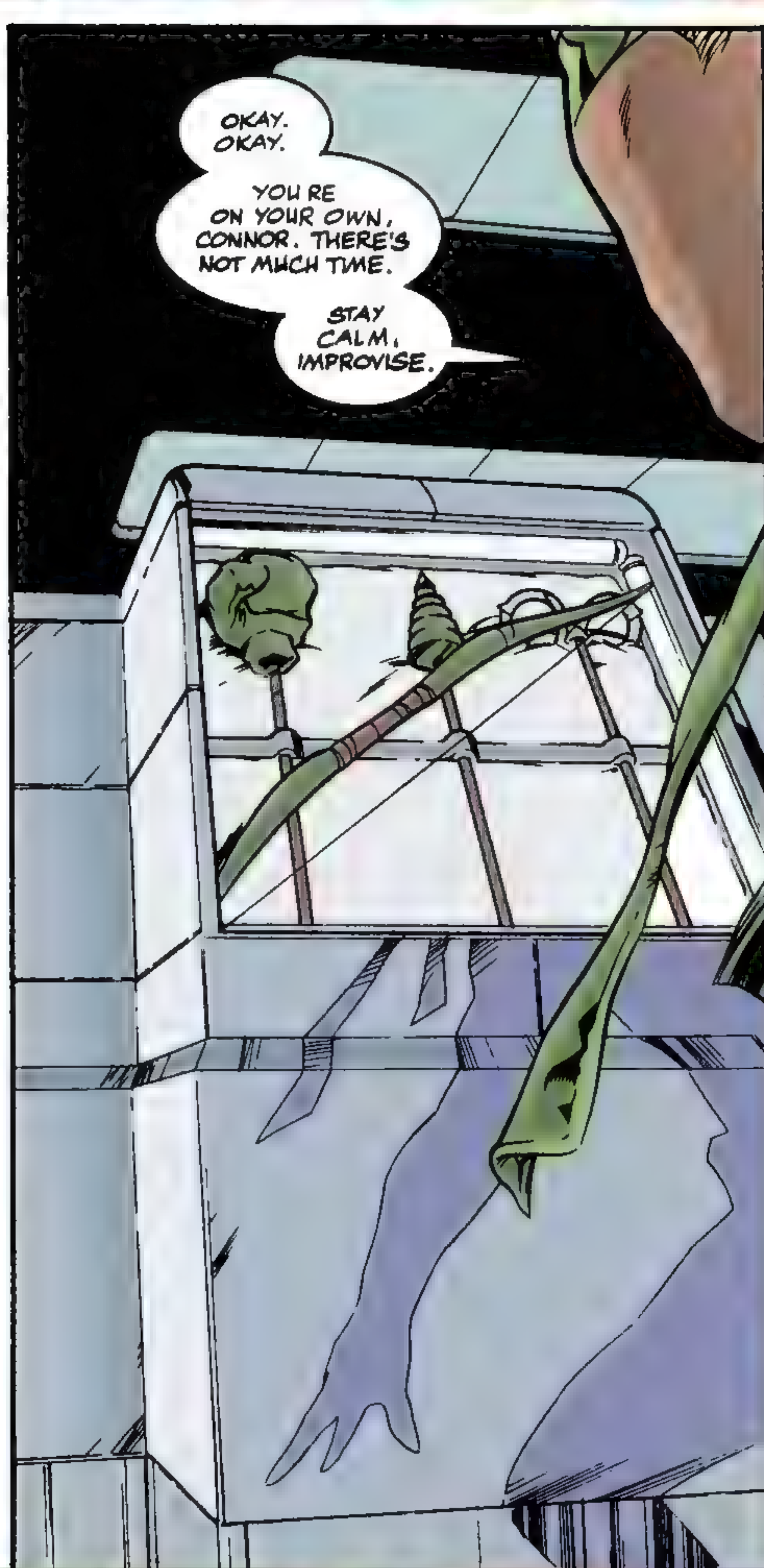
SOON THEY WILL BE READY TO DO MY WORK.

AND HAND ME THE KEYS TO ALL OF CREATION.





NNN!
THERE.



OKAY.
OKAY.

YOU'RE
ON YOUR OWN,
CONNOR. THERE'S
NOT MUCH TIME.

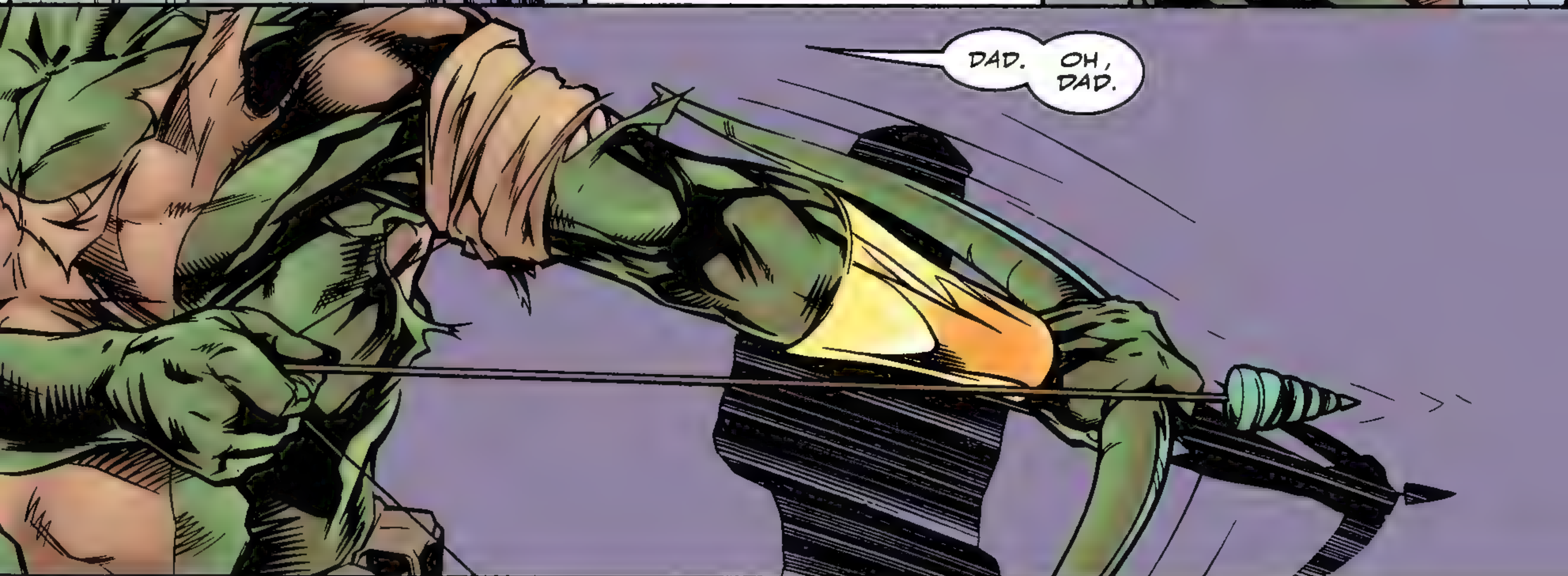
STAY
CALM,
IMPROVISE.



HANDCUFF
ARROWS.

NET
ARROWS.

BOXING
GLOVE
ARROWS?



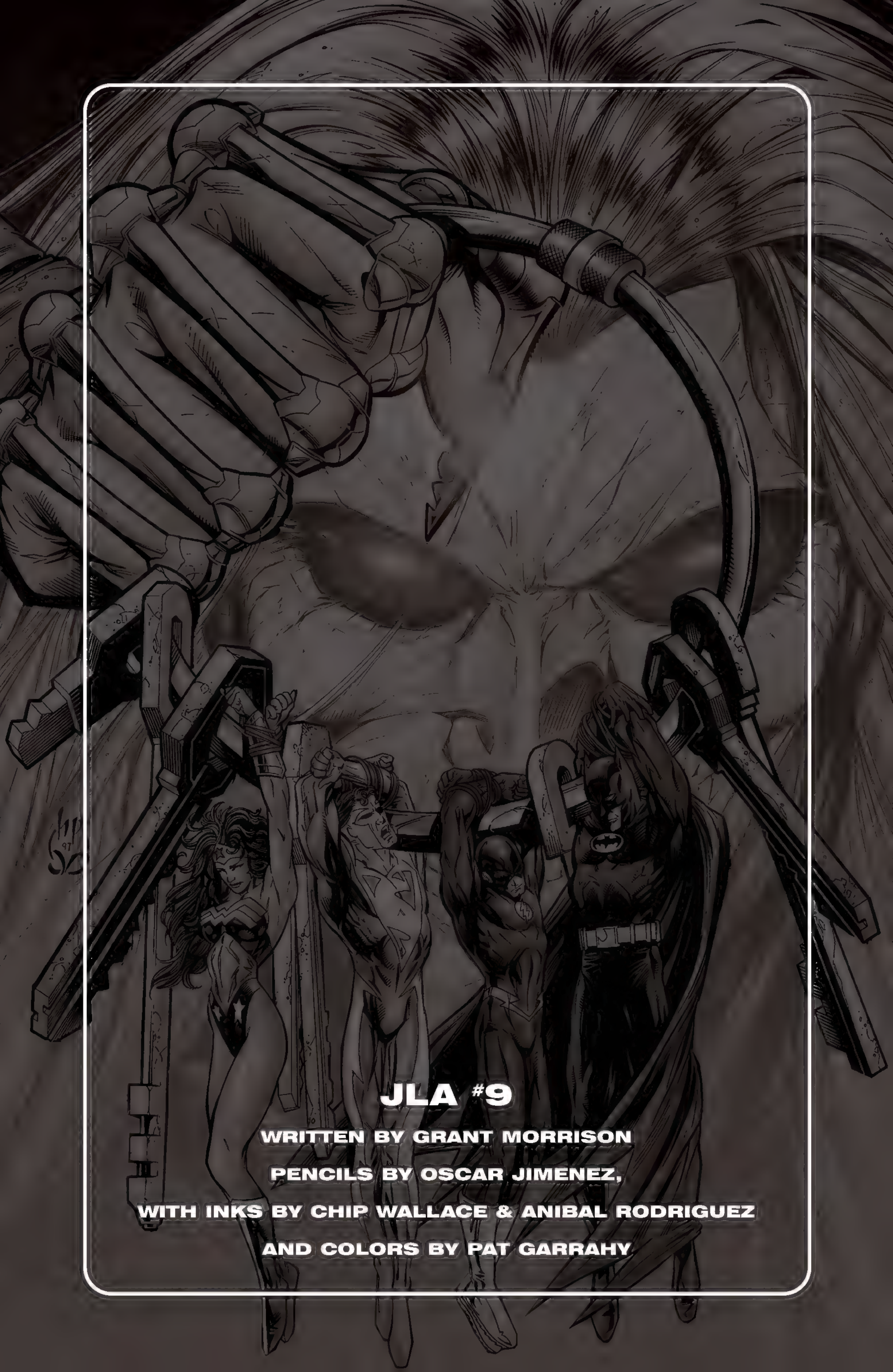
DAD. OH,
DAD.



YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
THE DEATH
OF ME.

MIDBAY





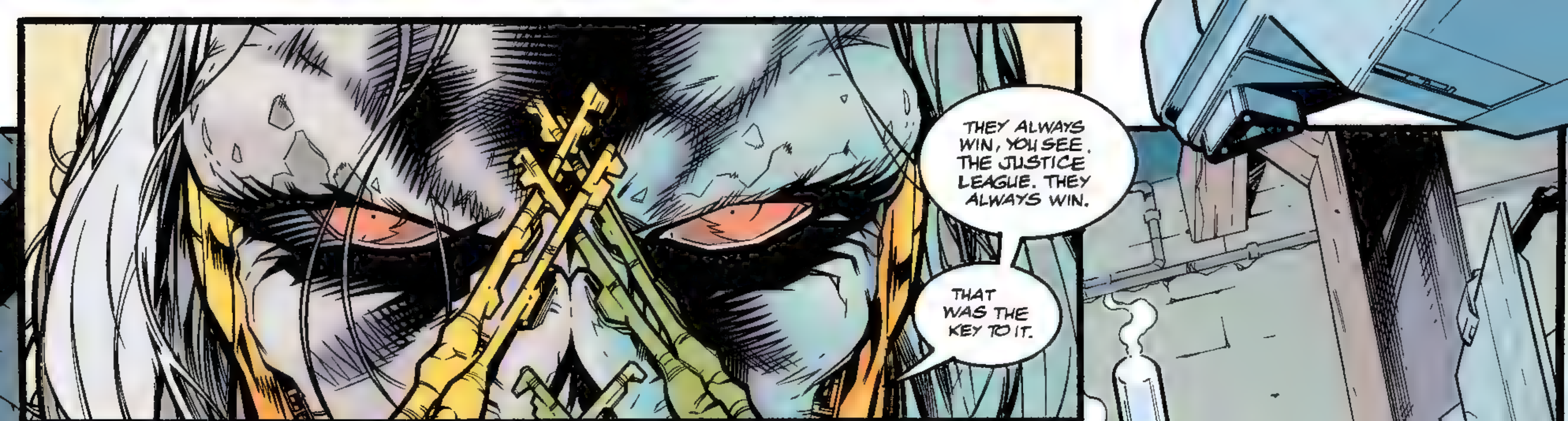
JLA #9

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON

PENCILS BY OSCAR JIMENEZ,

WITH INKS BY CHIP WALLACE & ANIBAL RODRIGUEZ

AND COLORS BY PAT GARRAHY



THEY ALWAYS WIN, YOU SEE. THE JUSTICE LEAGUE. THEY ALWAYS WIN.

THAT WAS THE KEY TO IT.

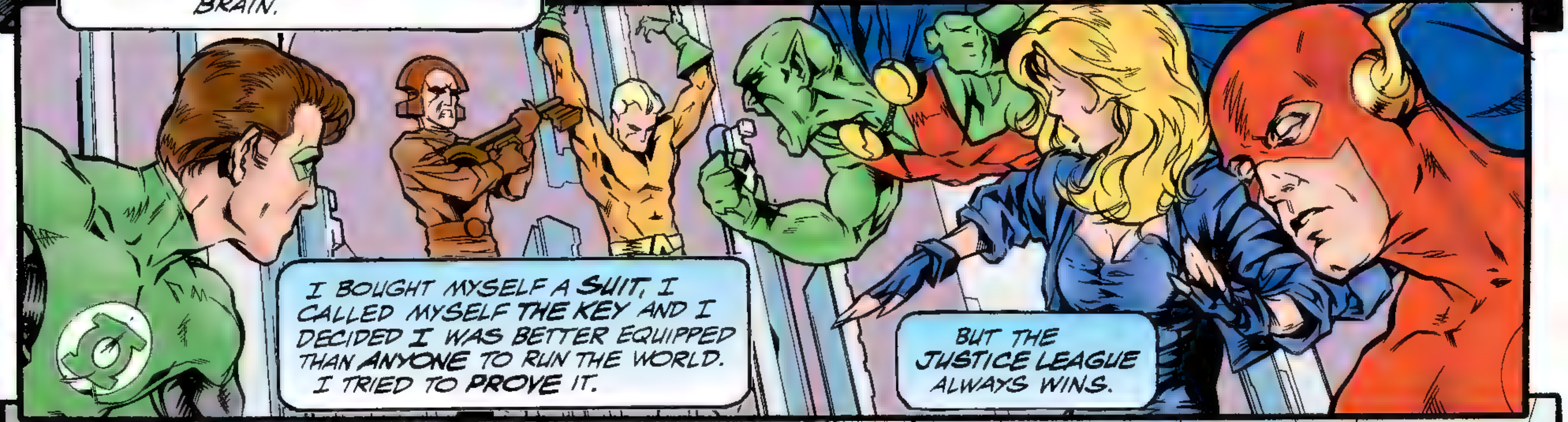


OF COURSE, IT WASN'T THAT SIMPLE WHEN I STARTED.

DOWN THERE IN THE BASEMENTS OF THE INTERGANG, EXPERIMENTING.

I WAS NEVER VERY STRONG OR FAST BUT I WAS SMART. SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW I COULD BE SMARTER.

SO I BEGAN TO USE MY NEWLY-DISCOVERED PSYCHO-CHEMICALS ON MYSELF, OPENING THE DOORS TO THE UNTAPPED AREAS OF THE BRAIN.



I BOUGHT MYSELF A SUIT, I CALLED MYSELF THE KEY AND I DECIDED I WAS BETTER EQUIPPED THAN ANYONE TO RUN THE WORLD. I TRIED TO PROVE IT.

BUT THE JUSTICE LEAGUE ALWAYS WINS.



I WANTED TO CONTROL THE WORLD, THEREFORE I HAD TO RID MYSELF OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, THEREFORE I HAD TO BECOME... EVEN SMARTER.

SO I FAKED MY MEDICAL COVER AND SLIPPED INTO A QUIET LITTLE COMA AND ALLOWED NEW AND MORE POWERFUL PSYCHO-CHEMICALS TO FORGE A NEW AND MORE POWERFUL MIND.



PEOPLE TALK OF THE SIXTH SENSE...

THEY HAVE NO IDEA! I AM CURRENTLY IN POSSESSION OF ELEVEN SENSES AND COUNTING...

KEYMAN ONE: WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT TO TELL ME?

THE VIRUS HAS BEEN ADMINISTERED TO THE FLASH AND GREEN LANTERN.

PROGRAMS ARE RUNNING SMOOTHLY.

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE ALWAYS WINS. SO I HAD TO MAKE THEM WIN FOR ME; I HAD TO TURN MY PROBLEM INTO A SOLUTION.

I CREATED THE WORLD'S FIRST PROGRAMMABLE PSYCHO-VIRUS. A KIND OF DREAM FLU, WHICH TAKES OVER THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM AND PRODUCES STRUCTURED HALLUCINATIONS.

NO DOOR IS CLOSED TO ME NOW; I WALKED THROUGH THEIR TELE-PORTERS, I PARALYZED THEM ALL WITH A WIDE-BEAM NEURAL SHOCK, AND THEN...

RECENTLY, I DISCOVERED NEGATIVE SPACE AND I REALIZED WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF I PROJECTED MYSELF INTO IT.

PROBLEM 2: MY MIND, UNBOUND AS IT IS, LACKS THE NECESSARY POWER TO CRACK OPEN THE NEGATIVE SPACE DOORWAY.

SO I THOUGHT, "WHY NOT STEAL ENERGY FROM THESE SUPERMINDS TO BOOST MY OWN?" I DOSED THEM WITH THE VIRUS AND TRAPPED THEM IN CURIOUS LITTLE DREAM REALITIES.

AND I'M WAITING. I'M WAITING FOR THEM TO REALIZE THEY'RE DREAMING.

I'M WAITING FOR THAT INEVITABLE JUSTICE LEAGUE VICTORY.

BECAUSE THE ACCOMPANYING PSYCHO-ELECTRIC SURGE WILL GIVE ME THE MEANS TO TAKE CONTROL OF... EVERYTHING.

CUT.

NEURAL BONDING INITIATED.

MY NAME'S WALLY WEST AND
EVER SINCE A DYING NEW GOD
NAMED FASTBAK BEQUEATHED
ME THIS RING, I'VE HAD
ACCESS TO AN UNCANNY
HIGH-VELOCITY ENERGY FIELD
CALLED THE SPEED FORCE.

THE COSTUME'S MADE
OF A CONDENSED HYPER-
DIMENSIONAL GEL--
LITTERLY FRICTIONLESS,
IT'S A DIRECT MANI-
FESTATION OF THE
SPEED SOURCE ITSELF.

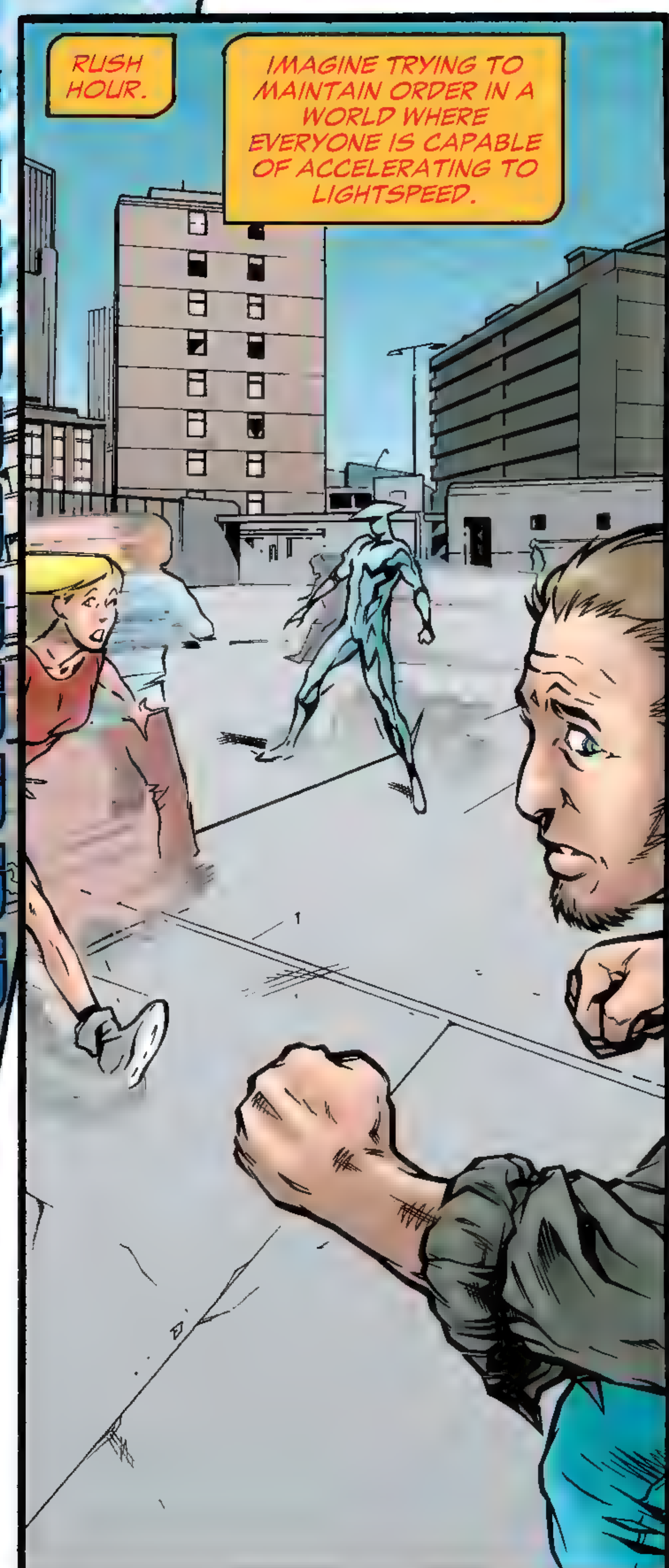
THEY CALL ME
THE FLASH AND
THE FASTEST
MAN ALIVE--MOST
OF THE TIME.

FOR FIVE YEARS, SINCE THE NIGHT I RECEIVED THE RING, AT THE SAME TIME EVERY DAY, SPEED SOURCE ENERGY HAS BEGUN TO LEAK DOWN INTO OUR WORLD.

12 NOON.

RUSH HOUR.

IMAGINE TRYING TO
MAINTAIN ORDER IN A
WORLD WHERE
EVERYONE IS CAPABLE
OF ACCELERATING TO
LIGHTSPEED.



A WORLD WHERE
EVERYTHING JUST
GETS FASTER AND
FASTERANDFASTER.

VIRAL PROGRAM
MALFUNCTION

...NN
FASSER...

HE'S
BACK,
BRUCE!

HE'S
GOING TO
KILL OUR
BOY!

PROGRAM
RUNNING.

NO.
HE WON'T
KILL ANYONE
EVER AGAIN.

CLEAR
THE STREETS!
CLEAR THE
STREETS!

SOMETHING
BIG'S COMING
THROUGH.



BRUCE!
THIS IS
TIM!

THIS DAMN THING
CAN GO FASTER,
BRUCE! I KNOW
IT CAN!

KEEP YOUR
HEAD, TIM.
STALL HIM.

HOW LONG HAVE WE
BEEN MARRIED, SELINA?
TWENTY-ONE YEARS? THERE'S
SOMETHING STRANGE HERE.



BRUCE,
PLEASE.

HE SAYS
HE'S GOING TO
SHOOT ROBIN
AT FIVE-MINUTE
INTERVALS. HE'S
SERIOUS!

HE
SAYS HE
WANTS
YOU!

BLAM!



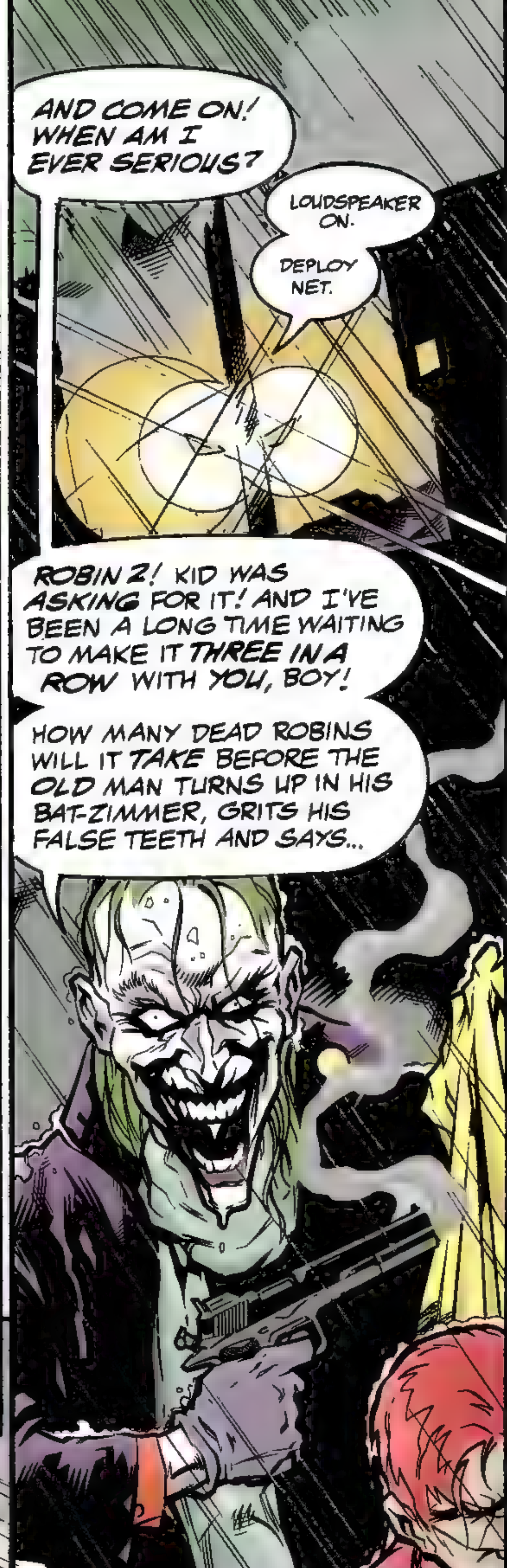
**ENOUGH!
ENOUGH!**

WHADDYA MEAN,
"ENOUGH! ENOUGH!"
ENOUGH IS NEVER
ENOUGH! NEVER
WAS. NEVER WILL
BE.

TWO LEGS
DOWN...
REMEMBER
WHEN YOU
WERE ROBIN?
SURE YOU DO!
YOU STILL LOOK
LIKE A KID
WEARING DAD'S
PANTS.

URRR

HAHAHAHA



AND COME ON!
WHEN AM I
EVER SERIOUS?

LOUDSPEAKER
ON.

DEPLOY
NET.

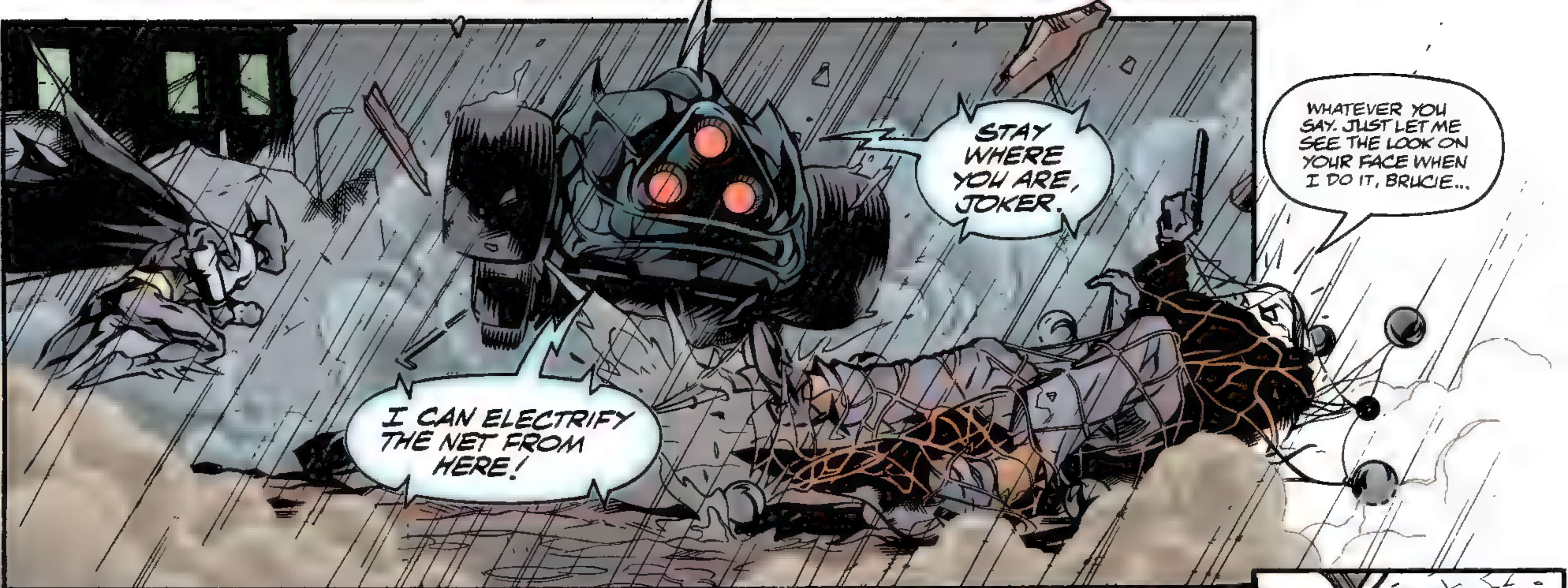
ROBIN 2! KID WAS
ASKING FOR IT! AND I'VE
BEEN A LONG TIME WAITING
TO MAKE IT THREE IN A
ROW WITH YOU, BOY!

HOW MANY DEAD ROBINS
WILL IT TAKE BEFORE THE
OLD MAN TURNS UP IN HIS
BAT-ZIMMER, GRITS HIS
FALSE TEETH AND SAYS...



JOKERRRR!

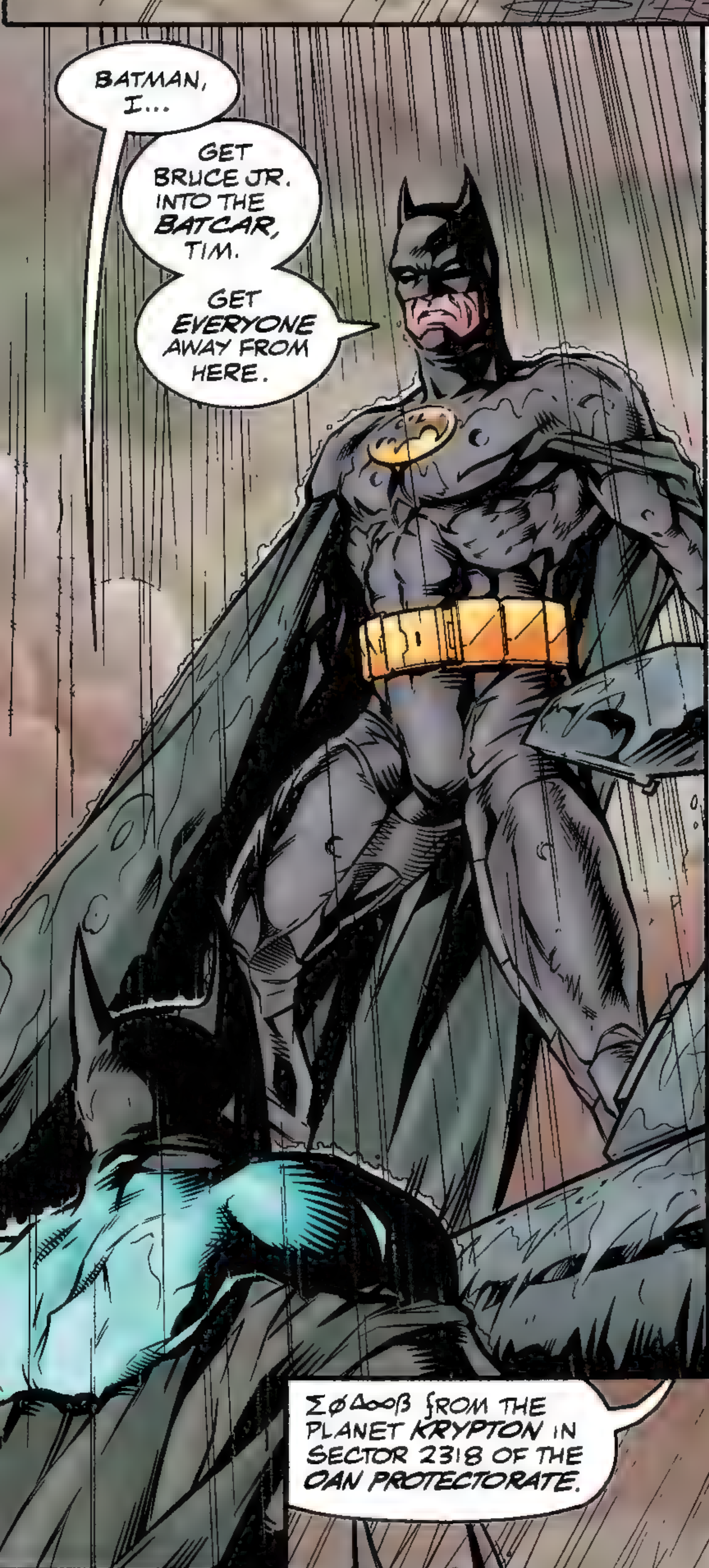
hahah



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, JOKER.

WHATEVER YOU SAY. JUST LET ME SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE WHEN I DO IT, BRUCE...

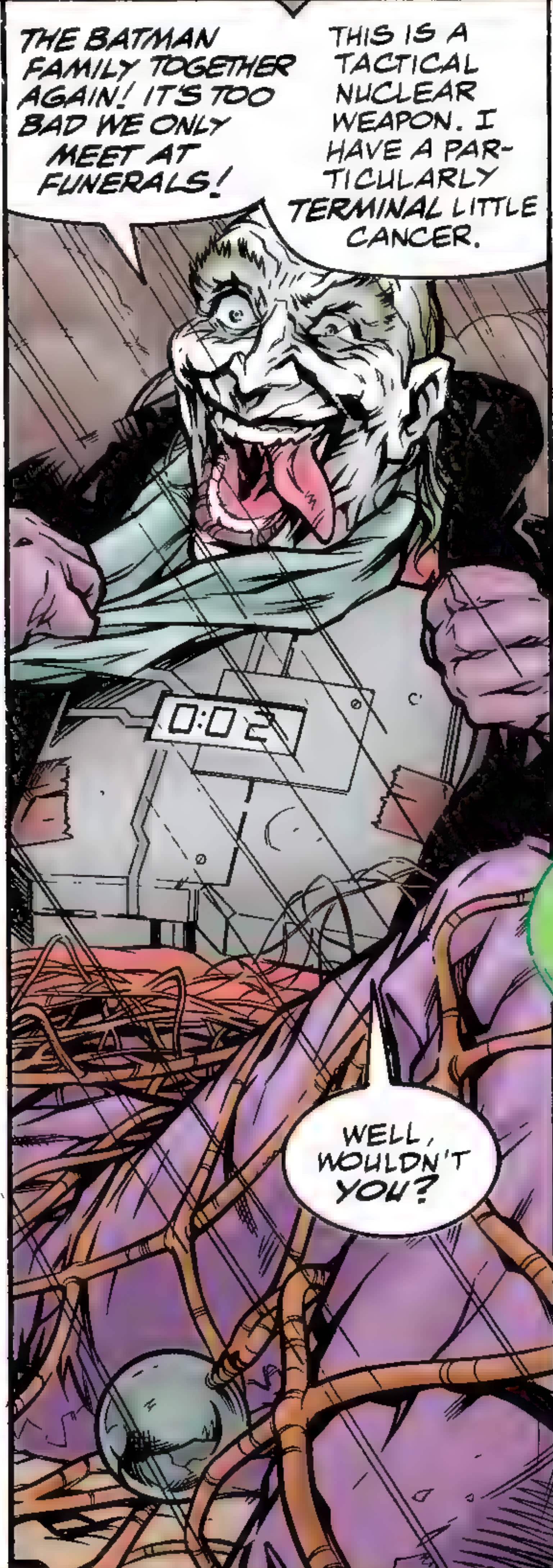
I CAN ELECTRIFY THE NET FROM HERE!



BATMAN, I...

GET BRUCE JR. INTO THE BATCAR, TIM.

GET EVERYONE AWAY FROM HERE.



THE BATMAN FAMILY TOGETHER AGAIN! IT'S TOO BAD WE ONLY MEET AT FUNERALS!

THIS IS A TACTICAL NUCLEAR WEAPON. I HAVE A PARTICULARLY TERMINAL LITTLE CANCER.

WELL, WOULDN'T YOU?



HA HA HA HA HA HA

UHH?

WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER

\$40TT



Σ04003 FROM THE PLANET KRYPTON IN SECTOR 2318 OF THE OAN PROTECTORATE.

PLEASE FORGIVE THE RAPID CULTURE SHOCK BUT I HAD TO ACT DIRECTLY AND QUICKLY.



THE FISSION DEVICE
HAS BEEN DISABLED
AND THIS MAN
SECURED IN THE
PHANTOM ZONE.

YOU CAN
CALL ME
KAL-EL...

DO I
KNOW
YOU?

ELSEWORLDS



KEEP THOSE
CAMERAS ROLLING
ALL THROUGH THE
SURGE, KEYMAN
ONE.

EVERYONE! I WANT
YOU TO EXPERIENCE WITH
ME THE MOMENT WHEN
THEY WAKE UP AND I USE
THEIR ENERGY TO OPEN
THE LOCKS OF TIME AND
SPACE AND BECOME **GOD**
BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

THIS IS
ULTIMATE TV.

SUPERMAN'S ENERGY
PROFILE IS BECOMING
INCREASINGLY STABLE. HE
COULD SOON POSE A THREAT.

ADDITIONALLY,
I MUST
REMINDE YOU
THAT GREEN
ARROW IS
STILL AT
LARGE...



YOU MUSTN'T REMIND ME
OF ANYTHING UNLESS I
TELL YOU TO REMIND ME.
GREEN ARROW IS NOT A
CONSIDERATION HERE. HE
IS AN UNANTICIPATED ELEMENT,
BUT NOT A PARTICULARLY
THREATENING ONE.

AND SUPERMAN
IS DOING
EXACTLY WHAT
I WANT.

SWITCH TO
AGGRESSIVE
MODE, KEYMAN
ONE.

AND IF BY
CHANCE YOU DO
STUMBLE ACROSS
"GREEN ARROW"...

...MAKE IT
MESSY.

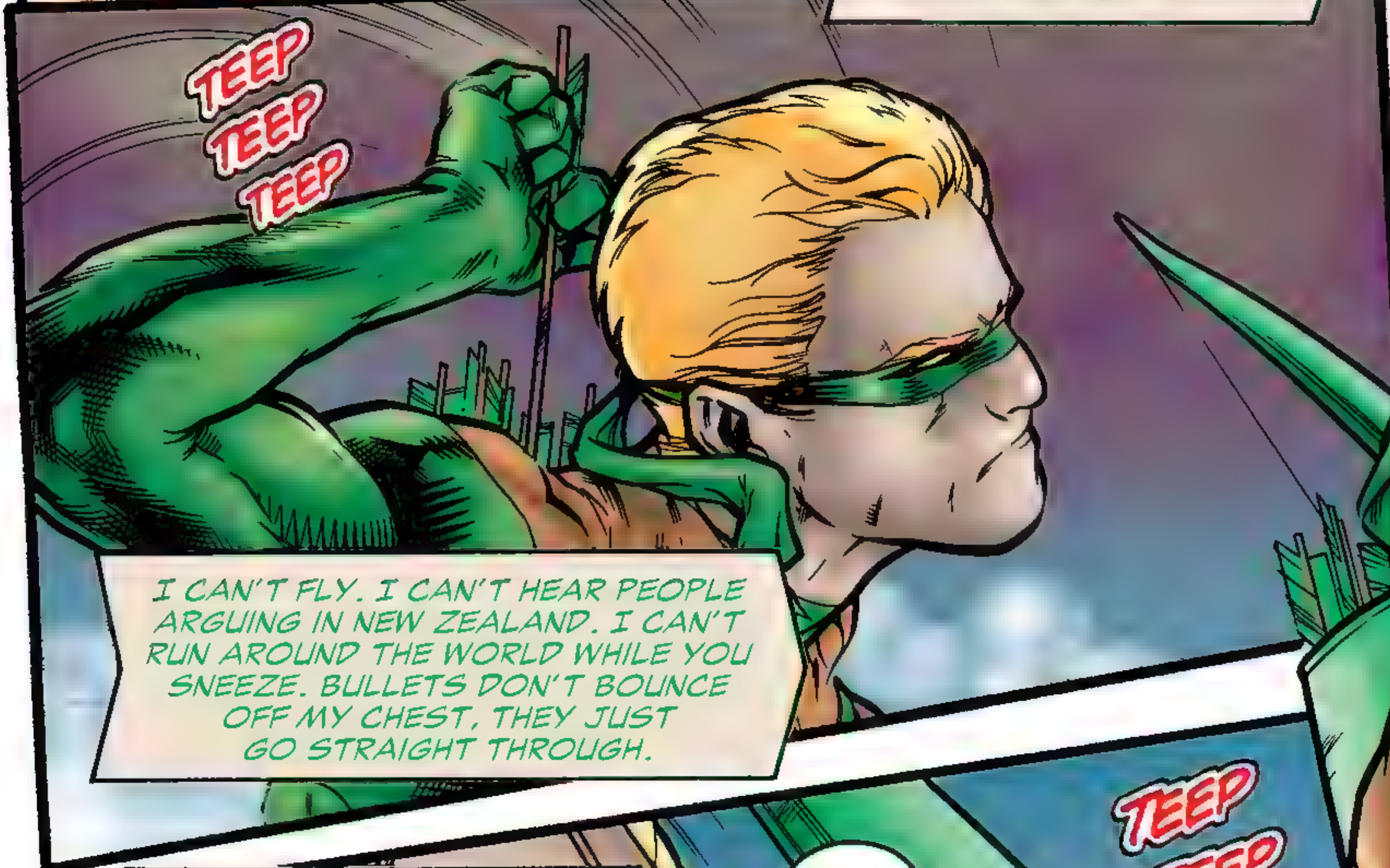


KHA-CHUUMF
KHA-CHUUMF
KHA-CHUUMF

ZZAK ZZAK ZZAK

I'M ONLY HERE BECAUSE GREEN LANTERN TALKED ME INTO IT.

AND I'M NOT EVEN TOO SURE I CAN MANAGE THAT RIGHT NOW.



TEEP
TEEP
TEEP

I CAN'T FLY. I CAN'T HEAR PEOPLE ARGUING IN NEW ZEALAND. I CAN'T RUN AROUND THE WORLD WHILE YOU SNEEZE. BULLETS DON'T BOUNCE OFF MY CHEST, THEY JUST GO STRAIGHT THROUGH.



TEEP
TEEP
TEEP

EXPLOSIVE ARROW?



I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY WANT ME TO TRY OUT FOR THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

?

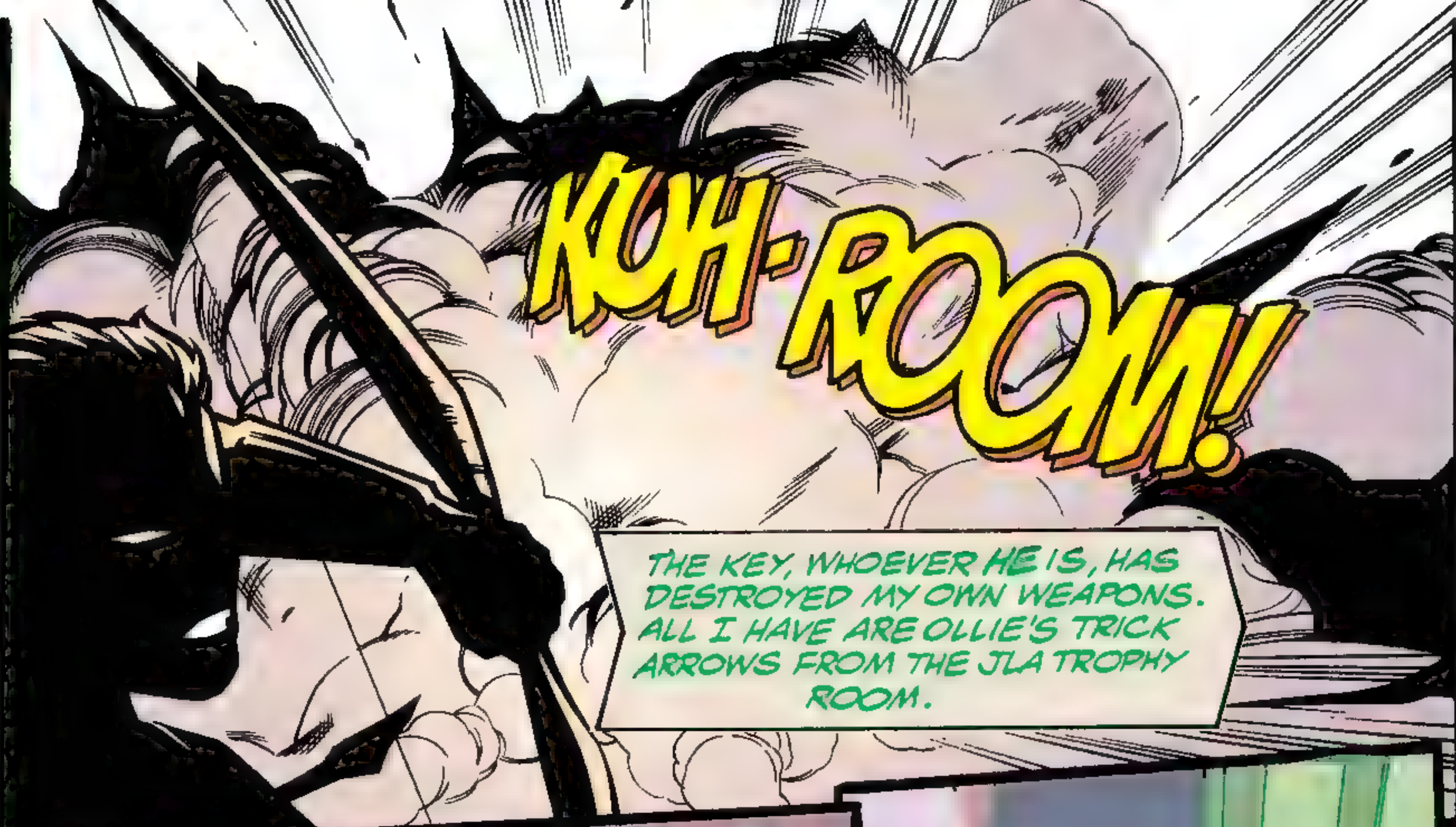
TEEP
TEEP
TEEP

I SHOOT ARROWS.



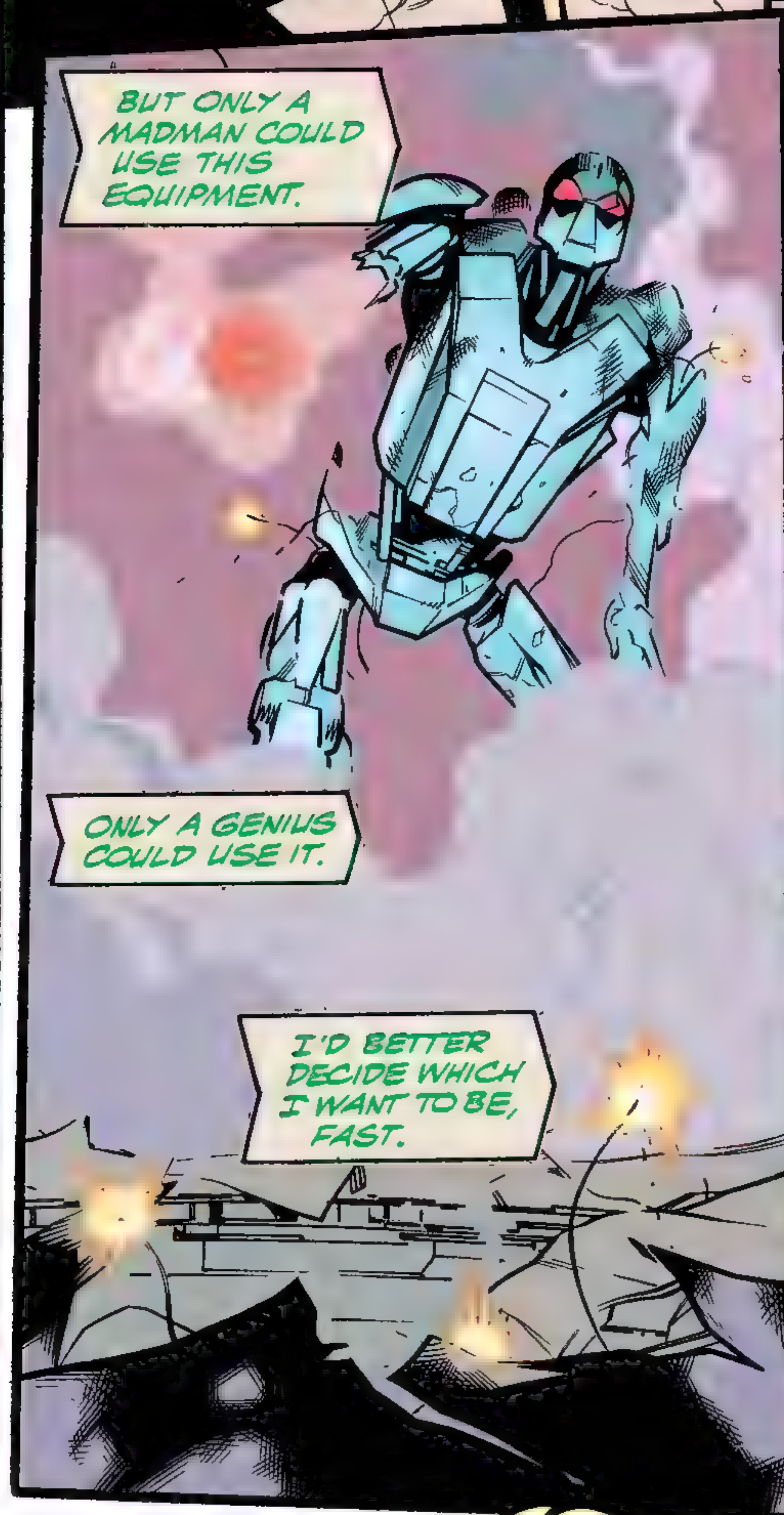
YAAAA

OLIVER QUEEN, MY FATHER, THE FIRST GREEN ARROW, WAS EITHER A GENIUS OR A MADMAN.



KUH-ROOM!

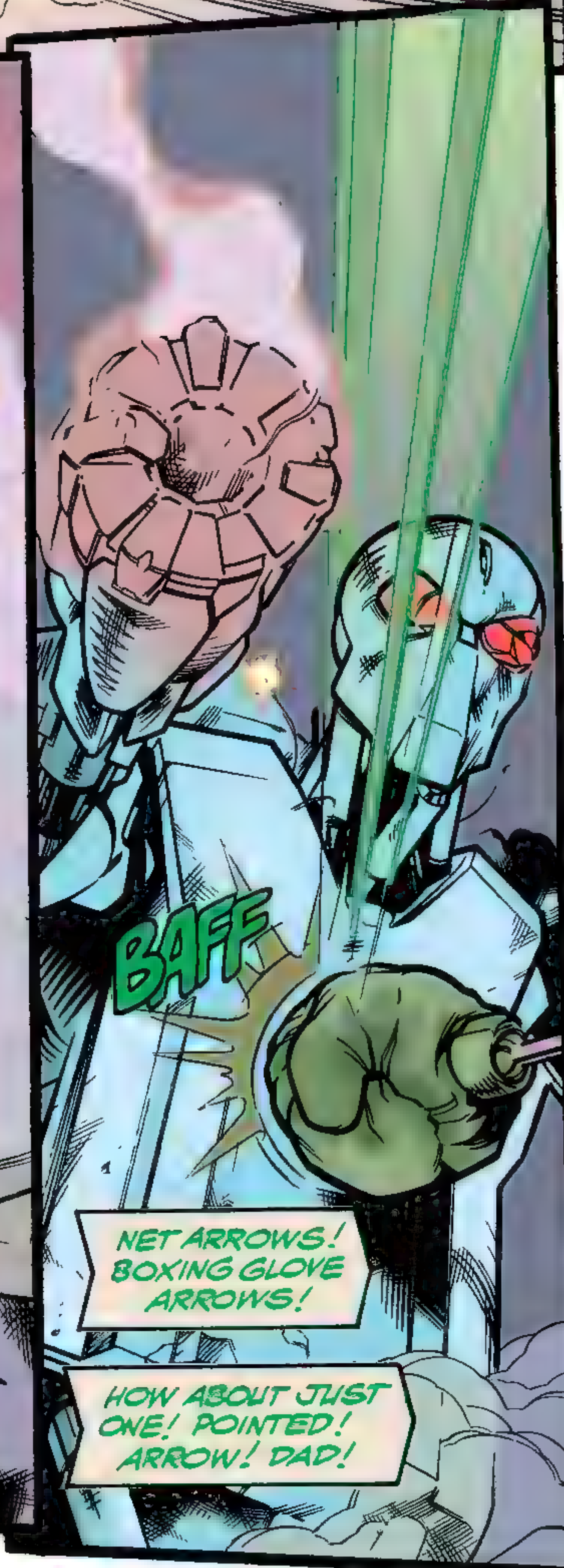
THE KEY, WHOEVER HE IS, HAS DESTROYED MY OWN WEAPONS. ALL I HAVE ARE OLLIE'S TRICK ARROWS FROM THE JLA TROPHY ROOM.



BUT ONLY A MADMAN COULD USE THIS EQUIPMENT.

ONLY A GENIUS COULD USE IT.

I'D BETTER DECIDE WHICH I WANT TO BE, FAST.



BAFF

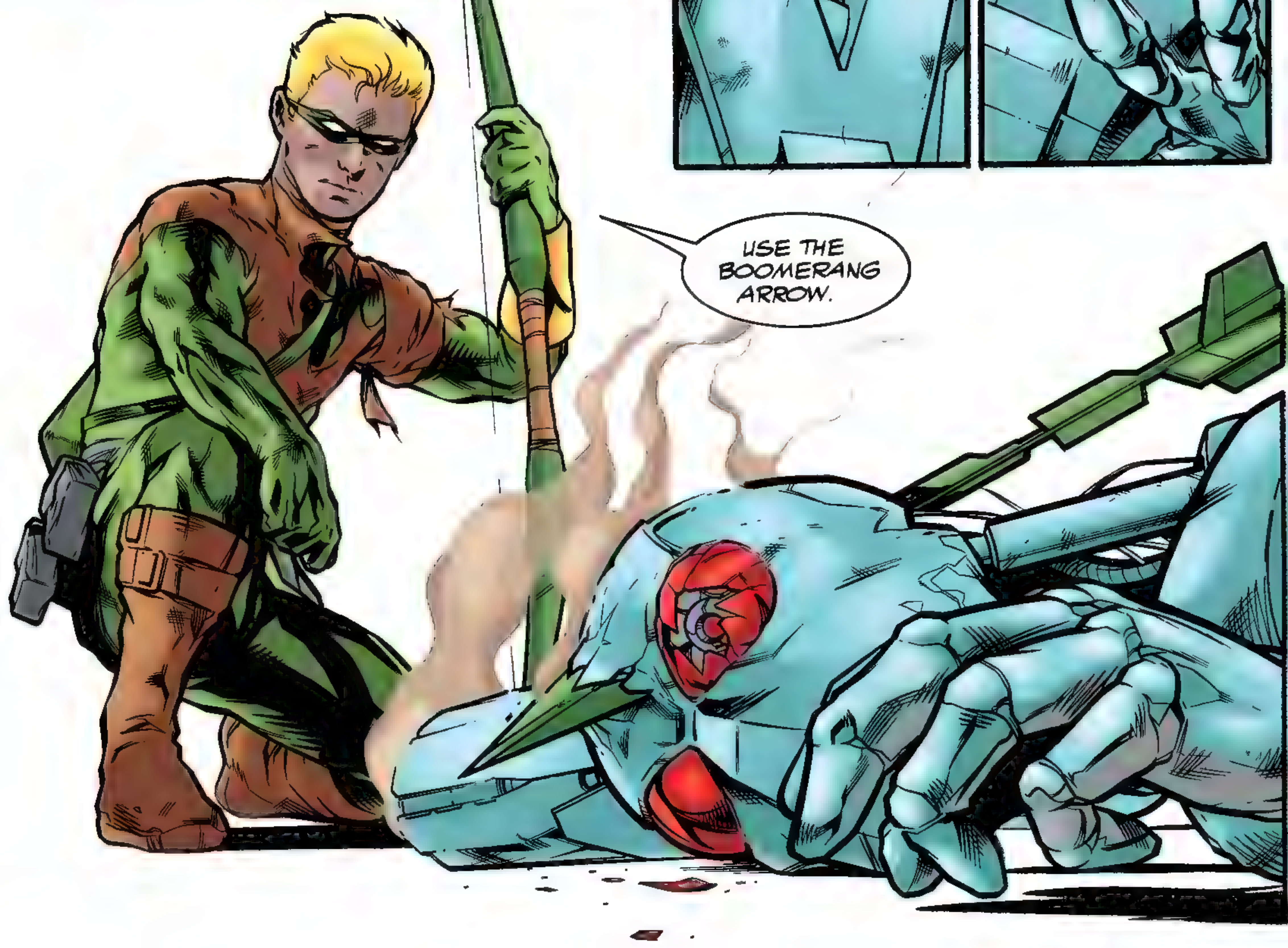
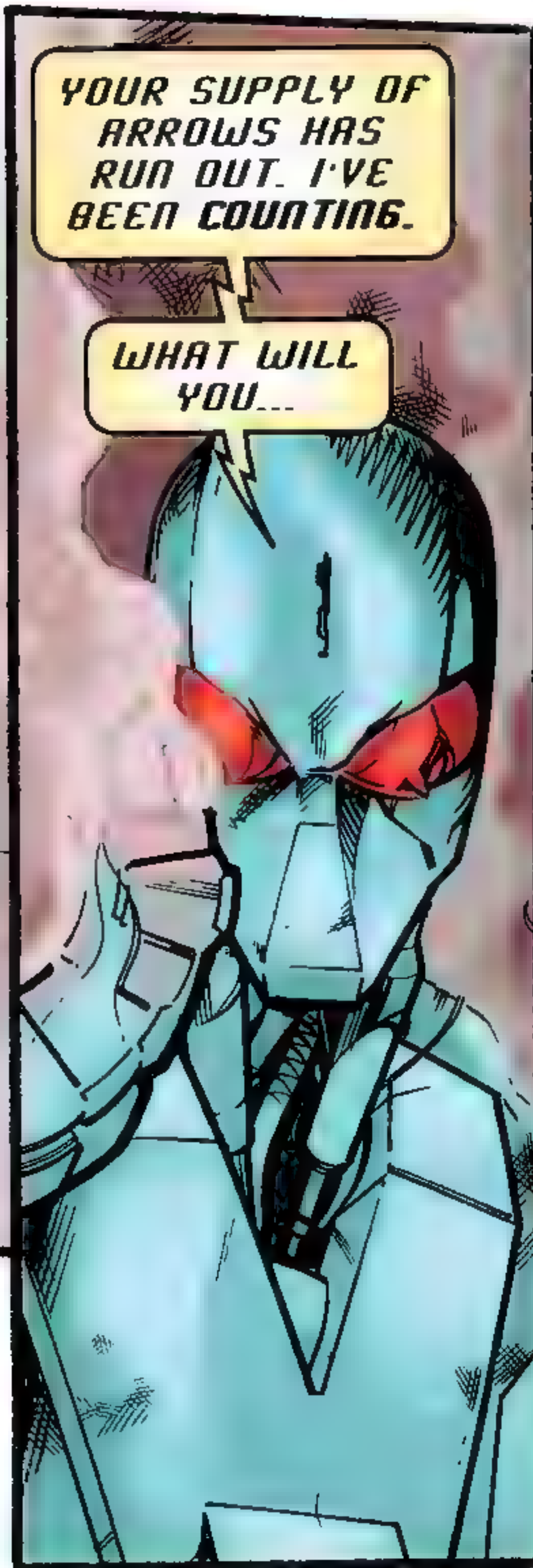
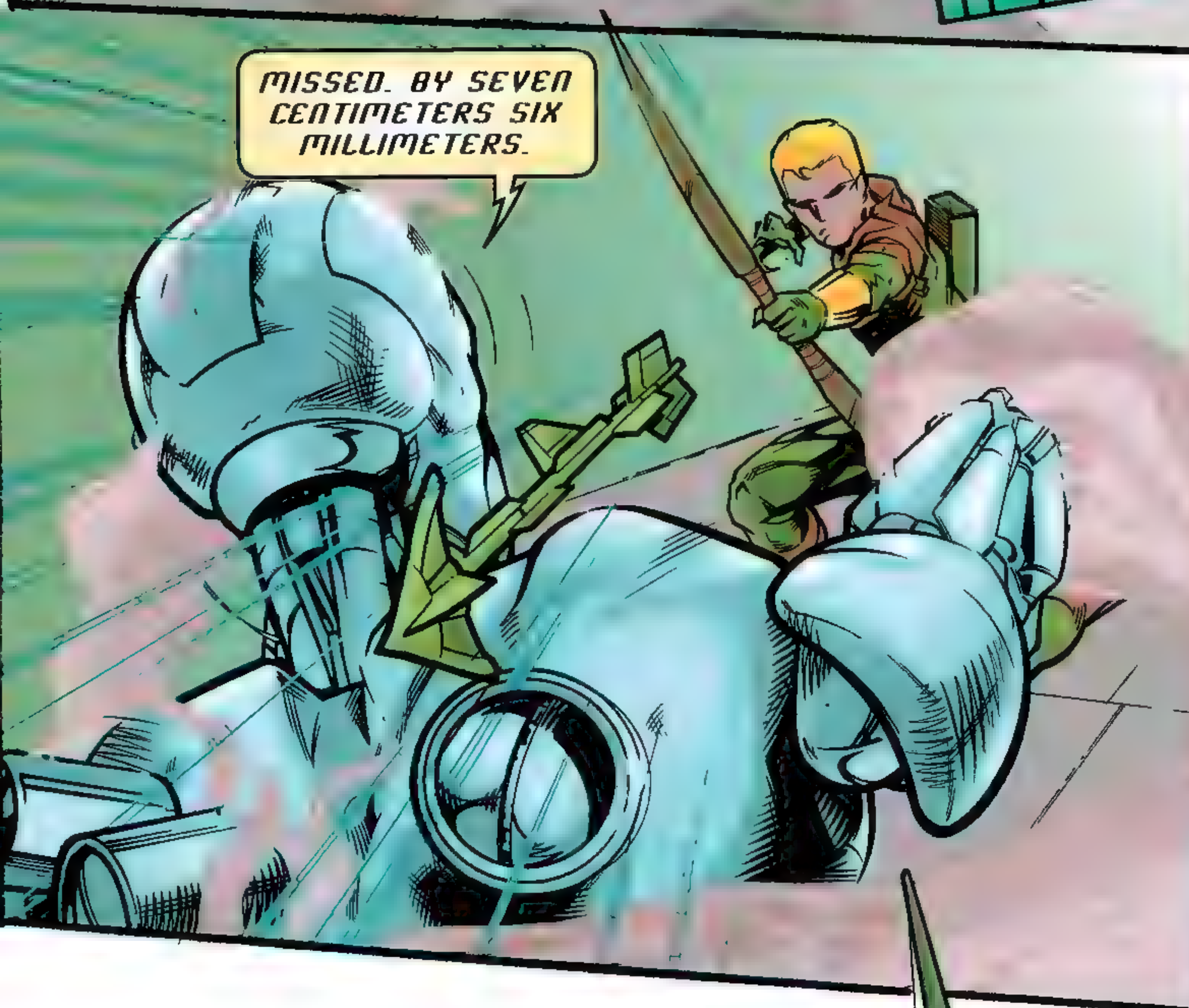
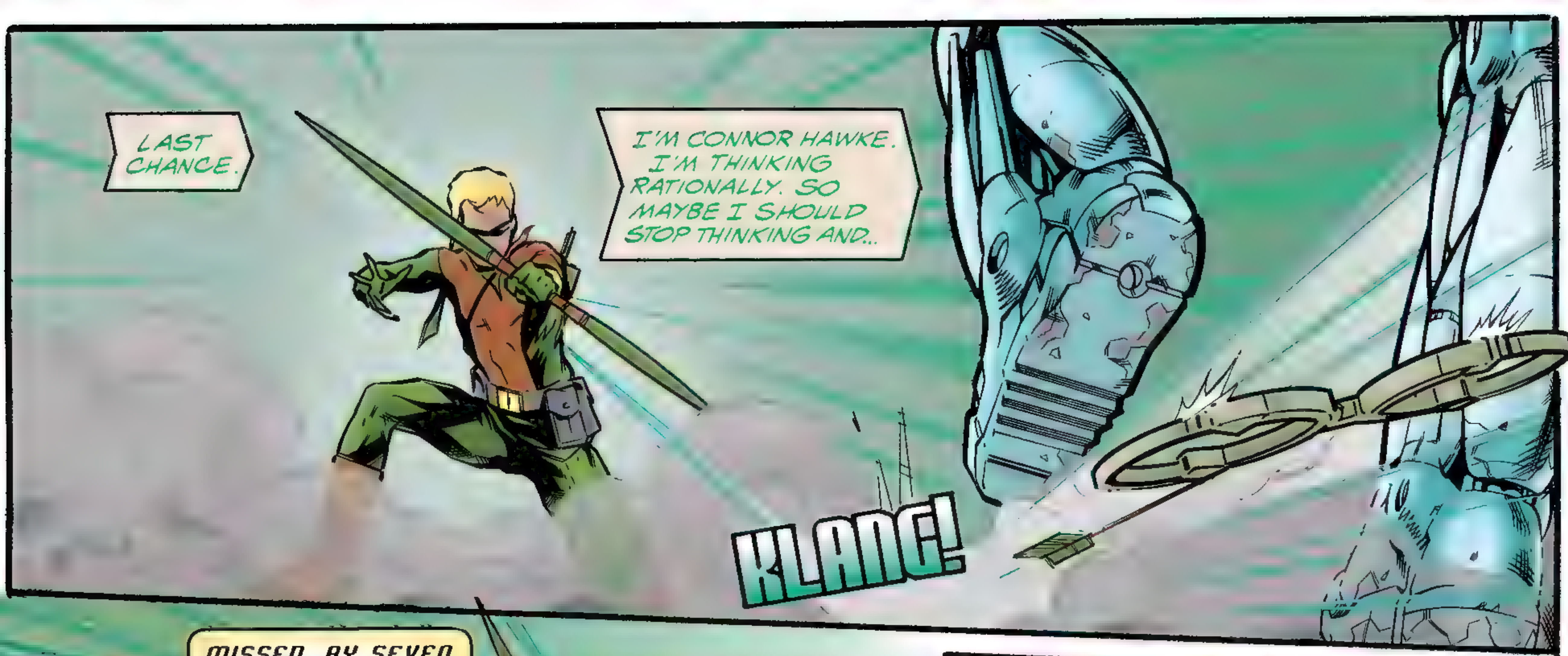
NET ARROWS!
BOXING GLOVE
ARROWS!

HOW ABOUT JUST
ONE! POINTED!
ARROW! DAD!



I'M ALONE ON THE MOON AGAINST A LUNATIC WHO HAS MANAGED TO PARALYZE THE MOST POWERFUL LIVING CREATURES ON EARTH. THEIR LIVES ARE IN MY HANDS.

I MUST
REMAIN
CALM.

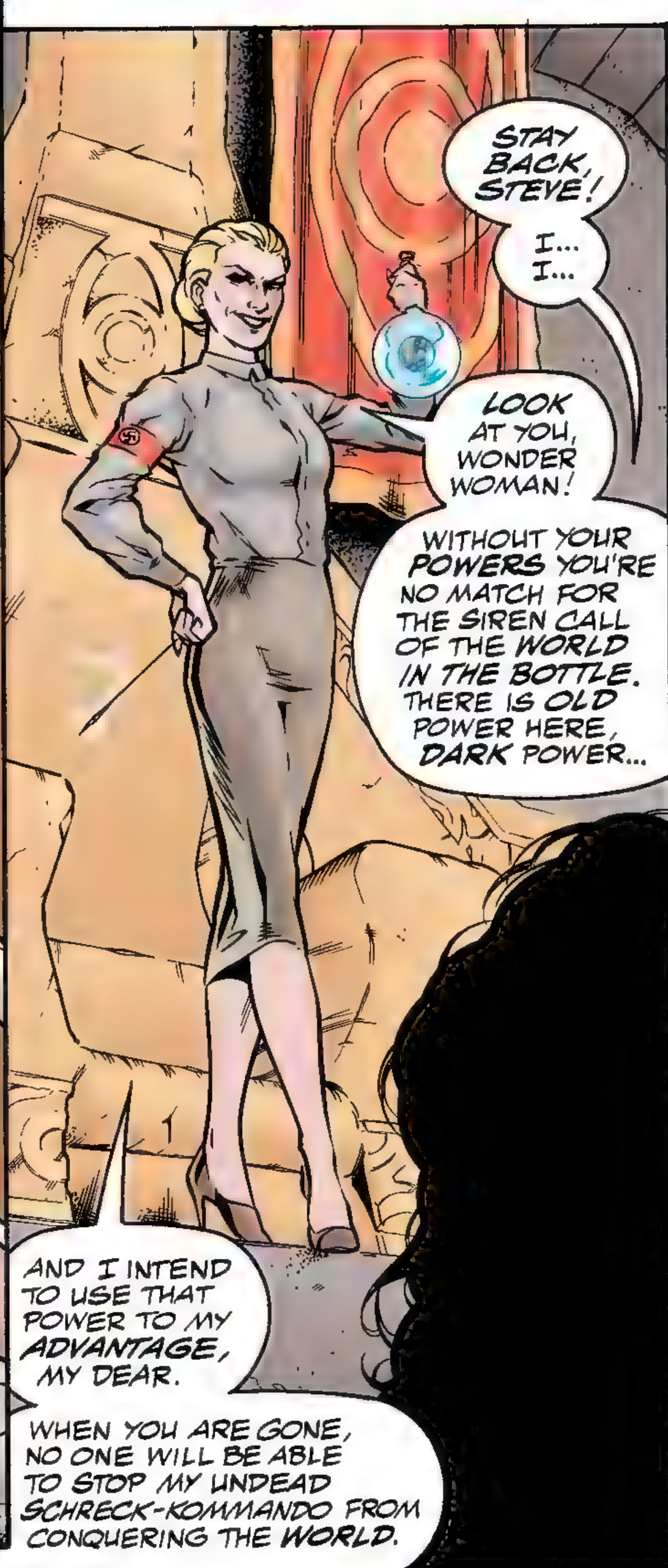




DIANA, DON'T TAKE ONE STEP CLOSER TO THAT NAZI! SHE'S PLANNING SOMETHING!

WHAT'S THAT WEIRD THING IN HER HAND?

DIANA, PLEASE!



STAY BACK, STEVE!

I...
I...

LOOK AT YOU, WONDER WOMAN!

WITHOUT YOUR POWERS YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR THE SIREN CALL OF THE WORLD IN THE BOTTLE. THERE IS OLD POWER HERE, DARK POWER...

AND I INTEND TO USE THAT POWER TO MY ADVANTAGE, MY DEAR.

WHEN YOU ARE GONE, NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO STOP MY UNDEAD SCHRECK-KOMMANDO FROM CONQUERING THE WORLD.



WHO WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT THE UNDYING FÜHRER OF THE BILLION-YEAR REICH WOULD BE A WOMAN?



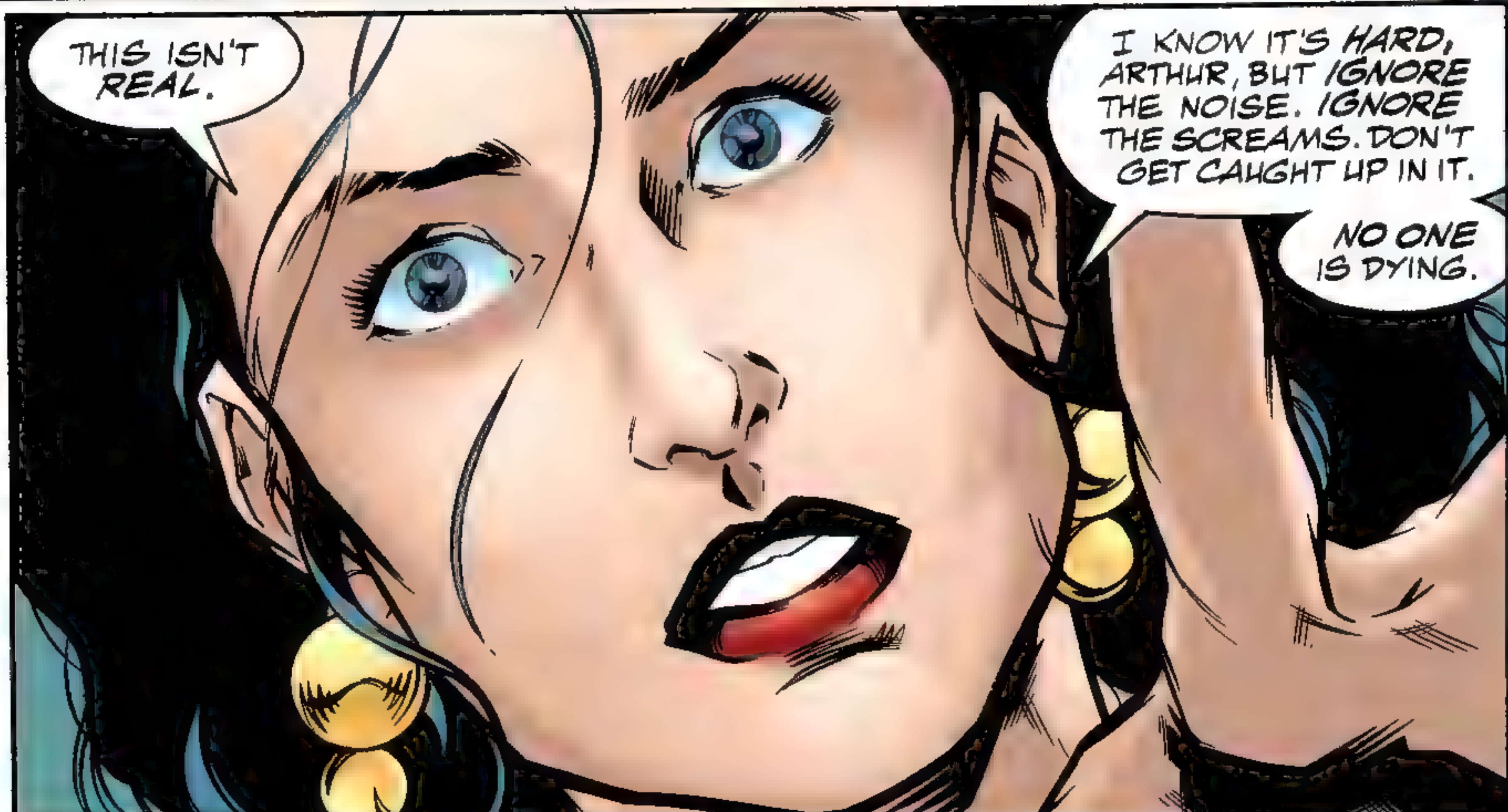
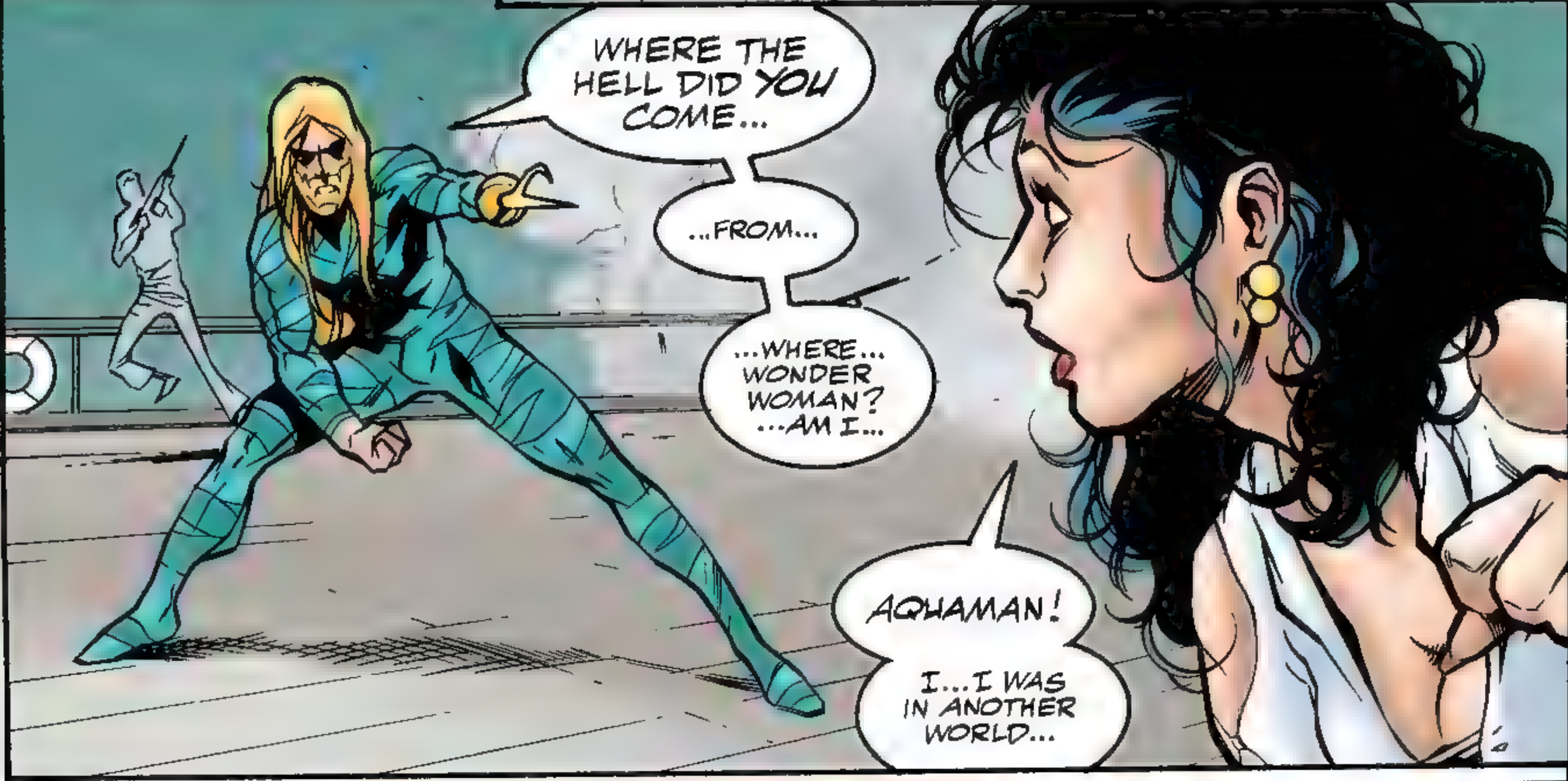
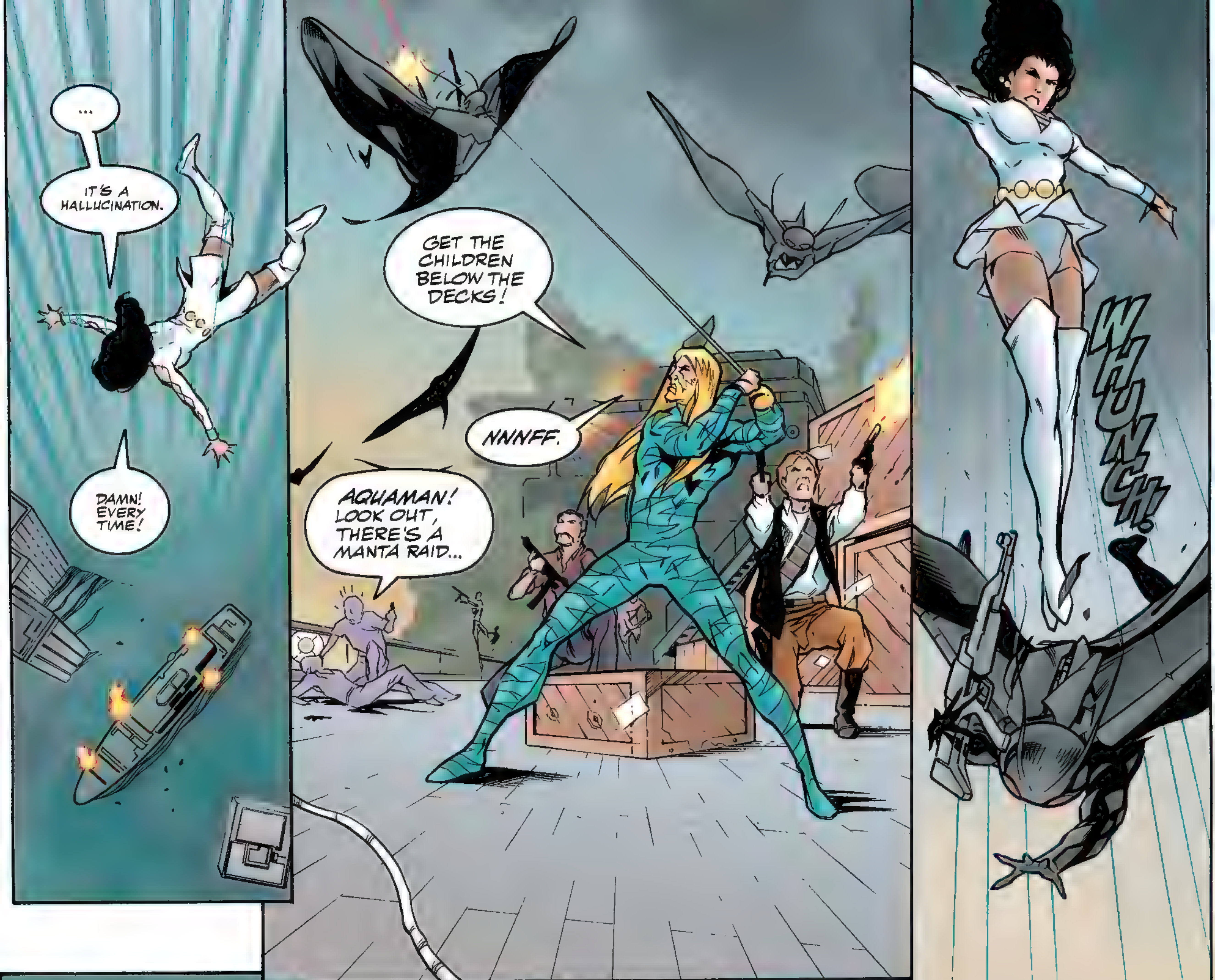
WAIT... SOMETHING'S WRONG... SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME--

DIANA?

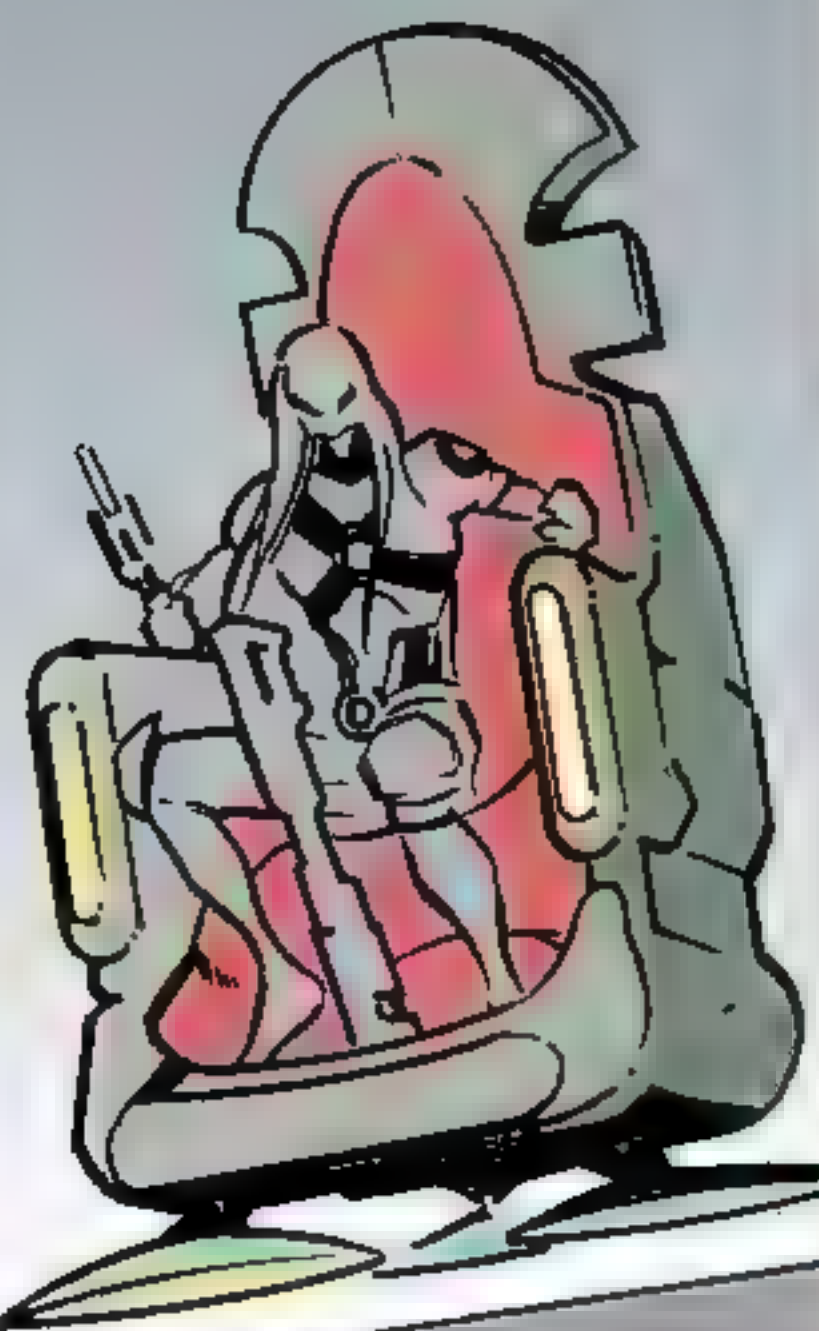


HERA!

I CAN'T FLY! I CAN'T...



I CAN FEEL IT. THE TINGLING IN THE SPINE. THE SURGE OF PSYCHOELECTRICITY THAT OPENS THE DOORWAY.



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STEP THROUGH AND I'LL BE AT THE CENTER OF THE SPACETIME FIELD.

IT'S BEGINNING TO FORM IN OUR UNIVERSE--THE NEGATIVE SPACE GATE IS STARTING TO DRAIN AMBIENT RADIATION FROM ITS HOST SPACE... I CAN FEEL IT WITH SENSE TEN...

AND ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS WAKE...

...

THE FLASH.

...MY SUPERSPEED METABOLISM MUST HAVE ACCELERATED HIS DRUG THROUGH MY SYSTEM MUCH FASTER THAN HE EXPECTED.

THE KEY! I THOUGHT THAT GUY WAS DEAD...

BACK ME UP ON THIS, G.A.

NO WAIT! WAIT!

FLASH.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO USE MY FATHER'S TRICK ARROWS. I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...

LOOK. I WILL NEVER IN ALL MY LIFE BE ABLE TO SHOOT A THING LIKE THIS...

SURE. SEE YOU AT THE FINISH.

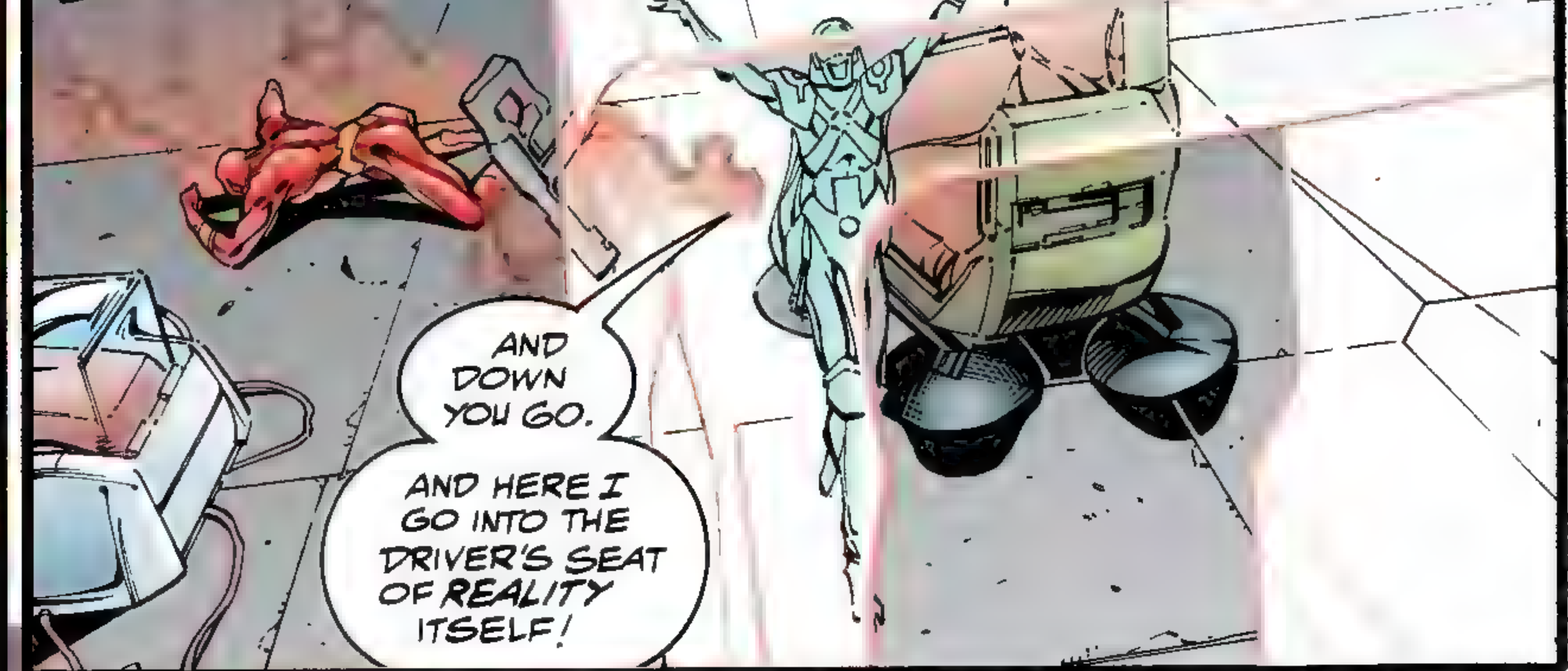


AH! THERE YOU ARE!

STILL, UNFORTUNATELY, A LITTLE SLOW FROM THE PSYCHO-CHEMICALS, FLASH...

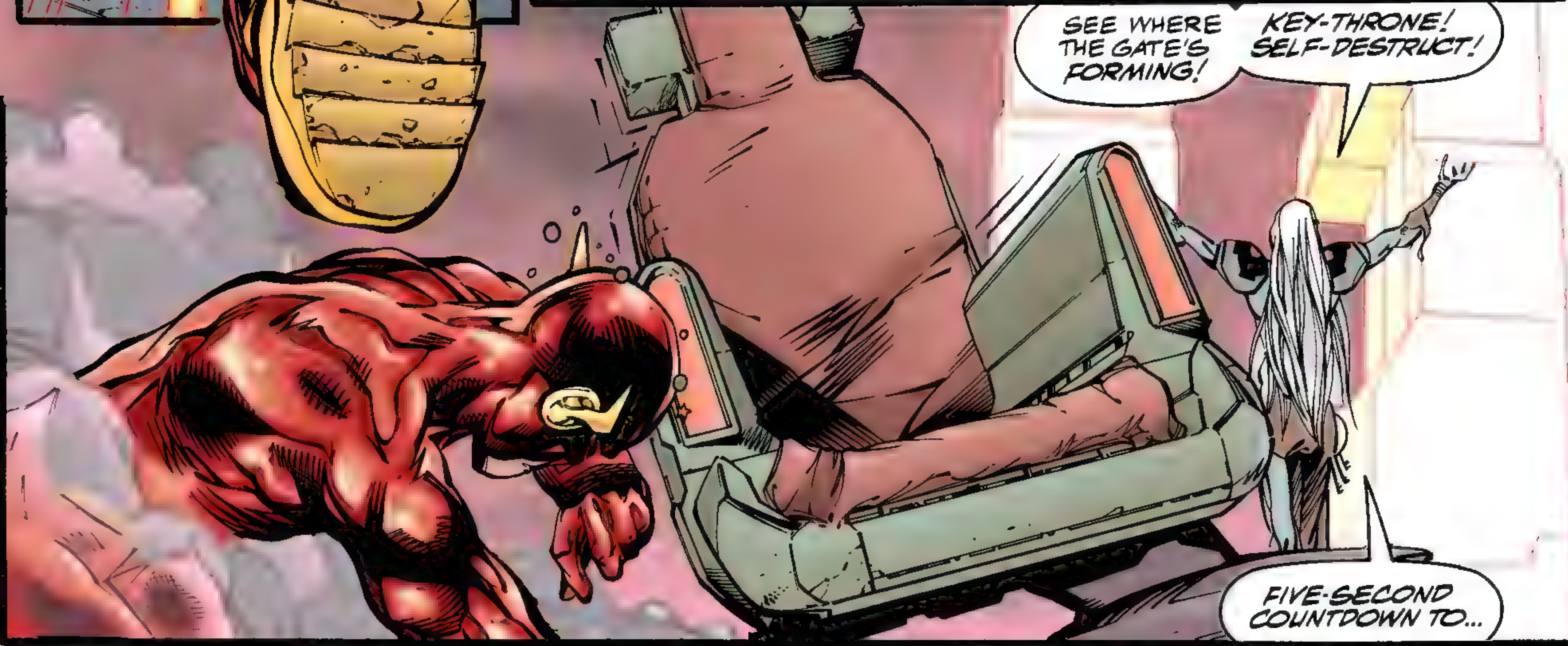


UNNF!



AND DOWN YOU GO.

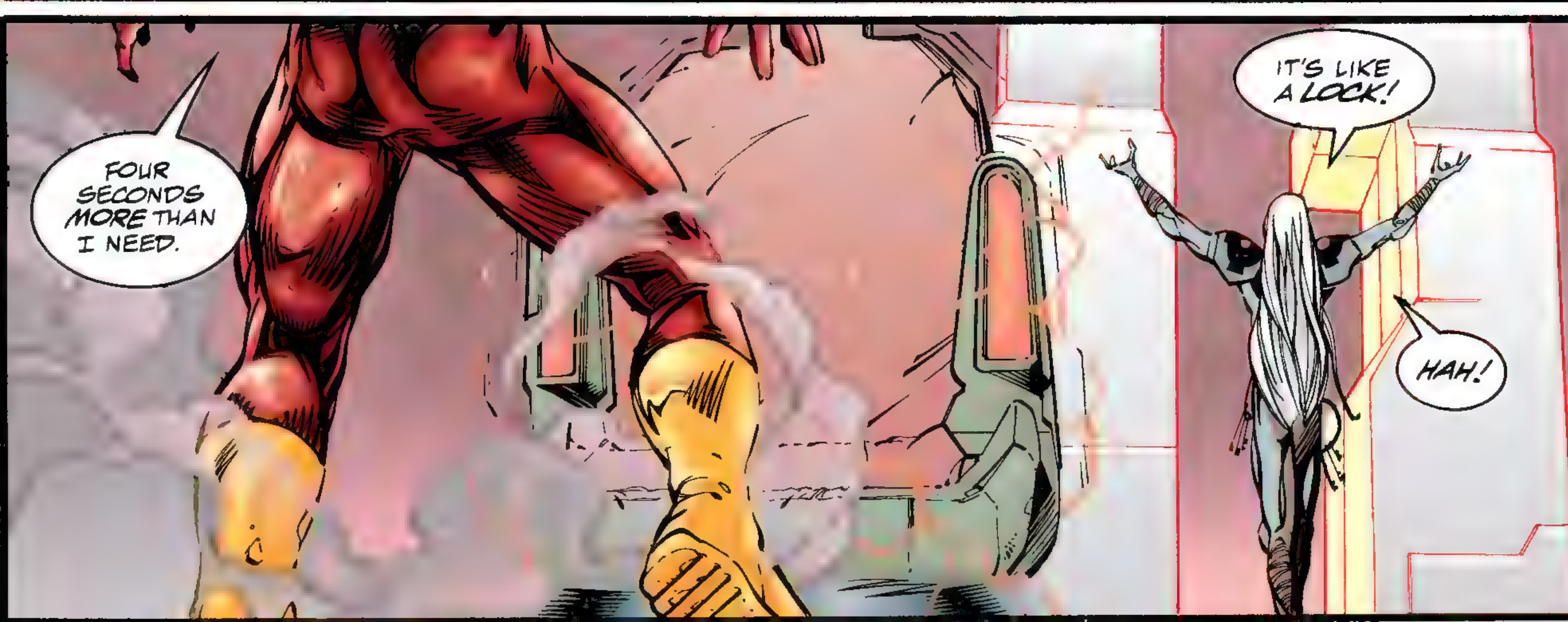
AND HERE I GO INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF REALITY ITSELF!



SEE WHERE THE GATE'S FORMING!

KEY-THRONE! SELF-DESTRUCT!

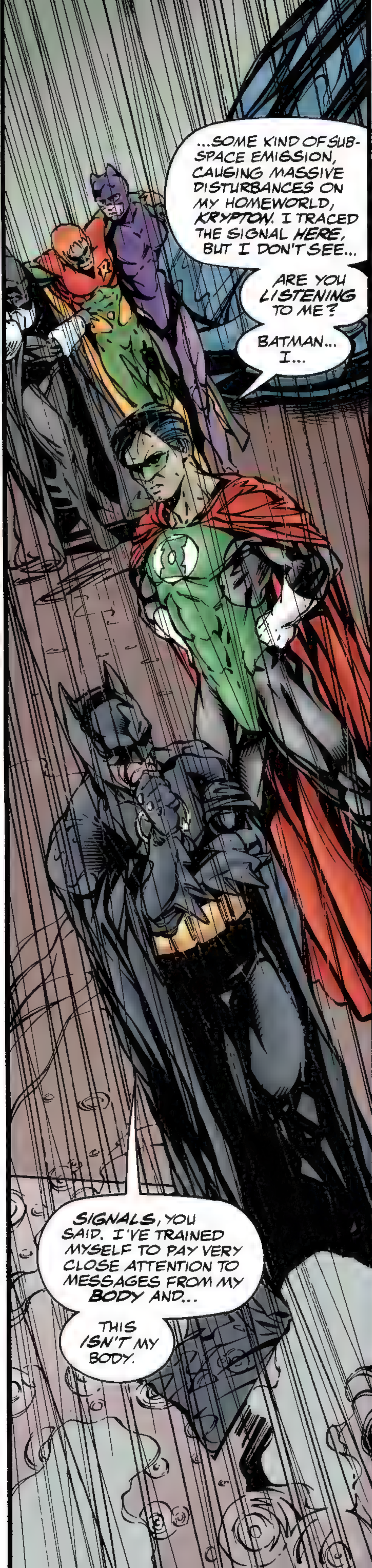
FIVE-SECOND COUNTDOWN TO...



FOUR SECONDS MORE THAN I NEED.

IT'S LIKE A LOCK!

HAH!



...SOME KIND OF SUB-SPACE EMISSION, CAUSING MASSIVE DISTURBANCES ON MY HOMEWORLD, KRYPTON. I TRACED THE SIGNAL HERE, BUT I DON'T SEE...

ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

BATMAN...
I...

SIGNALS, YOU SAID. I'VE TRAINED MYSELF TO PAY VERY CLOSE ATTENTION TO MESSAGES FROM MY BODY AND...

THIS ISN'T MY BODY.

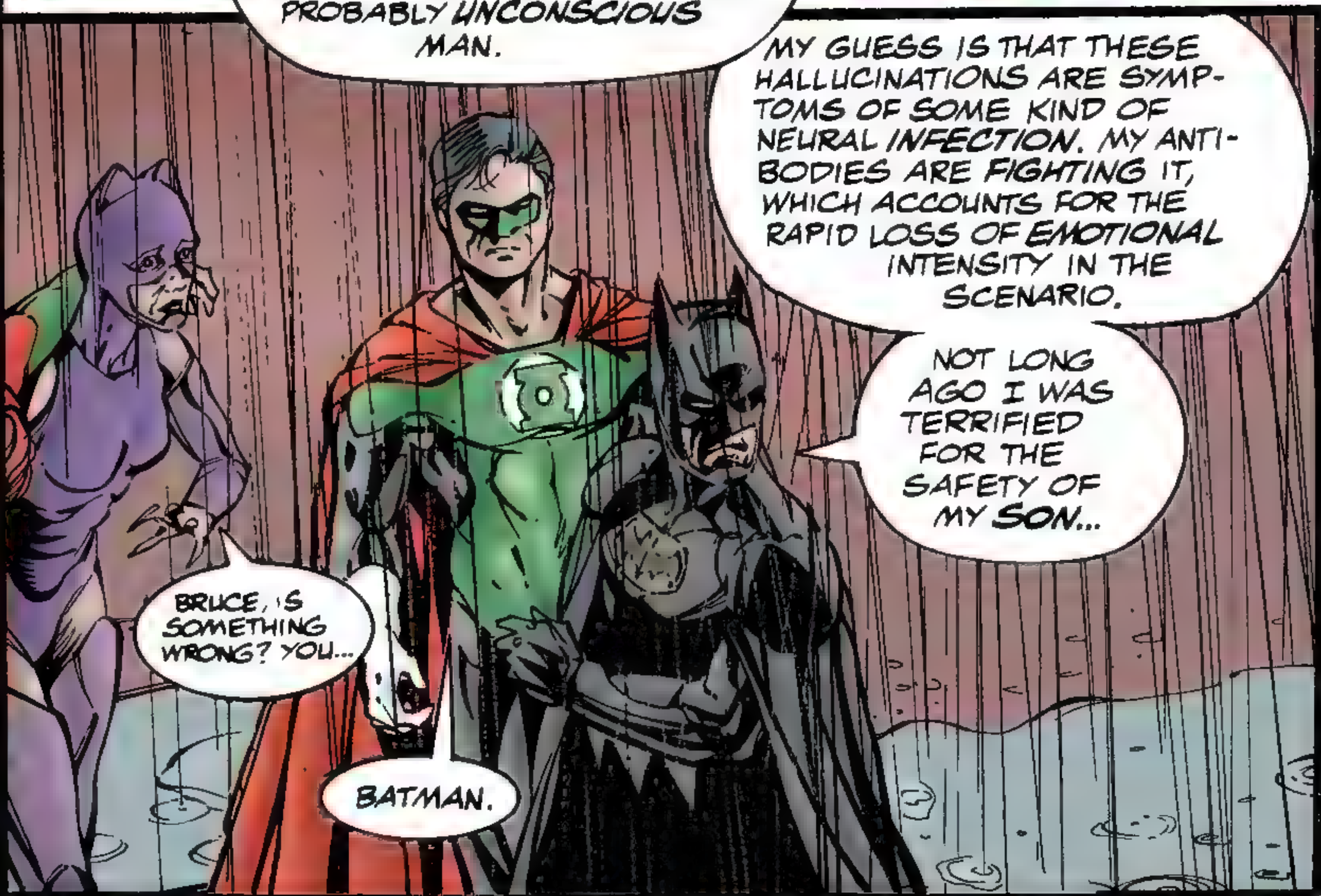


WHAT?

THIS IS A SIMULATION.

I'M UNCONSCIOUS.

I APPEAR TO BE A FIT MAN IN HIS 60S BUT THE BLOOD PRESSURE AND HEARTRATE I'M EXPERIENCING WOULD FIT THE PROFILE OF A MUCH YOUNGER, AND VERY PROBABLY UNCONSCIOUS MAN.

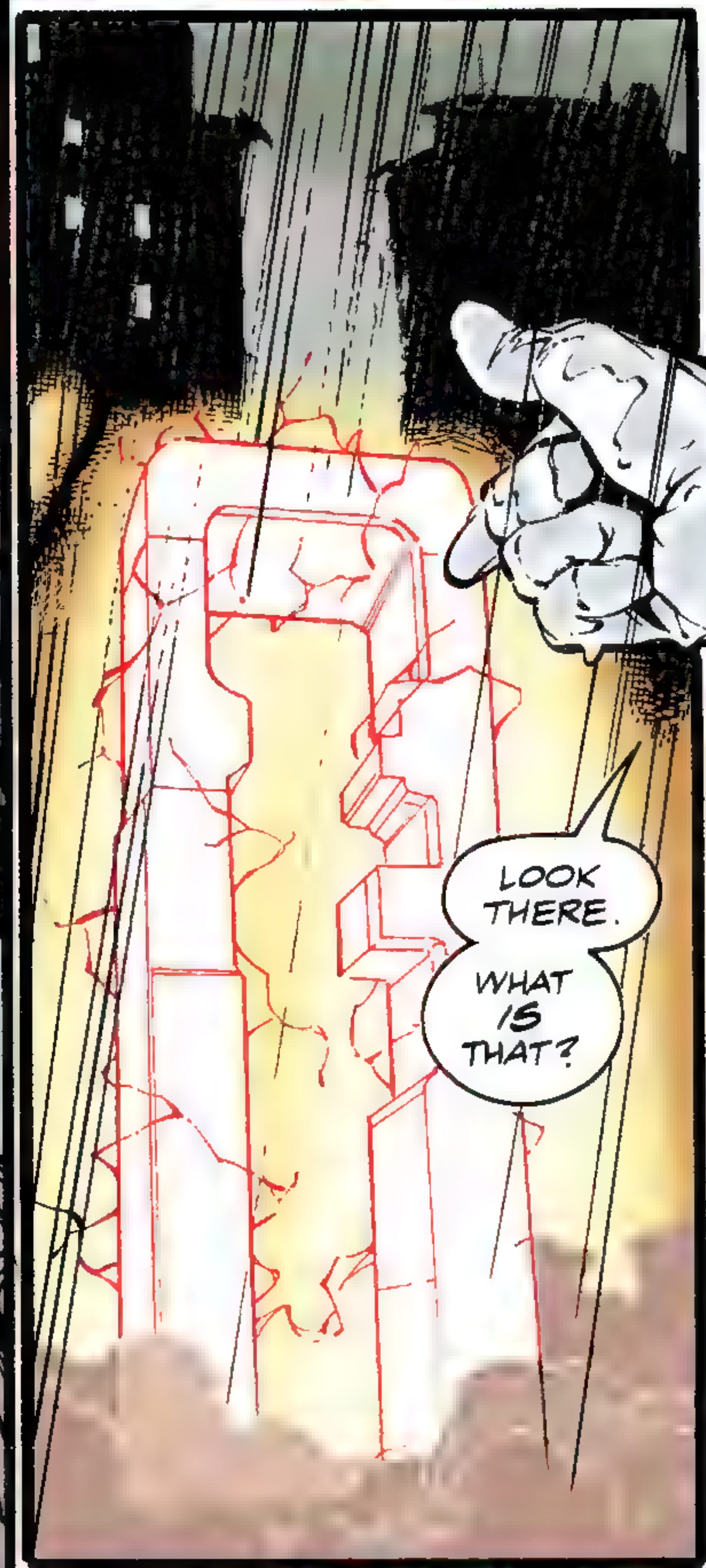


MY GUESS IS THAT THESE HALLUCINATIONS ARE SYMPTOMS OF SOME KIND OF NEURAL INFECTION. MY ANTIBODIES ARE FIGHTING IT, WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE RAPID LOSS OF EMOTIONAL INTENSITY IN THE SCENARIO.

NOT LONG AGO I WAS TERRIFIED FOR THE SAFETY OF MY SON...

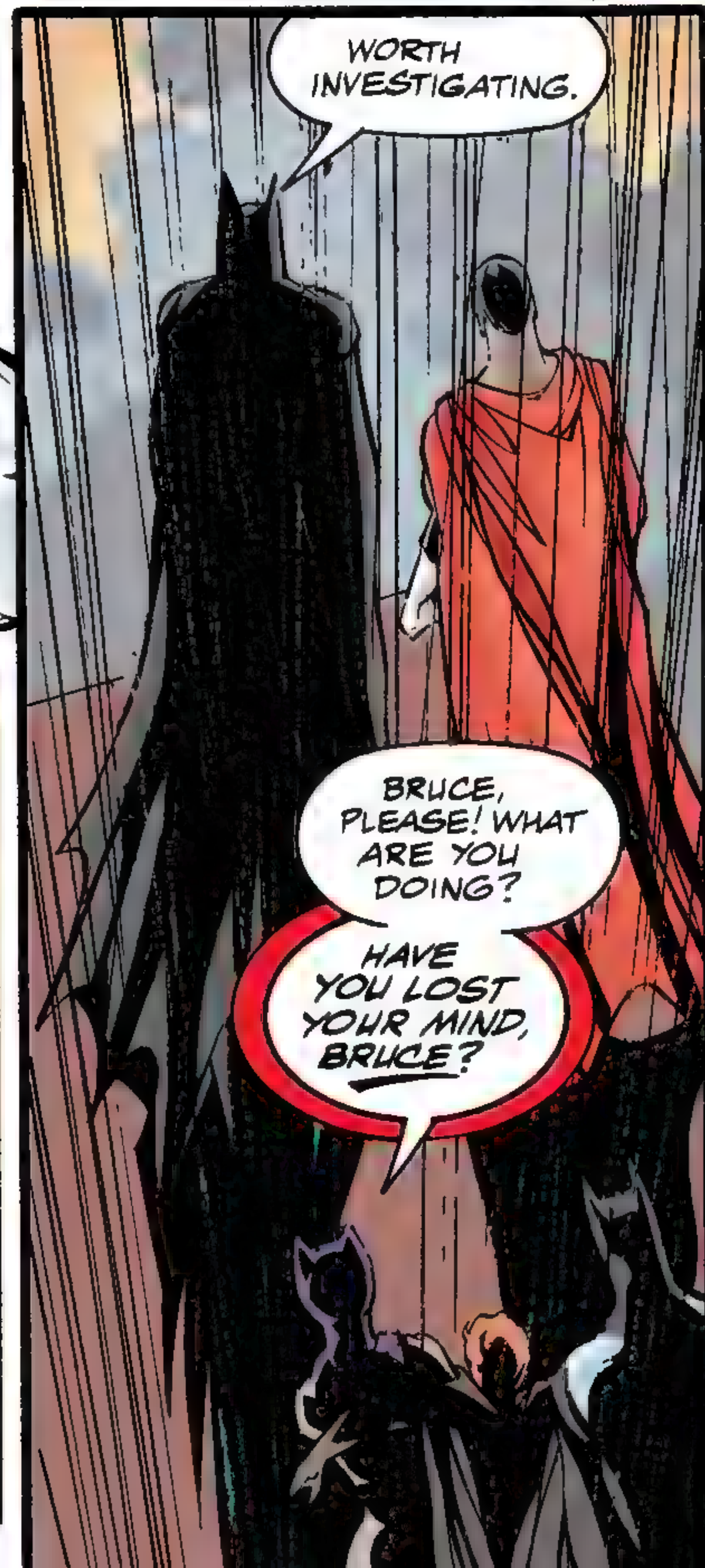
BRUCE, IS SOMETHING WRONG? YOU...

BATMAN.



LOOK THERE.

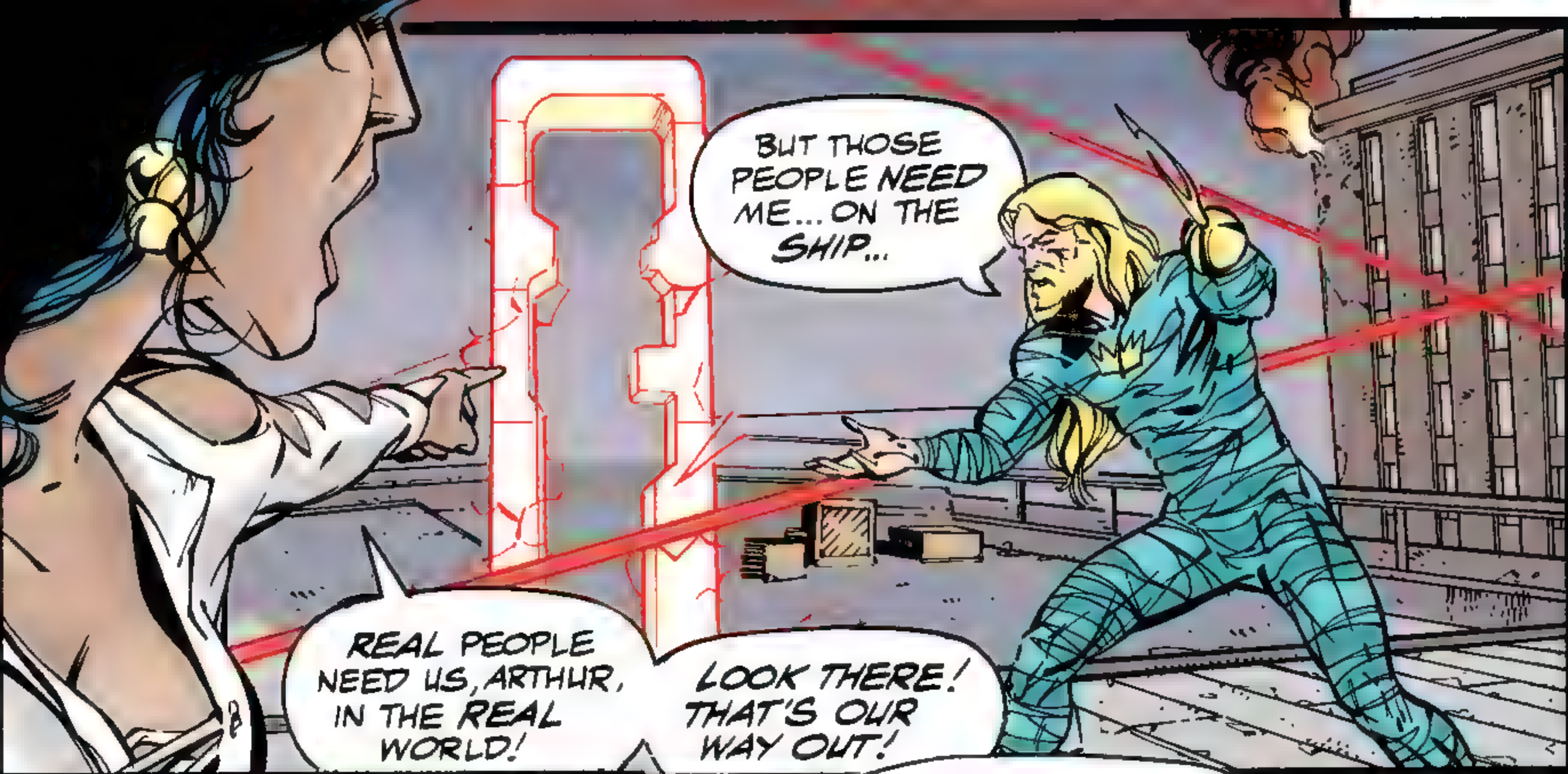
WHAT IS THAT?



WORTH INVESTIGATING.

BRUCE, PLEASE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND, BRUCE?



BUT THOSE
PEOPLE NEED
ME... ON THE
SHIP...

REAL PEOPLE
NEED US, ARTHUR,
IN THE REAL
WORLD!

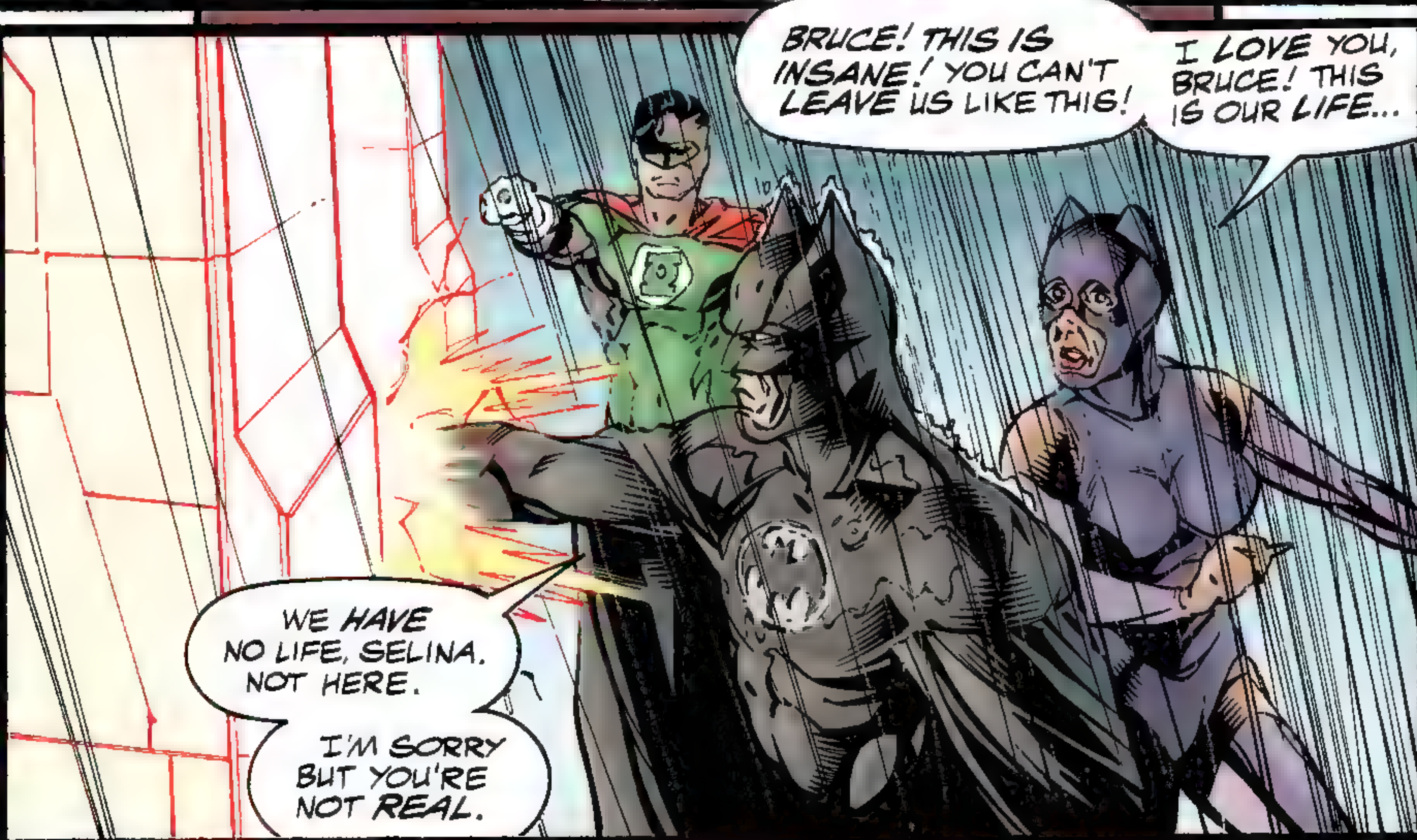
LOOK THERE!
THAT'S OUR
WAY OUT!



THIS... DOORWAY,
ISN'T REGISTERING
UNDER SPECTRAL
ANALYSIS...

THAT'S BECAUSE
YOU DON'T HAVE
A POWER RING,
SUPERMAN.

TRY TO
CONCENTRATE:
YOU ARE
SUPERMAN,
ASLEEP.

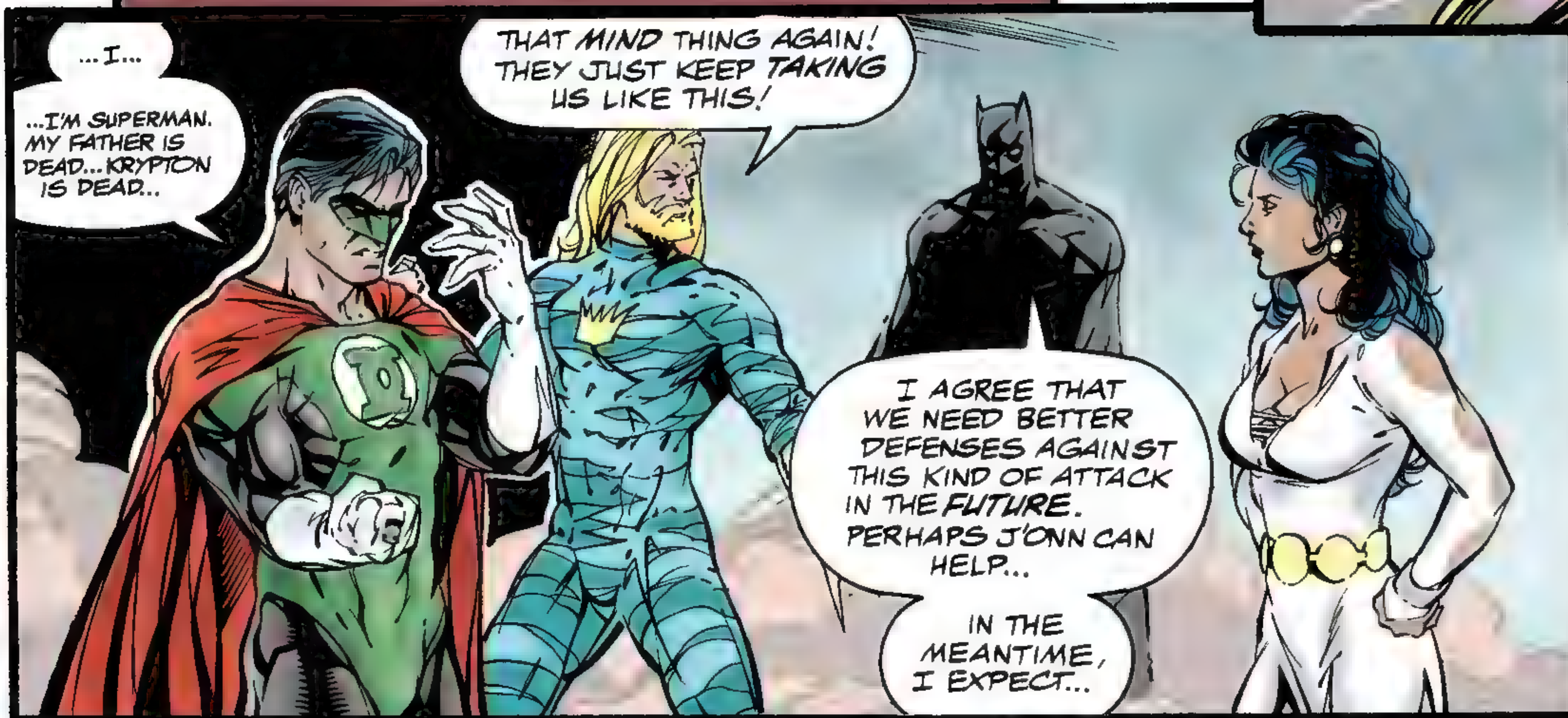


BRUCE! THIS IS
INSANE! YOU CAN'T
LEAVE US LIKE THIS!

I LOVE YOU,
BRUCE! THIS
IS OUR LIFE...

WE HAVE
NO LIFE, SELINA.
NOT HERE.

I'M SORRY
BUT YOU'RE
NOT REAL.



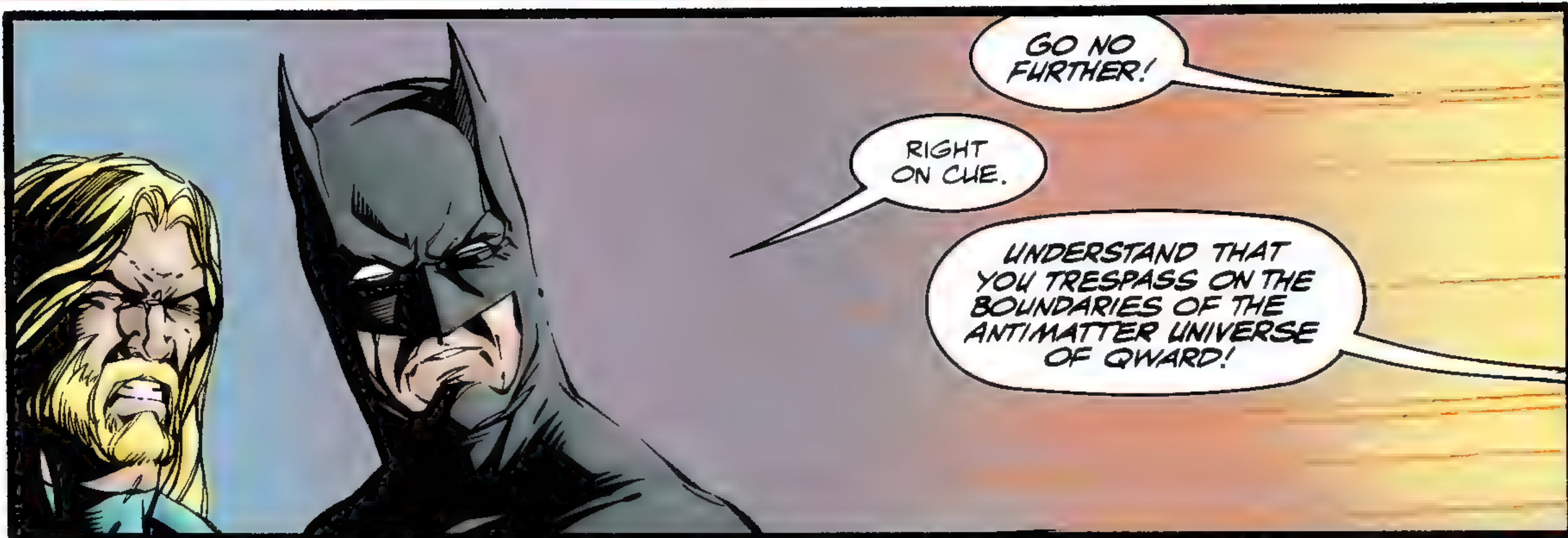
... I...

...I'M SUPERMAN.
MY FATHER IS
DEAD... KRYPTON
IS DEAD...

THAT MIND THING AGAIN!
THEY JUST KEEP TAKING
US LIKE THIS!

I AGREE THAT
WE NEED BETTER
DEFENSES AGAINST
THIS KIND OF ATTACK
IN THE FUTURE.
PERHAPS J'ONN CAN
HELP...

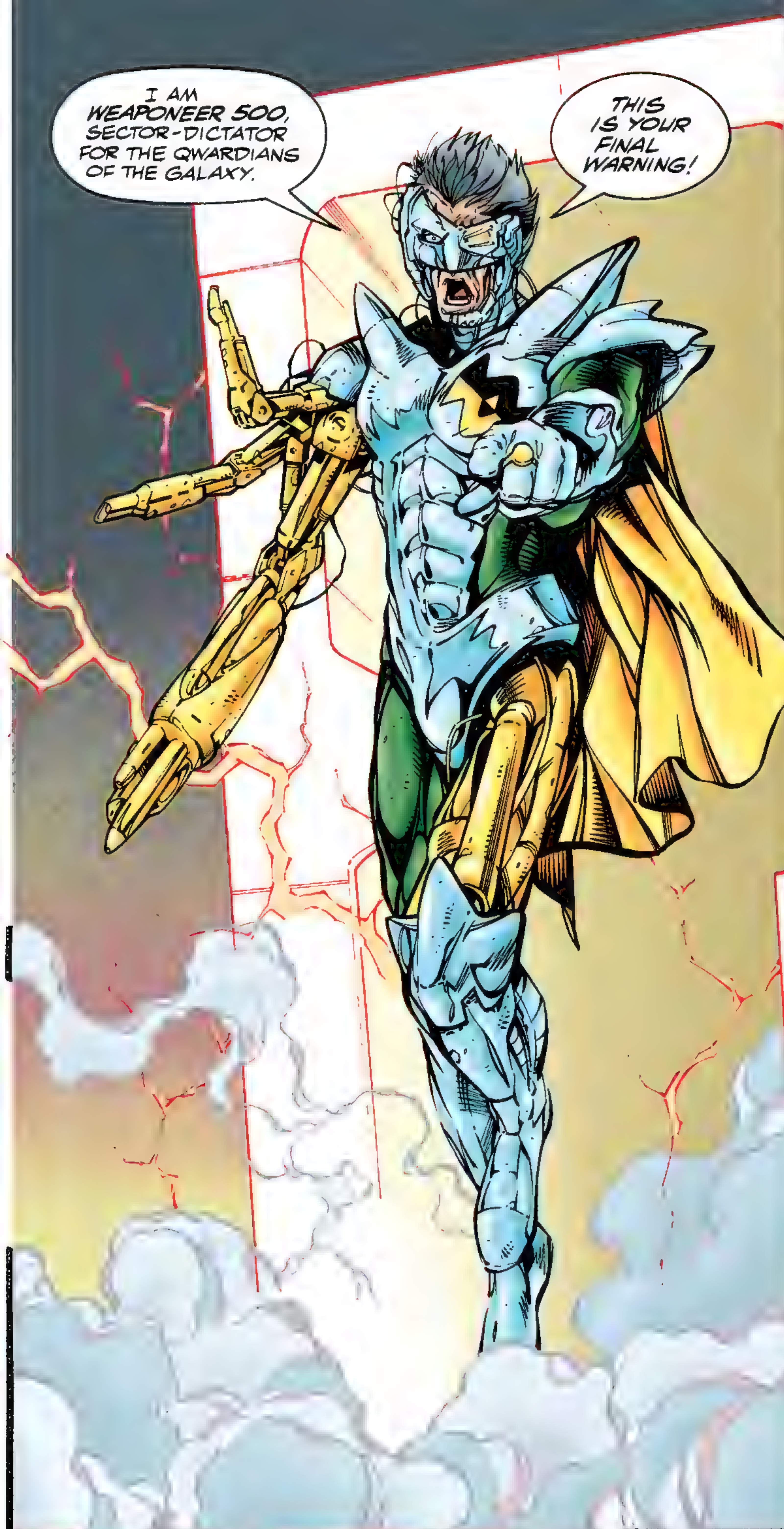
IN THE
MEANTIME,
I EXPECT...



GO NO
FURTHER!

RIGHT
ON CUE.

UNDERSTAND THAT
YOU TRESPASS ON THE
BOUNDARIES OF THE
ANTIMATTER UNIVERSE
OF QWARD!



I AM
WEAPONER 500,
SECTOR-DICTATOR
FOR THE QWARDIANS
OF THE GALAXY.

THIS
IS YOUR
FINAL
WARNING!

NINTENDO
HAS A LOT
TO ANSWER
FOR.

IF YOU WERE MADE
OF ANTIMATTER
WE'D BE EXPLODING
RIGHT NOW, GREEN
LANTERN.

PULL
YOURSELF
OUT OF
IT.



DID WE
DREAM ALL OF THESE
LIVES...?

WHHH...WAIT
A MINUTE?

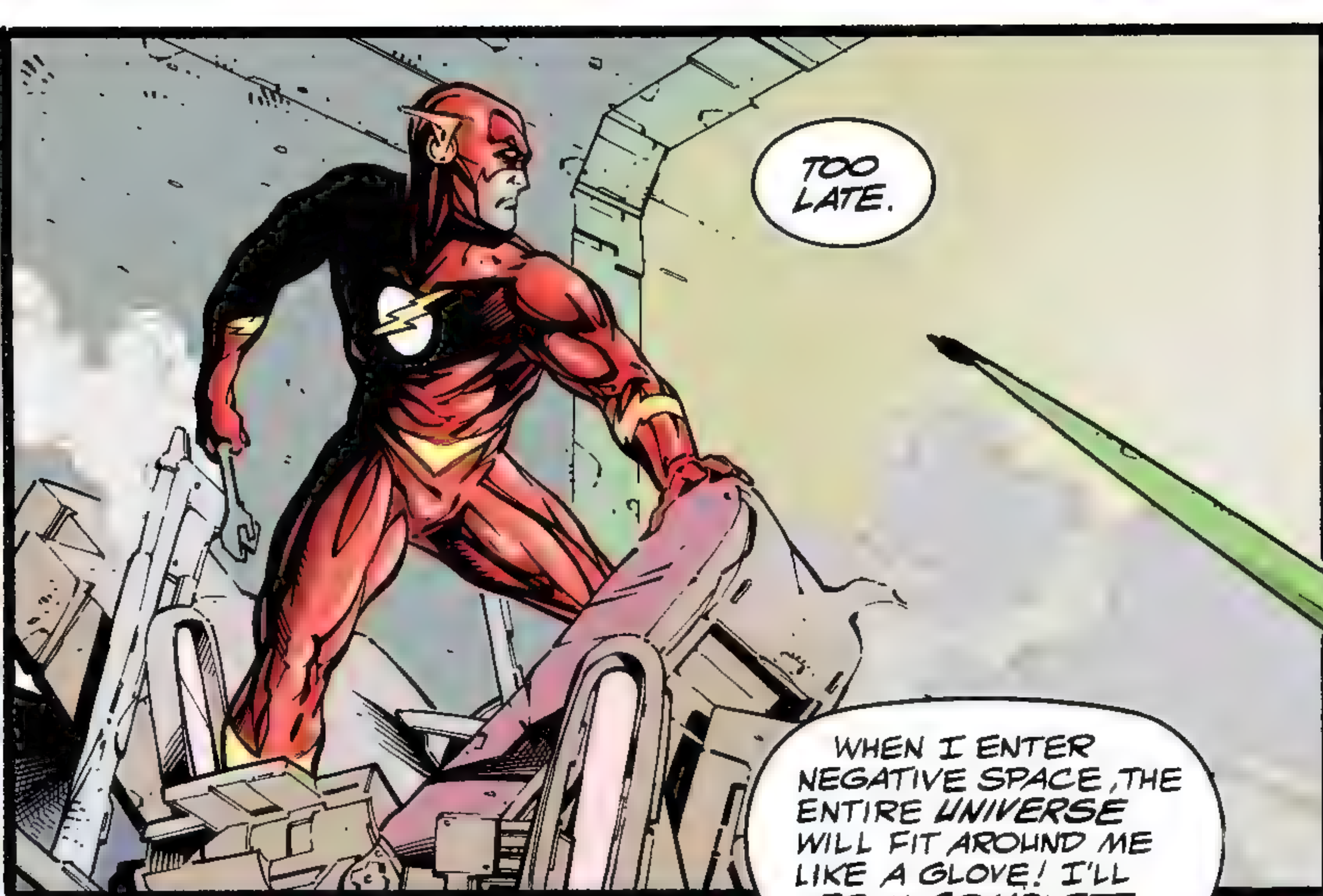
WHAT WAS
THAT? WHAT
WAS I
DOING...?

MM.

BUT WHY
SHOULD WE ALL
BE EXPERIENCING
THE SAME
HALLUCINATION?
UNLESS...



DON'T
WAKE
UP!

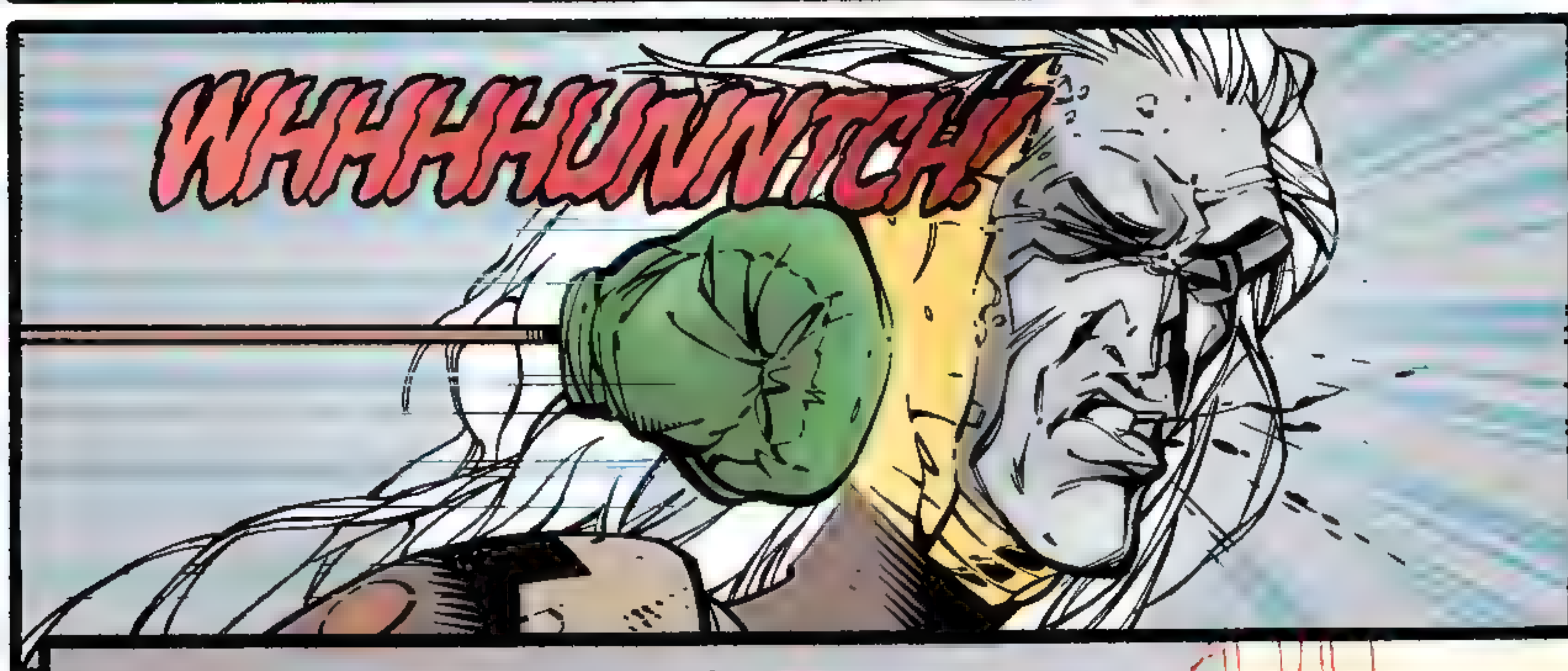


TOO LATE.

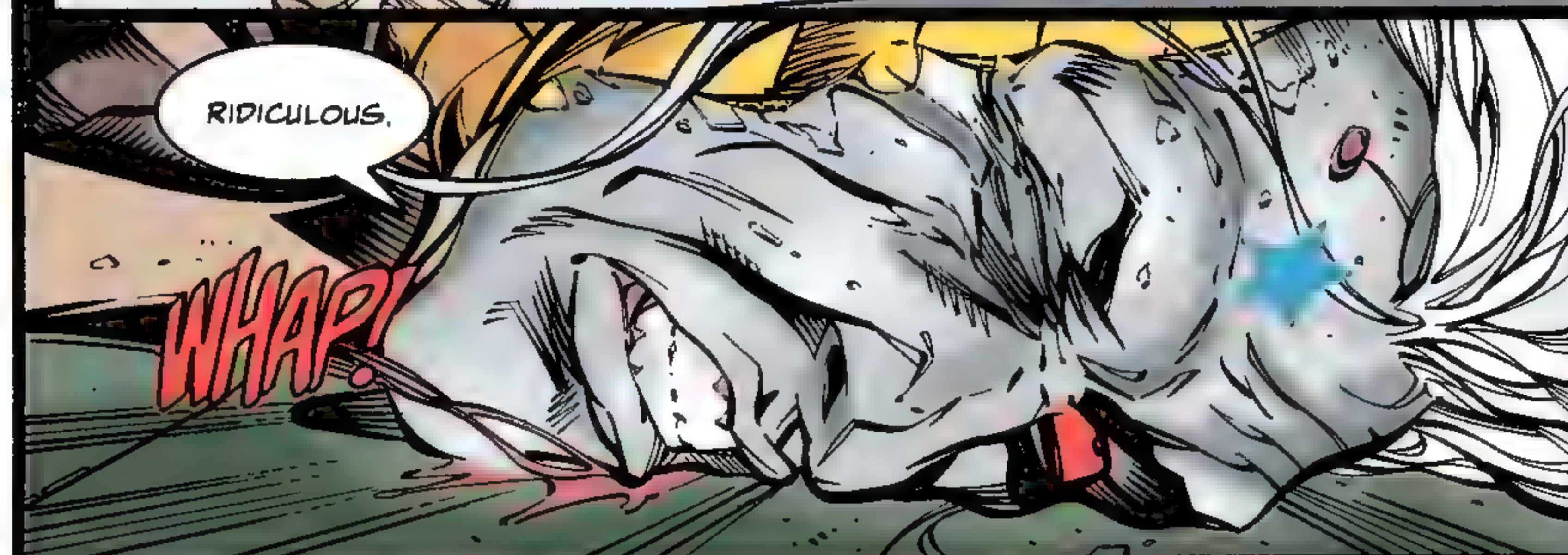
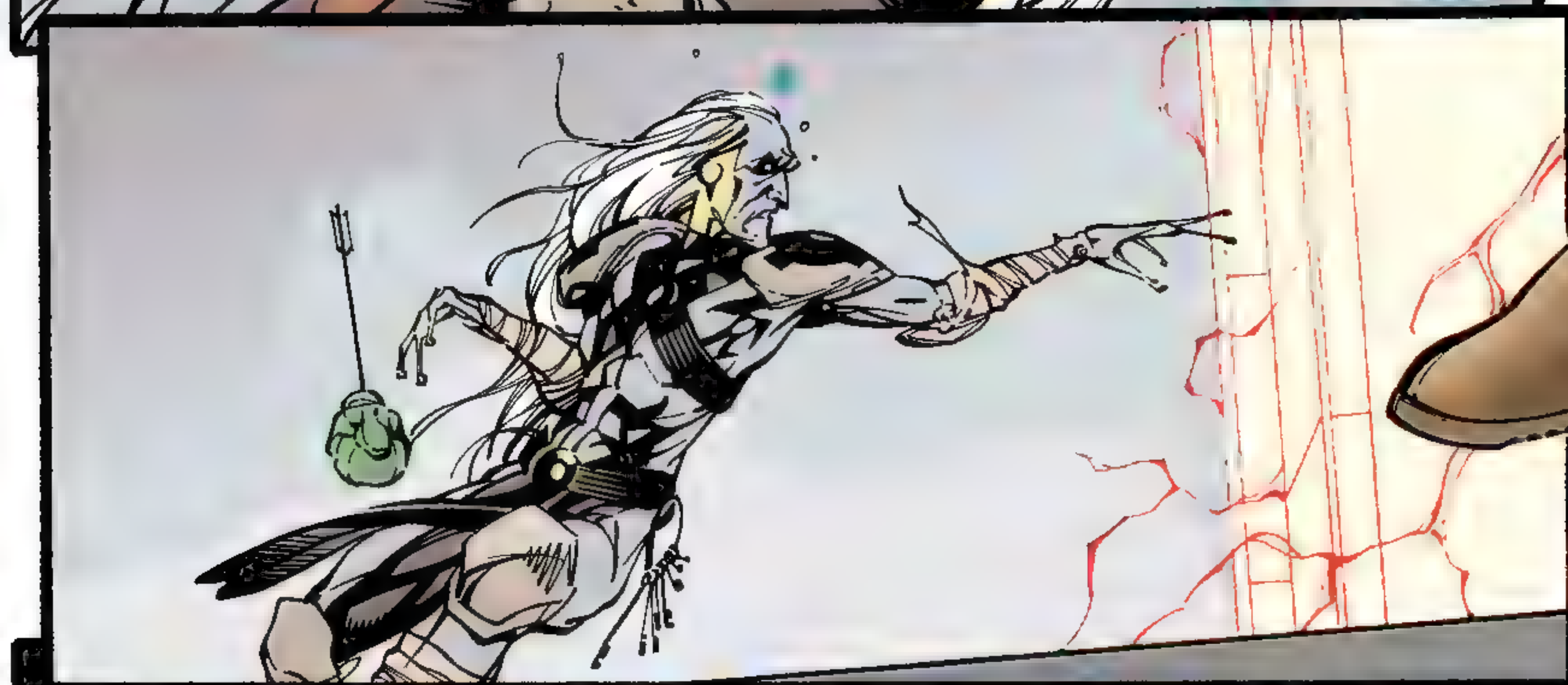
WHEN I ENTER
NEGATIVE SPACE, THE
ENTIRE *UNIVERSE*
WILL FIT AROUND ME
LIKE A GLOVE! I'LL
BE IN *COMPLETE*
CONTROL!



IT ALL
SEEMS
SO...

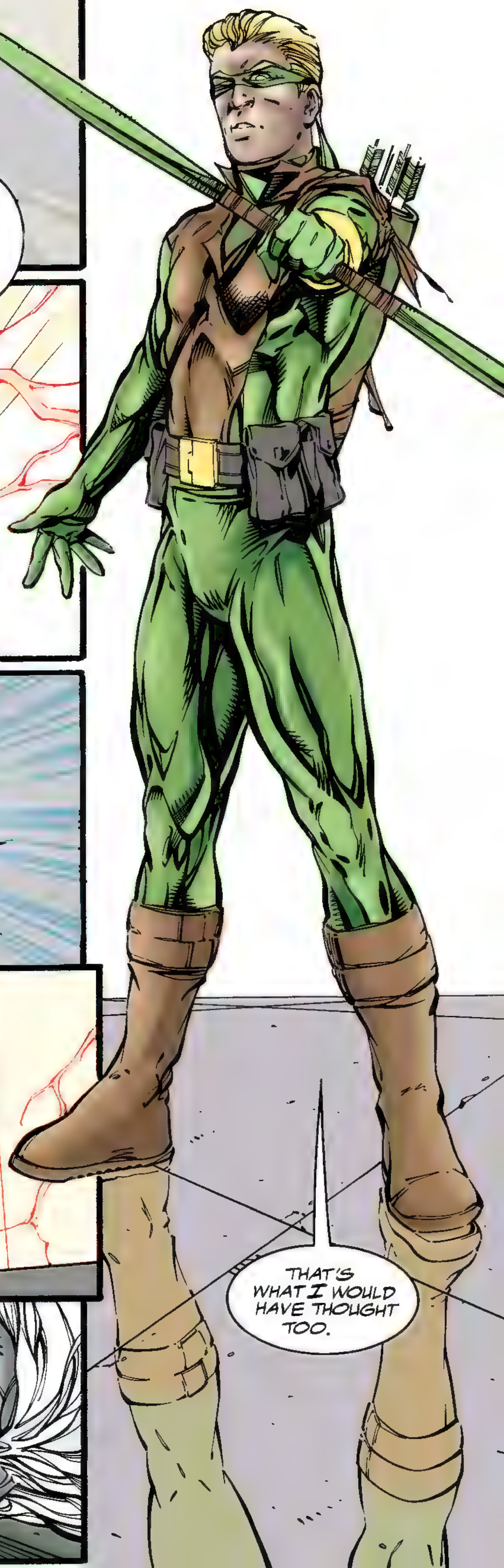


WHHHHUNNITCH!



RIDICULOUS.

WHAP!

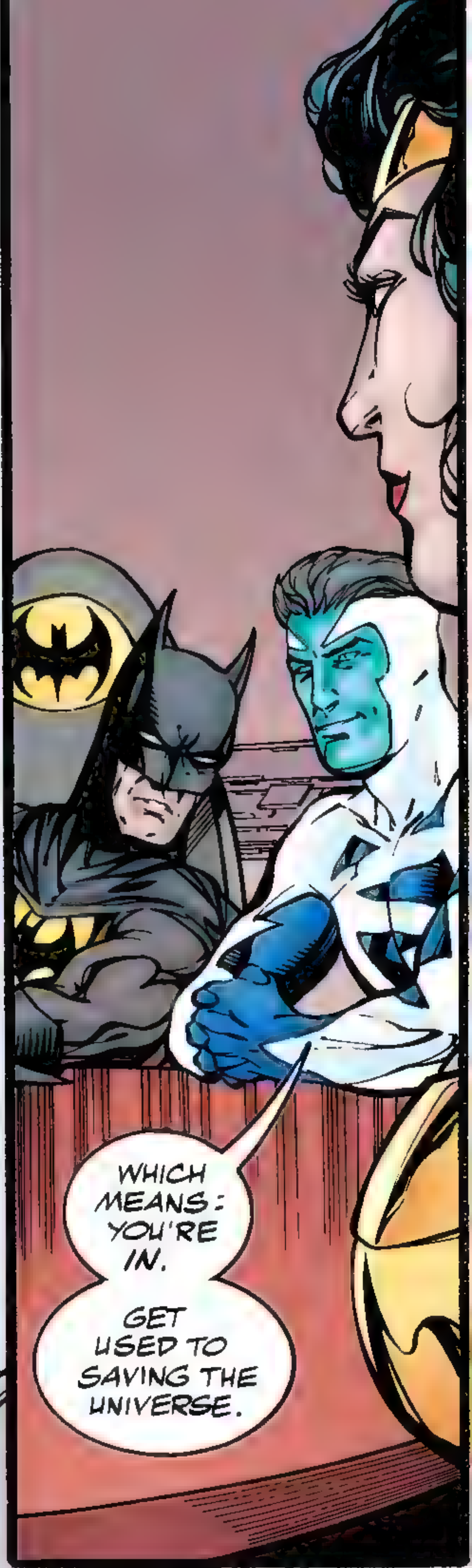


THAT'S
WHAT *I* WOULD
HAVE THOUGHT
TOO.

EPICLOQUE TWO

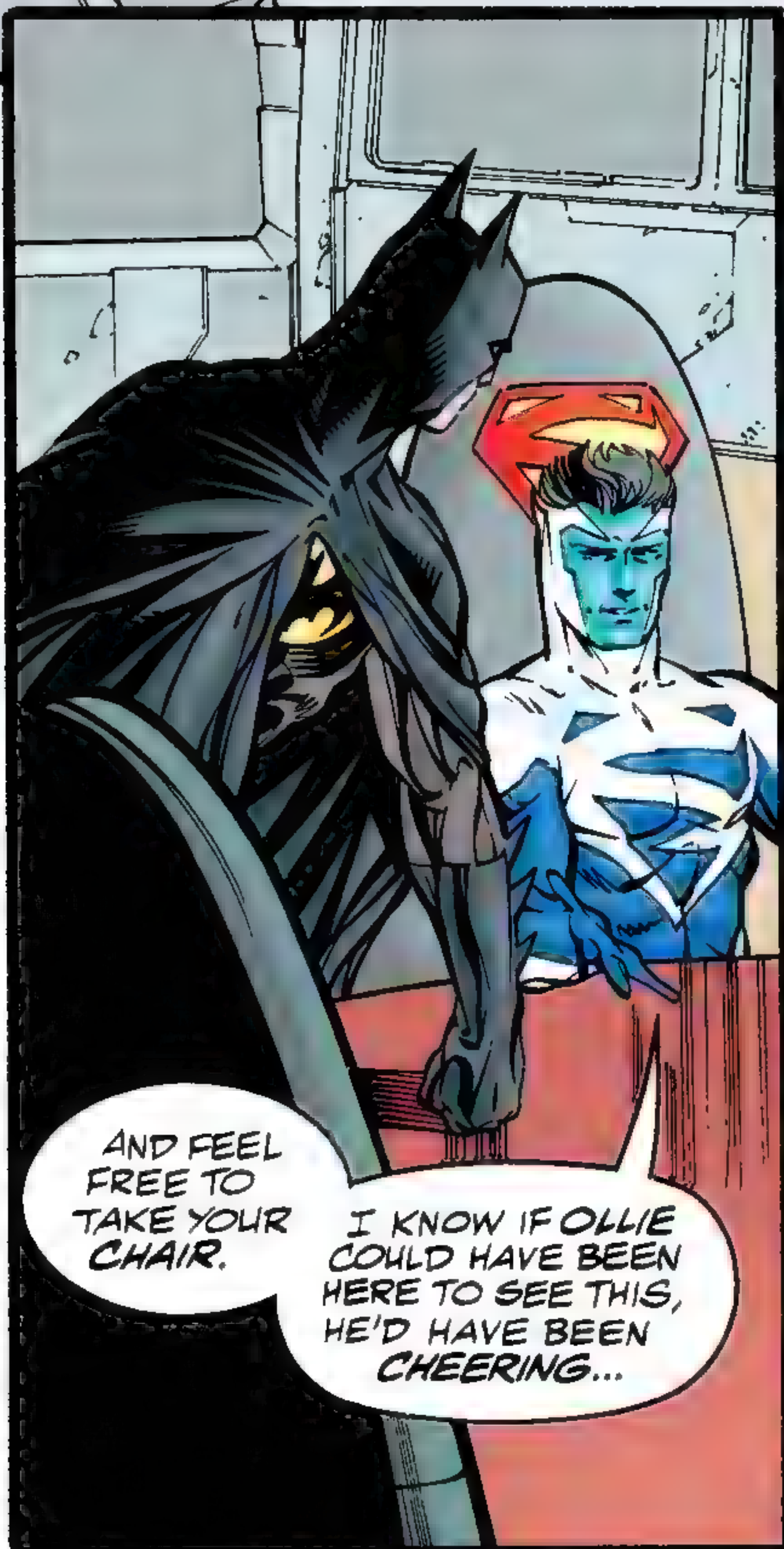


...I'M SURE YOU WON'T BE TOO SURPRISED TO HEAR EVERYONE'S IN AGREEMENT AND... AFTER TODAY'S EVENTS, NO FURTHER ASSESSMENT WILL BE REQUIRED.



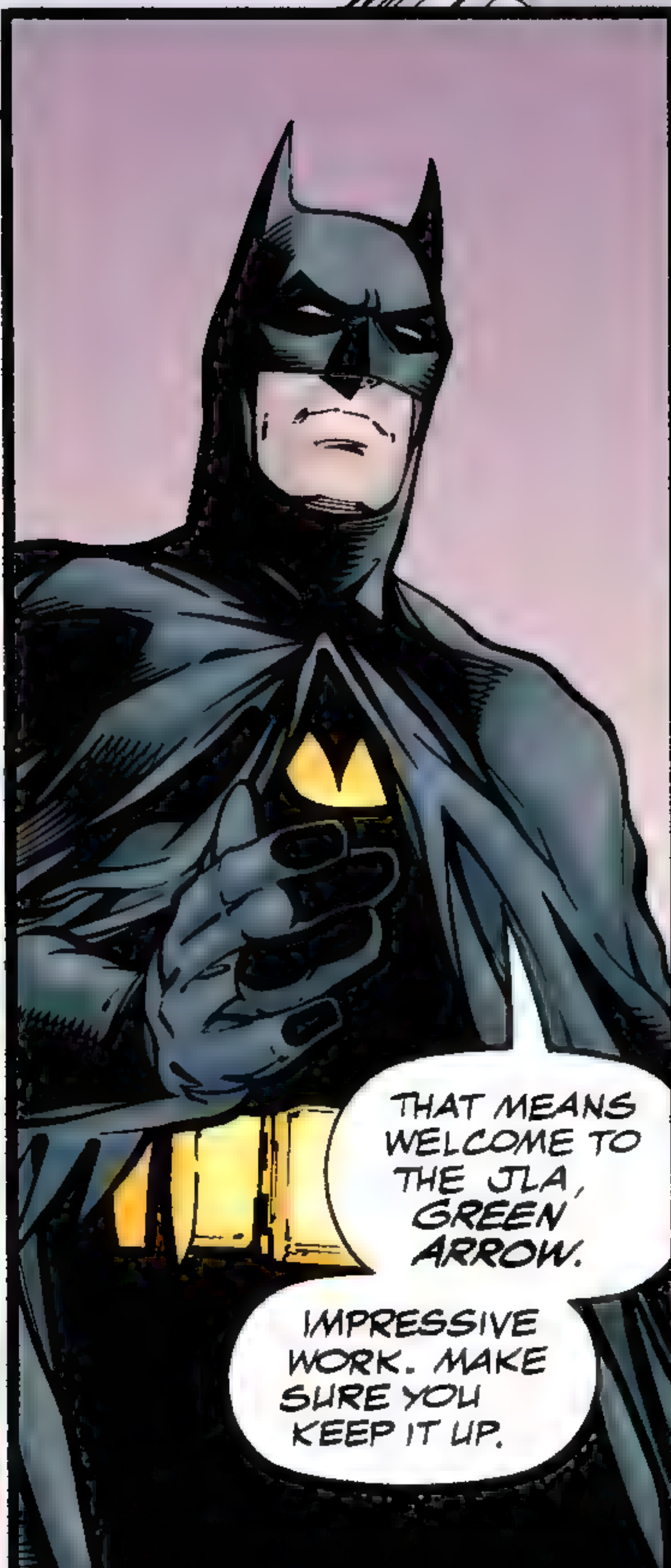
WHICH MEANS: YOU'RE IN.

GET USED TO SAVING THE UNIVERSE.



AND FEEL FREE TO TAKE YOUR CHAIR.

I KNOW IF OLLIE COULD HAVE BEEN HERE TO SEE THIS, HE'D HAVE BEEN CHEERING...



THAT MEANS WELCOME TO THE JLA, GREEN ARROW.

IMPRESSIVE WORK. MAKE SURE YOU KEEP IT UP.



THANK YOU, BATMAN.

GOOD TO BE HERE.

EPILOGUE ONE:

...WE WERE ABLE TO CONFINED HIM IN A PERPETUALLY-BRANCHING FRACTAL MAZE. A MIND-PRISON WITHOUT DOORS.

HE SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING THE MENTAL STIMULATION BUT THIS HAS TO BE A TEMPORARY MEASURE. MEANWHILE...

WE...AH...UNDERSTAND THE DANGER HE POSES, SUPERMAN. WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN...

"BEDPANS OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS..."

I DON'T LIKE THIS, BRUCE. SURELY WE CAN REHABILITATE HIM?

ALL HE DID WAS SHOW US OUR OWN... WHATEVER... FEARS. DESIRES.

HE TOOK US DOWN LIKE AMATEURS. HE SHOWED US WE'RE STILL VULNERABLE.

I SAW GOTHAM IN FLAMES...

BEST FORGOTTEN, SUPERMAN.

MM. DO YOU NEED A RIDE BACK EAST?

ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF.

OF COURSE... GOODNIGHT, BRUCE.

BOOM!

HH.

CLARK.

EPLOGUE ZERO
ONE MONTH LATER

S.T.A.R.
ORBITAL LAB
TO GROUND
CONTROL: THERE'S
NOTHING
HERE.

THERE IS NO
REPEAT ENN OH,
LARGE ORBITING
BODY HERE--YOUR
INSTRUMENTATION
MUST HAVE BEEN
SMOKING
SOMETHING IT
SHOULDN'T...

NOT
BAD.

THEY
HAVE NO
IDEA WE'RE
HERE.

I'M TAKING A
RISK DOING THIS.
YOU PEOPLE HAD
BETTER BE AS
GOOD AS YOU
THINK YOU ARE.

STATIONS,
PLEASE.

DOCTOR,
THE FLOOR
IS YOURS.

IMPRESS
US.

THE "ON" SWITCHES
FOR YOUR HEADSETS
CAN BE LOCATED IN
THE CHIN-STRAP. TRY
TO KEEP THE DEATH
TOLL TO A MINIMUM
IF YOU CAN.

WE ARE
OFFICIALLY
GO...



"ACTIVATE THE
REVENGE SQUAD,
PLEASE."







JLA SECRET FILES #1

WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON & MARK MILLAR

PENCILS BY HOWARD PORTER,

WITH INKS BY JOHN DELL AND COLORS BY JOHN KALISZ

NOTE: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE

BEFORE THE EVENTS IN JLA #1.

"THE LOST PAGES" AND "A DAY IN THE LIFE"

WRITTEN BY MARK MILLAR

ART BY DON HILLSMAN

BLUE VALLEY:

WE REALLY
HAD NO IDEA
WHO ELSE
TO CALL.

SORRY TO DRAG
YOU OVER HERE LIKE
THIS, FLASH, BUT BLUE
VALLEY DOESN'T HAVE
ANY, UH, SUPER-PEOPLE
SINCE YOU PACKED UP
AND MOVED TO
KEYSTONE.

I FIGURED YOU
ALWAYS USED TO
KNOW WHAT TO DO
WHEN SOMETHING
LIKE THIS HAPPENED
IN THE PAST.

RELAX, MAN.
UFO'S MATERIAL-
IZING INSIDE
OFFICE BLOCKS
JUST HAPPENS TO
BE MY SPECIALTY.

YOU GUYS STAY
HERE WHILE I MAKE
SURE THE PEOPLE
INSIDE ARE OKAY.



JEEZ, WHAT IS THIS THING?

WE'RE READING YOU, FLASH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE OFFICE WORKERS SEEM TO BE IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE STATE, PROBABLY INDUCED BY WHATEVER THESE CREATURES ARE CLINGING TO THEIR FACES.

NO SIGN OF A PILOT?



NO
TRACE
OF ONE
ANYWHERE!



HOLY--!

FLASH! WHAT'S WRONG?

AAAAAAA!!



FLASH!

THE JLA SATELLITE,
22,300 MILES ABOVE
EARTH:

LISTEN
CAREFULLY.
THESE ARE
THE FACTS...

I AM THE PROBE,
HE IS THE CONQUEROR,
YOU ARE THE SPACES
YET TO BE TAKEN.
UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR
MINDS WERE NEVER
YOUR OWN.

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE
NINETY PERCENT OF
CEREBRAL ACTIVITY WAS
SPARED IN YOUR HEADS?
DO YOU REALLY IMAGINE
FOR A MOMENT THAT WAS
A COINCIDENCE?

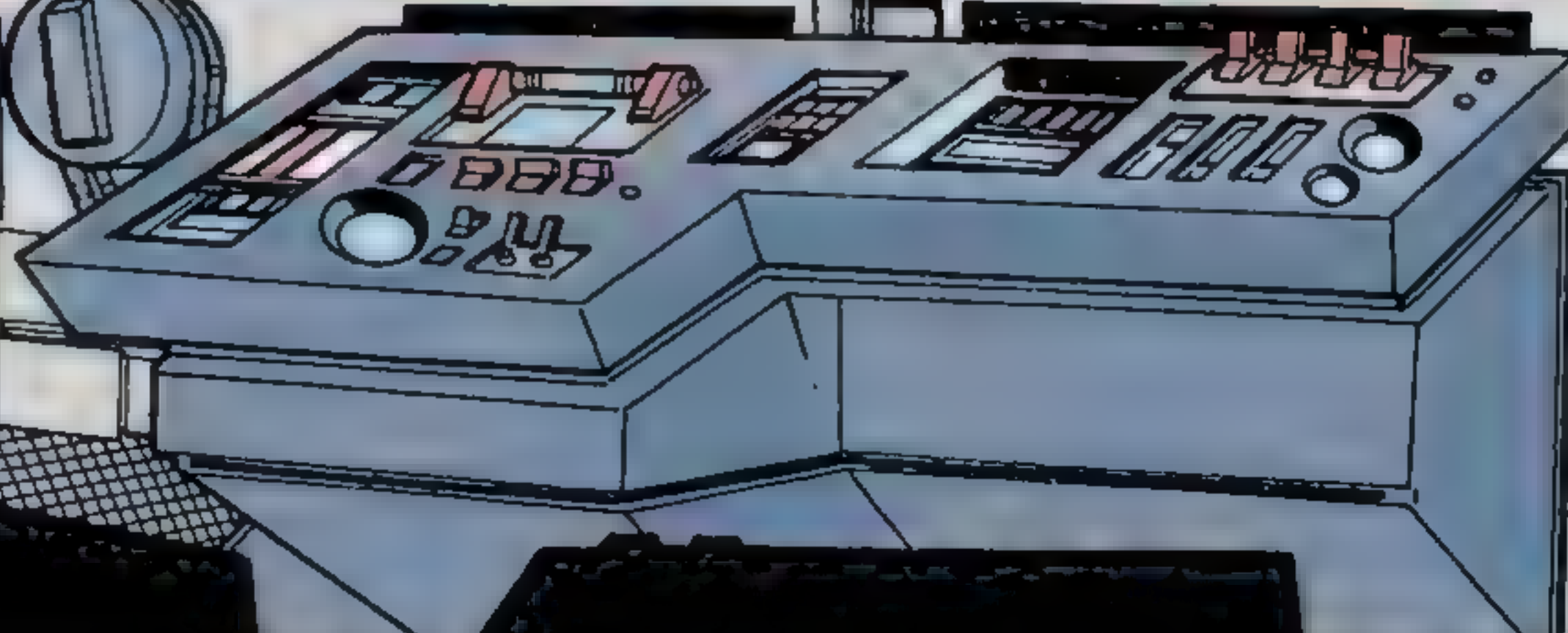
THIS AREA
HAS BEEN
CONQUERED!

THIS
CONTINENT
WILL BE
CONQUERED!

THIS WORLD
WILL BE
CONQUERED!

AND THE
NEXT! AND
THE NEXT!
AND THE...

KLIK!



STARR-SEEDED

The Secret
Origin of
the new
JLA



THAT'S THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR.

AN ENTIRE MIDWESTERN COMMUNITY HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY SOME KIND OF ALIEN LIFE-FORCE AND WE'RE WASTING TIME STANDING HERE TALKING.

NOT NECESSARILY, DIANA.

THIS CREATURE HAS ALREADY OVERCOME ONE OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE META-HUMANS ON THE PLANET.

UNLESS WE DEVELOP A WATERTIGHT STRATEGY BEFOREHAND, THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP US FROM BEING CAPTURED AND BEATEN JUST AS EASILY AS THE FLASH.

BATMAN'S RIGHT, ALTHOUGH I MUST ADMIT I'M UNEASY ABOUT US TAKING CHARGE OF THIS WITHOUT CONSULTING THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

THERE IS NO JUSTICE LEAGUE, SUPERMAN.

METAMORPHO AND THE PRESENT TEAM WERE ASKED BY THE U.N. TO VACATE THE SATELLITE THIS MORNING.

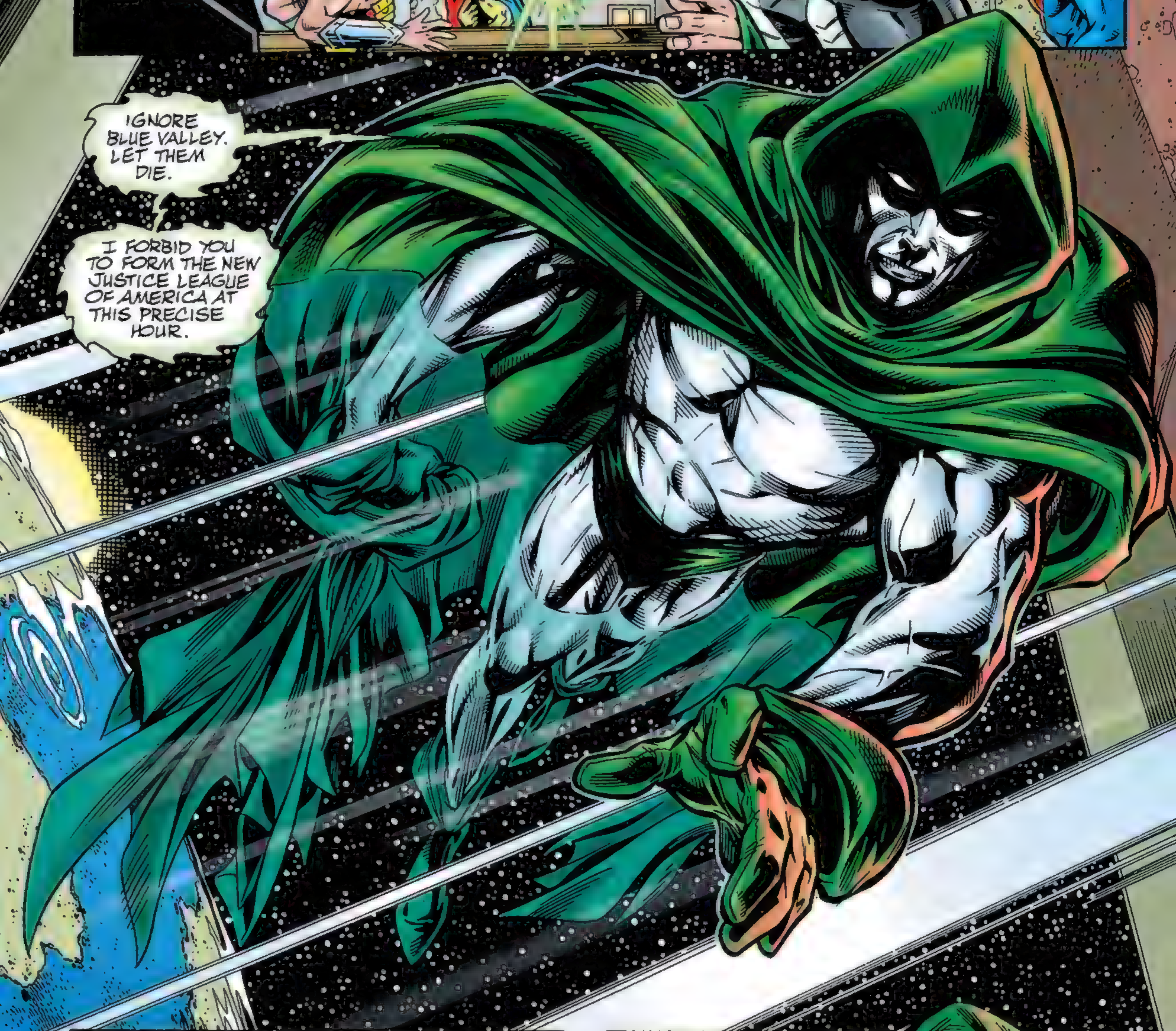
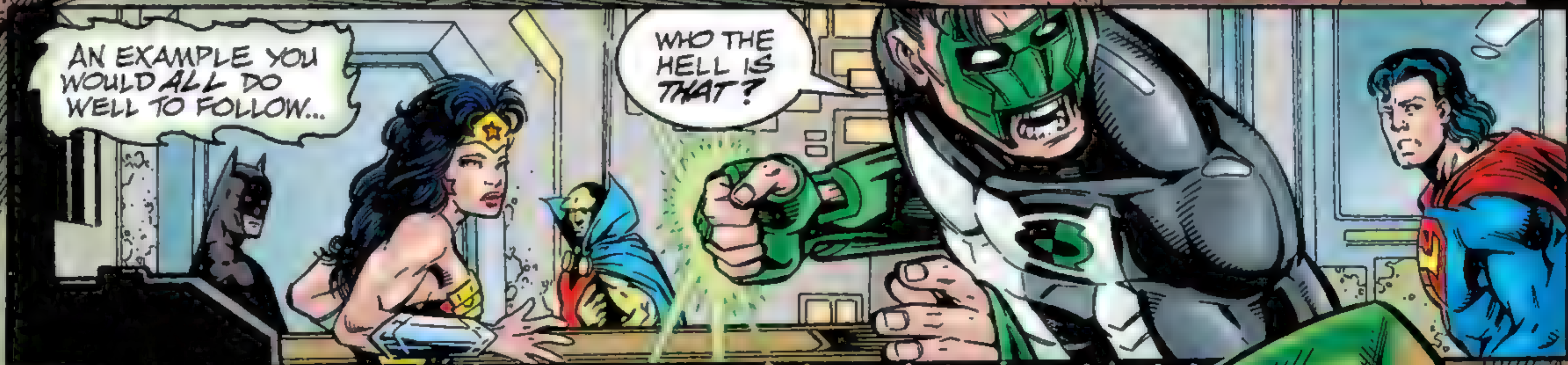
WE'RE THE NEW TEMPORARY JLA.

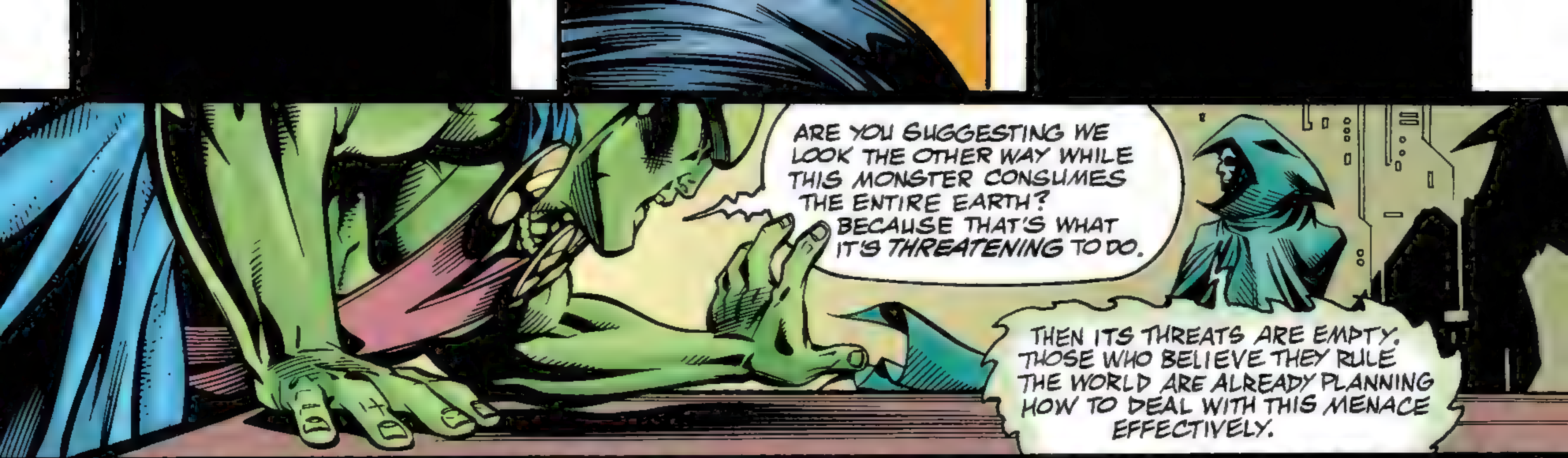
I DOUBT THEY'LL BE HAPPY ABOUT THAT.

SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE AREN'T BAD AT ALL.

HARSH TIMES DEMAND HARSH DECISIONS, AQUAMAN.

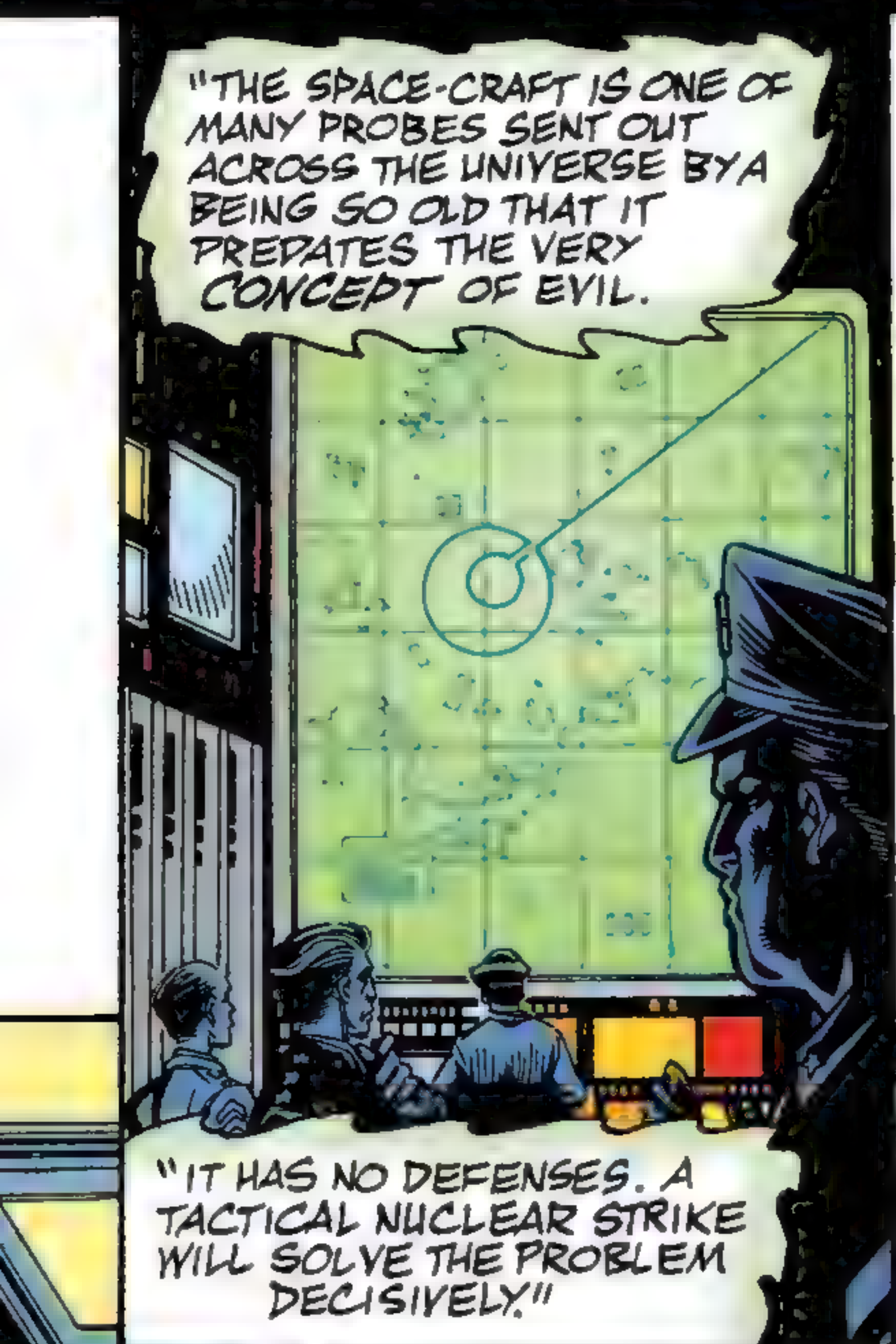
THEY'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT.





ARE YOU SUGGESTING WE
LOOK THE OTHER WAY WHILE
THIS MONSTER CONSUMES
THE ENTIRE EARTH?
BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT
IT'S THREATENING TO DO.

THEN ITS THREATS ARE EMPTY.
THOSE WHO BELIEVE THEY RULE
THE WORLD ARE ALREADY PLANNING
HOW TO DEAL WITH THIS MENACE
EFFECTIVELY.



"THE SPACE-CRAFT IS ONE OF
MANY PROBES SENT OUT
ACROSS THE UNIVERSE BY A
BEING SO OLD THAT IT
PREPARES THE VERY
CONCEPT OF EVIL.

"IT HAS NO DEFENSES. A
TACTICAL NUCLEAR STRIKE
WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM
DECISIVELY."



BUT WHAT ABOUT
WALLY AND ALL
THOSE PEOPLE WITH
THE FACE-HUGGERS
STUCK ON THEIR
HEADS, MAN?

WHAT'S GONNA
HAPPEN TO THEM?

THEY
WILL
DIE.



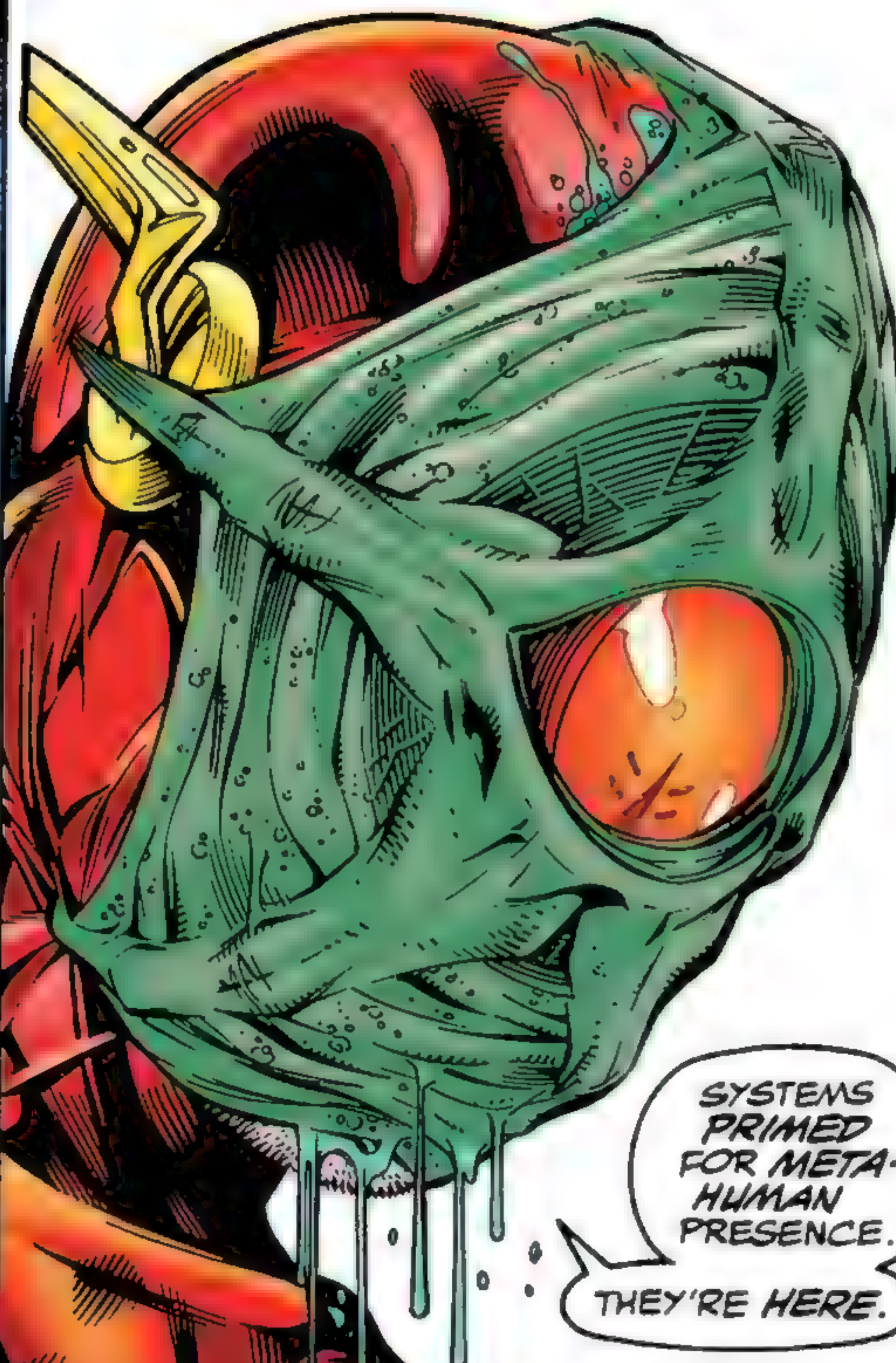
THE TOWN OF BLUE
VALLEY WILL BE
ERASED FOREVER
AND THIS CRISIS WILL
BE OVER.

UNLESS YOU
CHOOSE TO
COMPLICATE
MATTERS.



WE SO
CHOOSE.

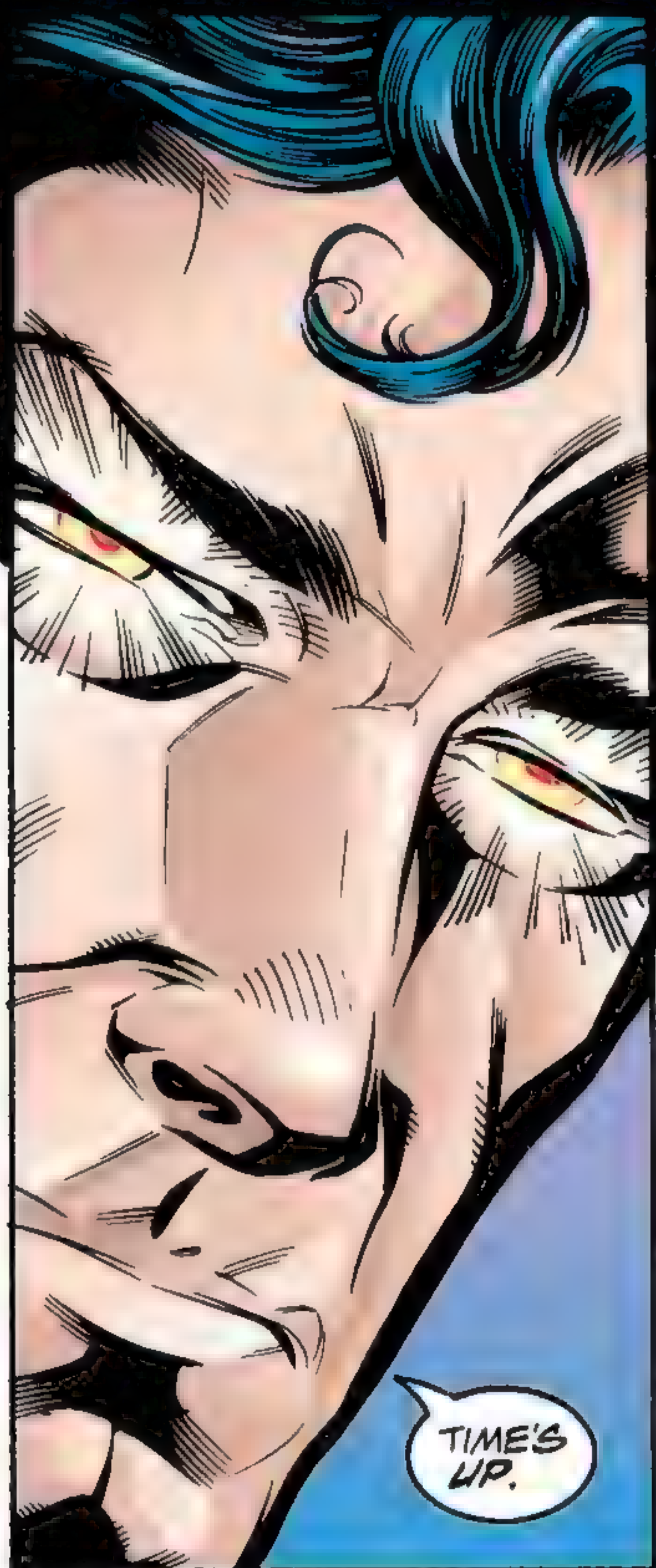
THEN STEP WITHIN
MY CLOAK. WITNESS
THE PATH TO THE
FUTURE...





YOU
HAVE THREE
SECONDS TO
SURRENDER.

THEN WE'RE
SHUTTING
YOU DOWN.



TIME'S
UP.

FOR
INDIVIDUALITY,
YOU MEAN.

THESE SPORES
HAVE BEEN
GENETICALLY
PROGRAMMED
TO SEEK OUT
AND CONQUER
SUPER-POWERED
BEINGS.

YOU WERE
MINE THE
MINUTE YOU
WALKED
IN HERE.

15



AAAAAAA!

GREEN
LANTERN!

DON'T
LOOK AT
HIM!

COVER
YOUR
FACES!



"METROPOLIS WAS THE FIRST TO FALL."

"EIGHT MILLION FACES LOOKED UP AT THE SKIES AND KNEW THE DAY THEY HAD ALWAYS FEARED HAD ARRIVED."

"CHICAGO, CALIFORNIA, NEW YORK, TEXAS."

"AN UNEASY ALLIANCE WAS FORGED IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA BETWEEN THE REMAINING HEROES AND THE SURVIVING VILLAINS."

"RUMORS CIRCULATED THAT BATMAN WAS STILL ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS."

"THE NEW JUSTICE LEAGUE CONQUERED THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE UNITED STATES IN LITTLE MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS."

"BUT THESE WERE ONLY RUMORS."

"EARTH FELL WITHIN THIRTY-SIX HOURS."



"THEN RANN IN
NEIGHBORING
ALPHA CENTAURI.



"THEN THANAGAR, THEN DHOR,
THEN YEGA AND TAMARAN.
ONE BY ONE, THE PLANETS
WERE CONQUERED UNTIL
THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT
TO CLAIM.



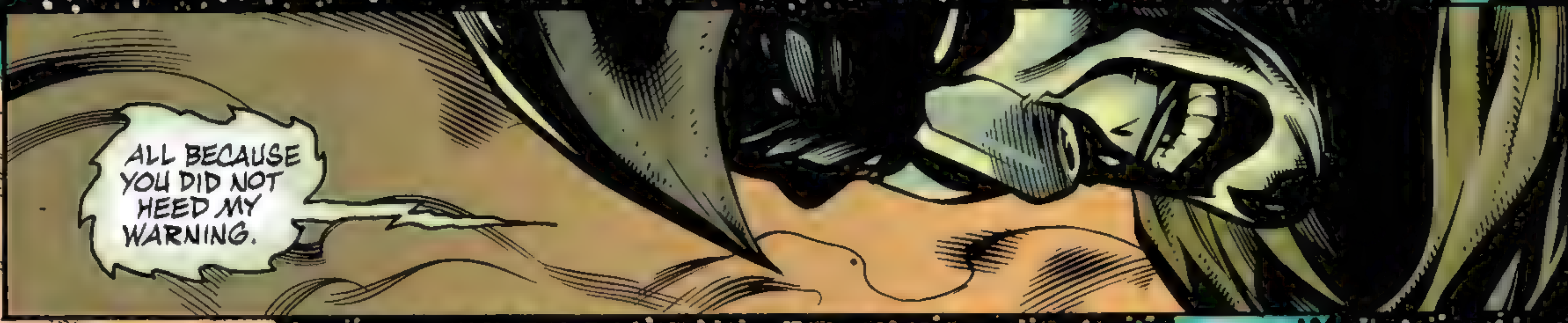
"BUT THE STAR
CONQUEROR WAS
HUNGRY FOR MORE.

"THE UNIVERSE GAZED
WITH A SINGLE EYE
BUT IT COULD NEVER
REST WHILE VAGUE
MEMORIES OF
UNCONQUERED WORLDS
EXISTED WITHIN THE
MINDS OF ITS DRONES.



"BUT TIME WAS JUST
ONE MORE BARRIER TO BE
CONQUERED, AND BEFORE
LONG KRYPTON AND OA
AND OTHER WORLDS
LONG SINCE PERISHED
FELL BEFORE THE
JUSTICE LEAGUE.

"YOUR
JUSTICE
LEAGUE.



ALL BECAUSE
YOU DID NOT
HEED MY
WARNING.



AW, MAN, THAT WAS INTENSE.

WHAT DID HE MAKE US GO THROUGH THAT FOR?

ALLOW THE MILITARY TO OBLITERATE BLUE VALLEY OR INTERFERE AND CAUSE THE END OF ALL EXISTENCE.

THE LOSSES WILL BE ACCEPTABLE.

I CAN SEE NO DILEMMA HERE.

A FEW THOUSAND AT MOST.

THERE ARE LIVES AT STAKE, SPECTRE.

HE WAS SHOWING US WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF WE DON'T DO AS HE ASKS, WHICH PUTS US IN A HORRIBLE MORAL DILEMMA.

NO LOSS IS ACCEPTABLE.

TAKE IT FROM ME.

THAT'S WHY I'M GOING IN THERE ALONE. SOMEONE'S GOT TO GIVE THIS A TRY.

AREN'T YOU GOING TO TRY TO STOP HIM?

BATMAN IS ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD.

THEN THAT'S THE ANSWER. STRIP THE REST OF US OF OUR POWERS AND ABILITIES, SPECTRE. THEN WE COULD HELP WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE WORLD, RIGHT?

UNLIKE THE REST OF YOU, HIS CAPTURE WOULD HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE FATE OF TIME AND SPACE.

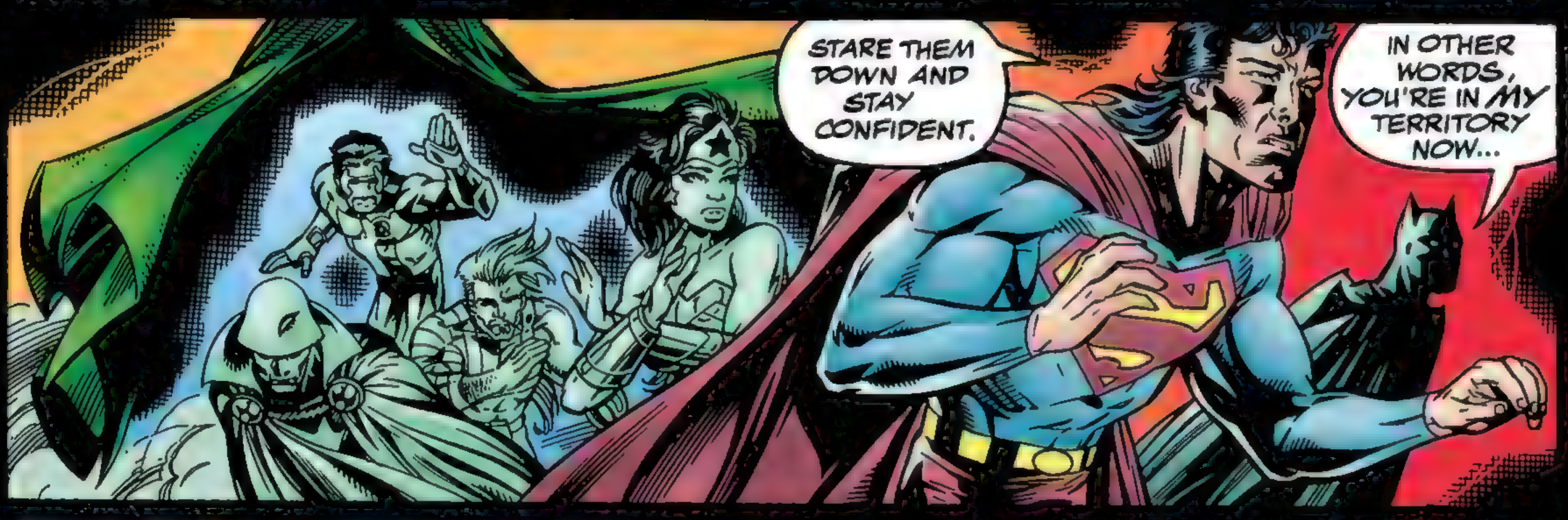
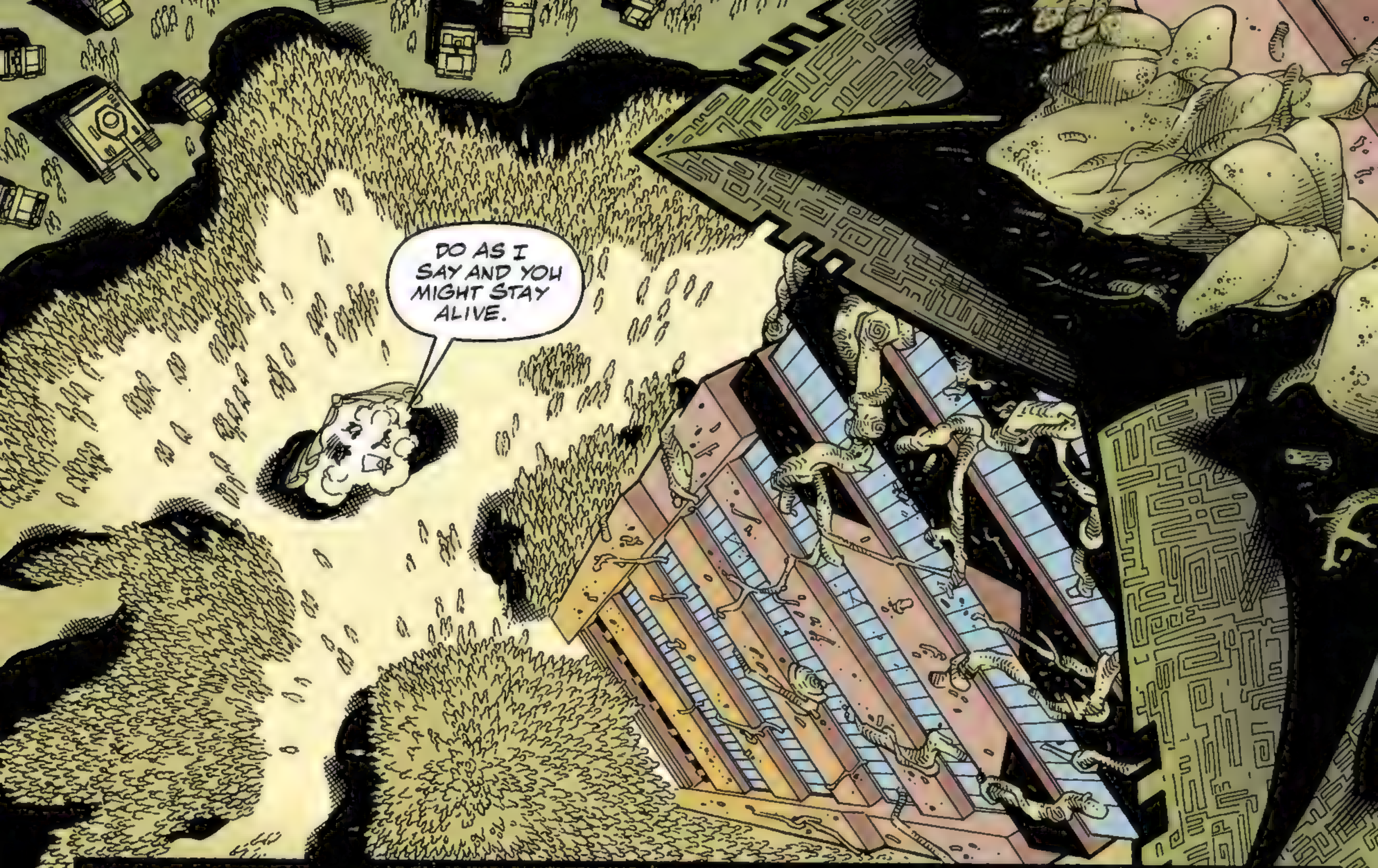
HE IS FREE TO DO AS HE PLEASURES.

I CAN SEE NO REASON WHY NOT.

ALTHOUGH WHY YOU SHOULD SEEK TO COMMIT SUICIDE MAKES NO SENSE TO ME AT ALL.

BATMAN'S NOT GOING IN THERE ALONE.

THAT'S A GOOD ENOUGH REASON FOR ME.





FRANKLY, I EXPECTED A LITTLE MORE RESISTANCE FROM THE LOCALS. THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY.

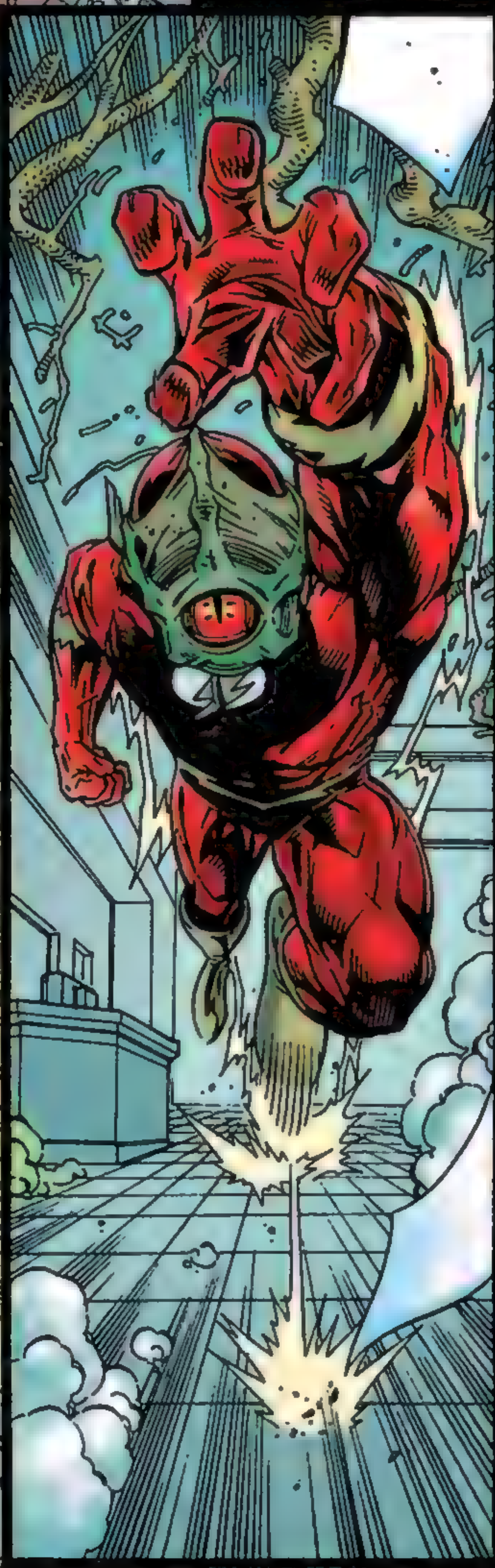
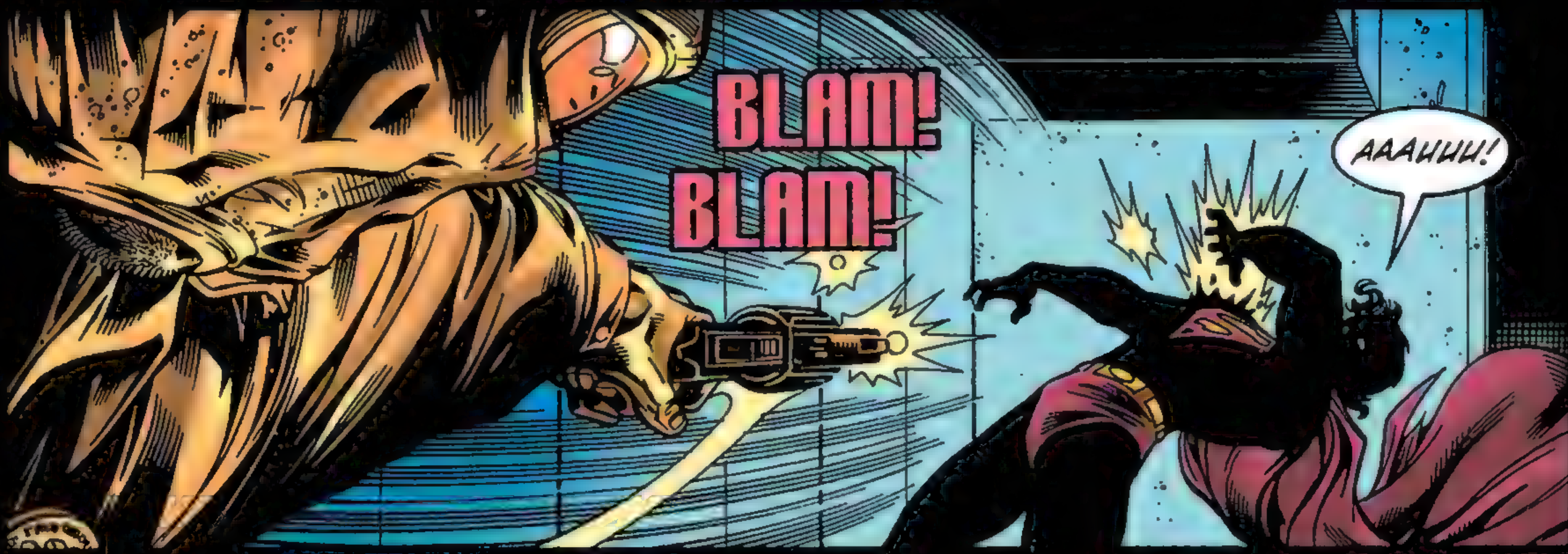
THE WHOLE BUILDING'S PRIMED AND READY FOR A META-HUMAN ASSAULT, DIANA. THEY WANT US INSIDE.

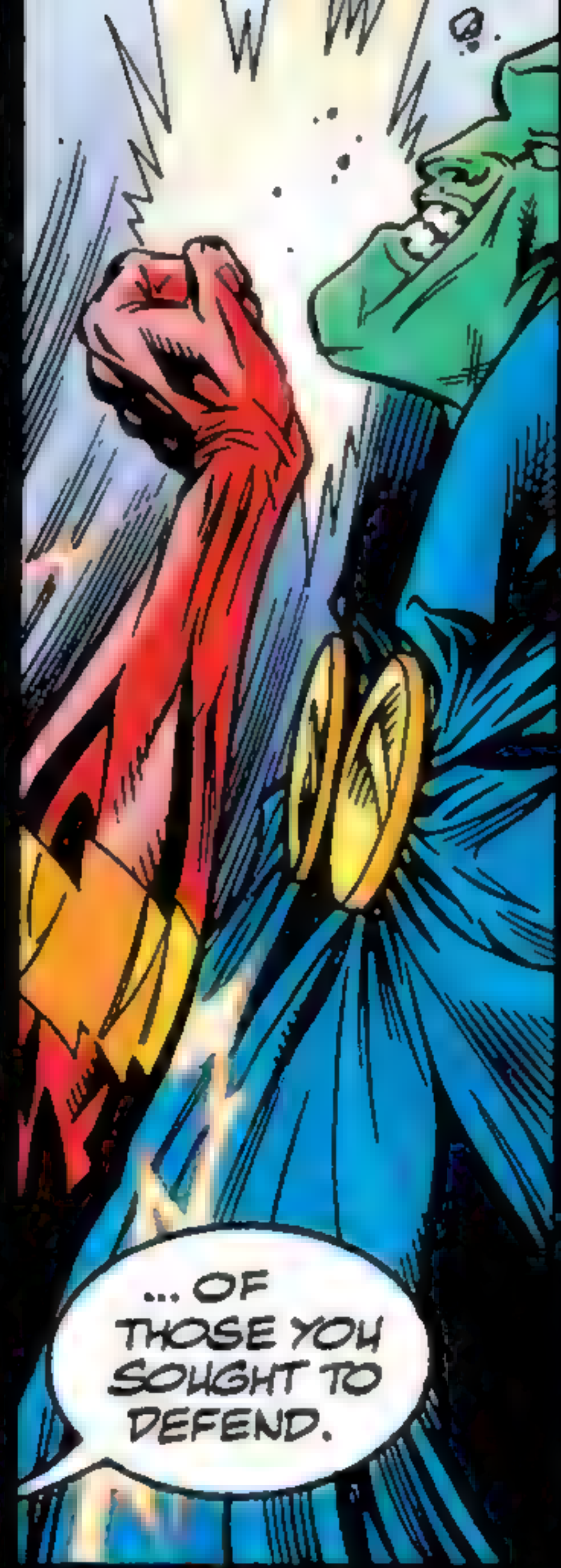
WE'RE WALKING INTO A CAREFULLY-PREPARED TRAP.

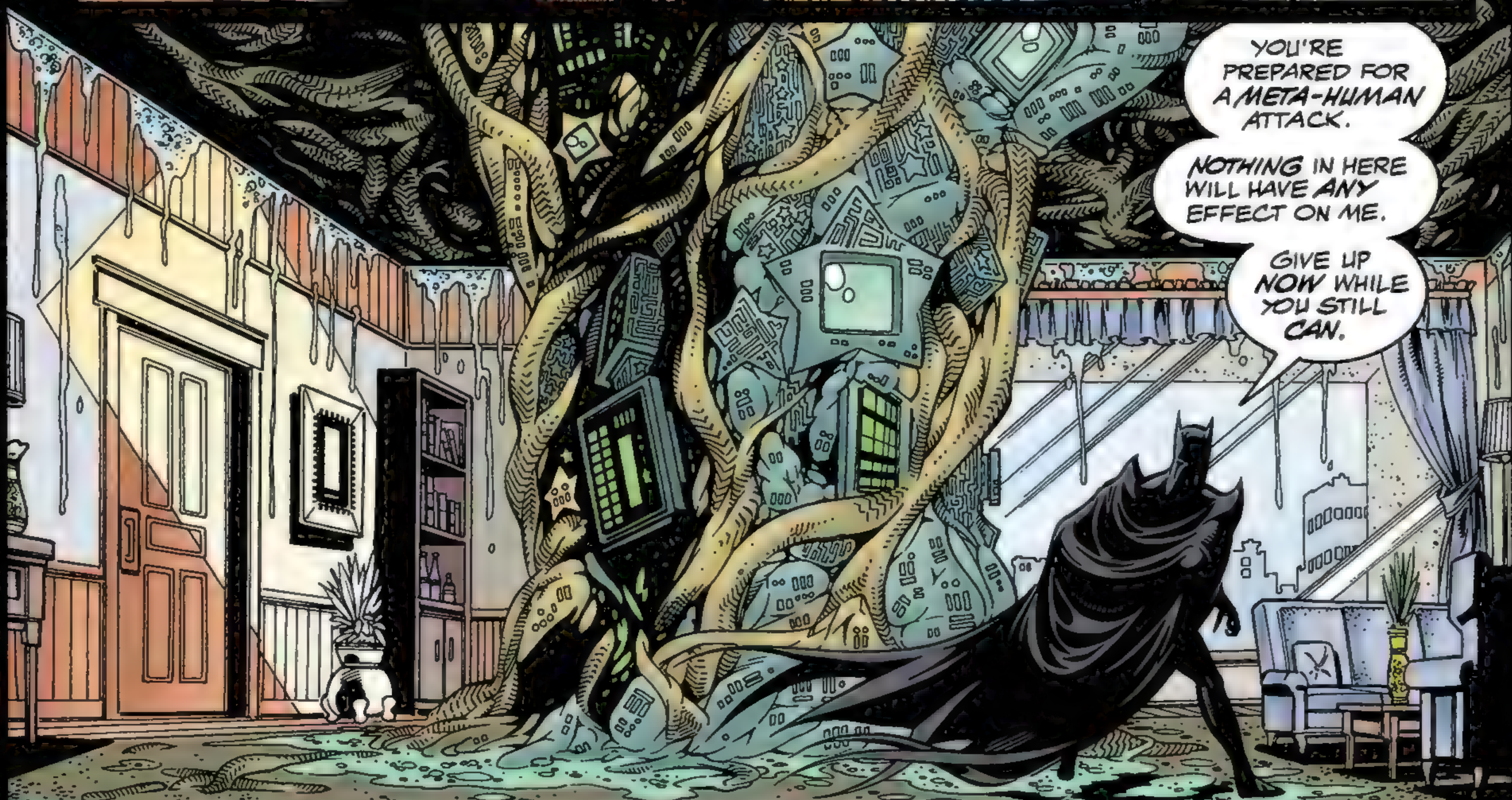


EVERYBODY DOWN!

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE!



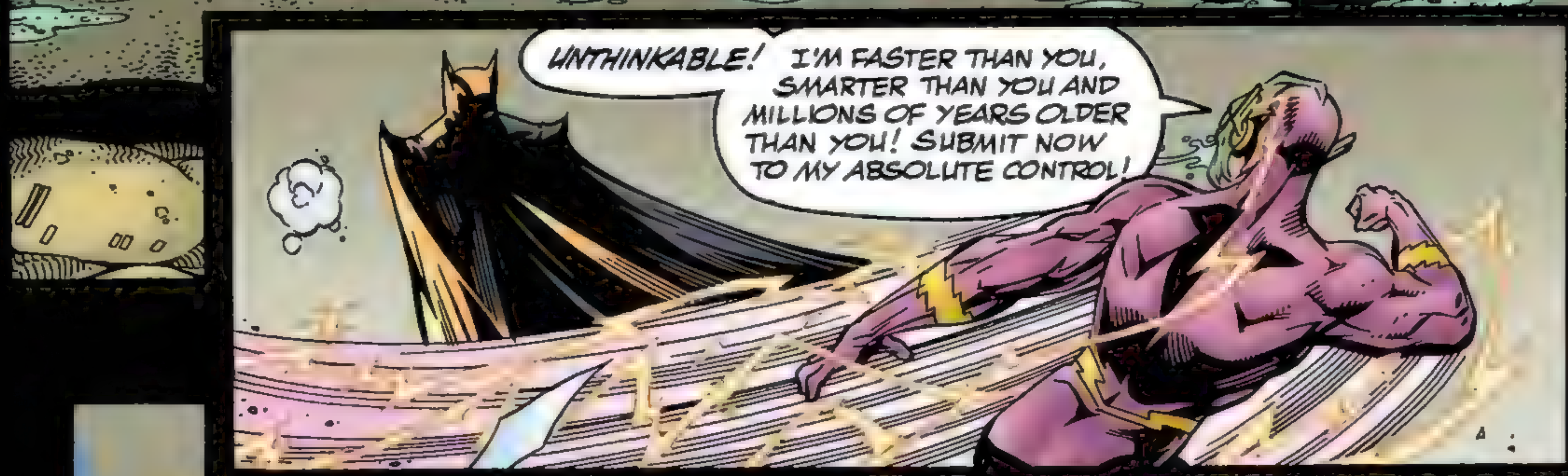




YOU'RE
PREPARED FOR
A META-HUMAN
ATTACK.

NOTHING IN HERE
WILL HAVE ANY
EFFECT ON ME.

GIVE UP
NOW WHILE
YOU STILL
CAN.



UNTHINKABLE! I'M FASTER THAN YOU,
SMARTER THAN YOU AND
MILLIONS OF YEARS OLDER
THAN YOU! SUBMIT NOW TO
MY ABSOLUTE CONTROL!



DIDN'T YOU
HEAR ME?

I COULD PICK THE
FLESH FROM YOUR
BONES IN A PICO-
SECOND, VIBRATE
MY HAND THROUGH
YOUR SKULL AND
BURST IT LIKE A
WATERMELON...

I COULD...
I COULD...

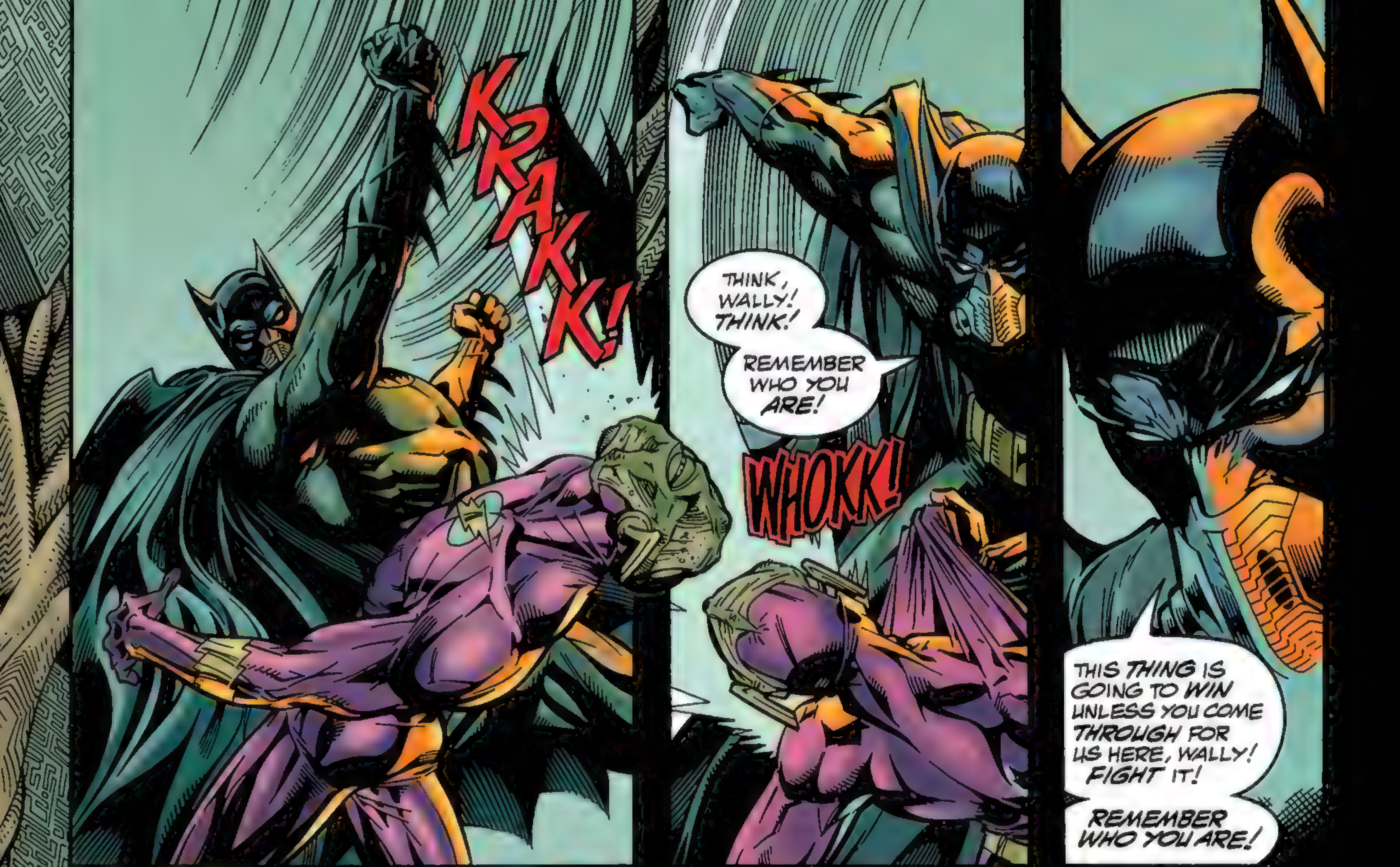
WAIT...

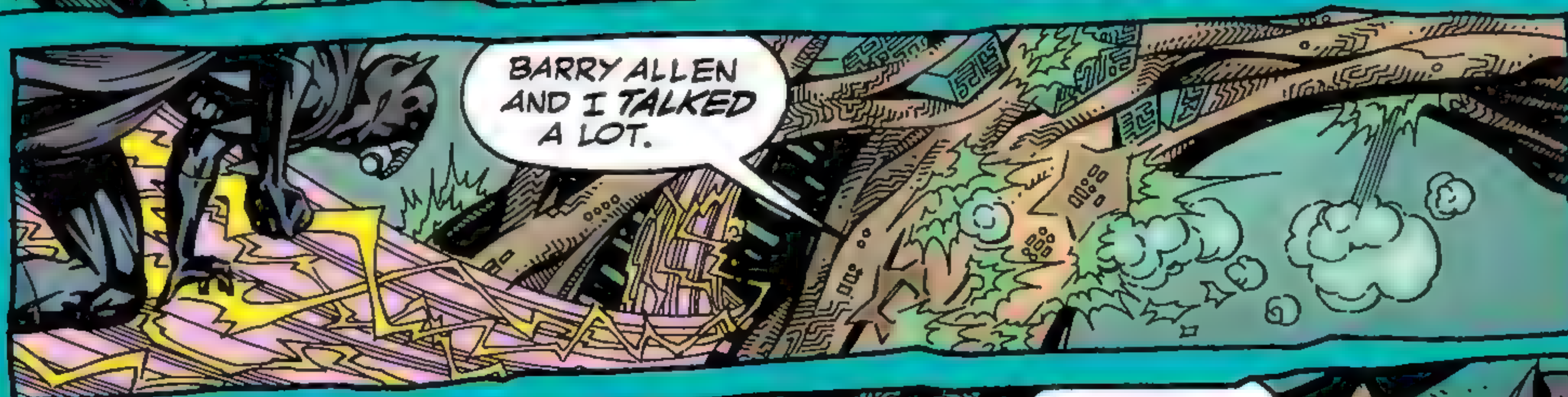
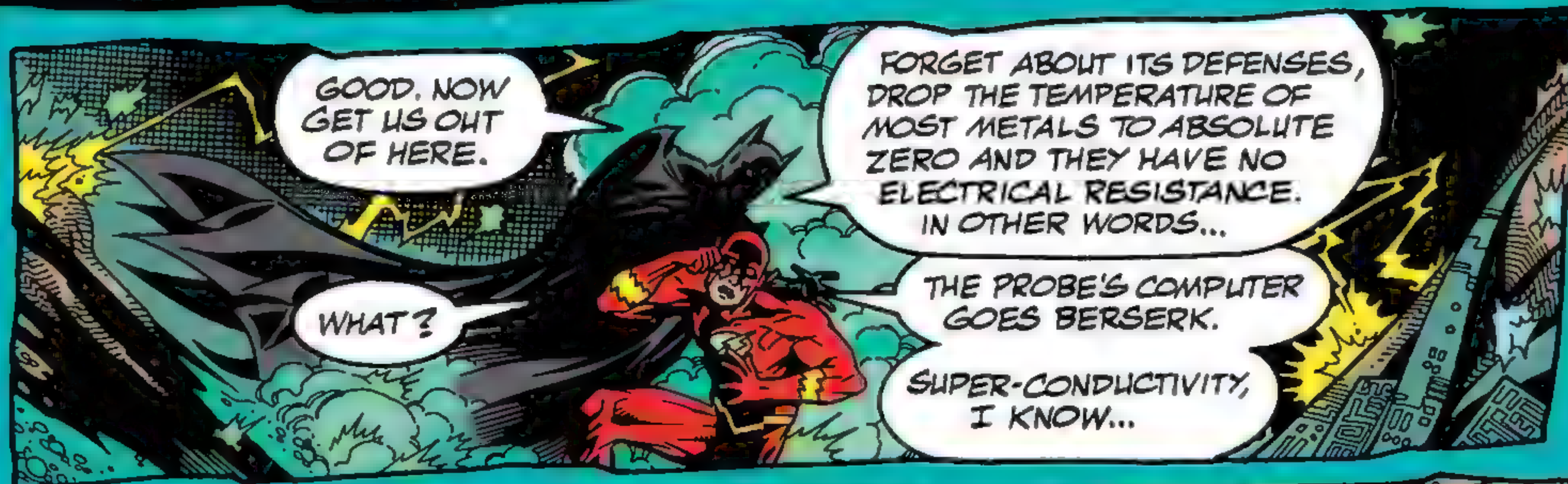
WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE TO
ME?



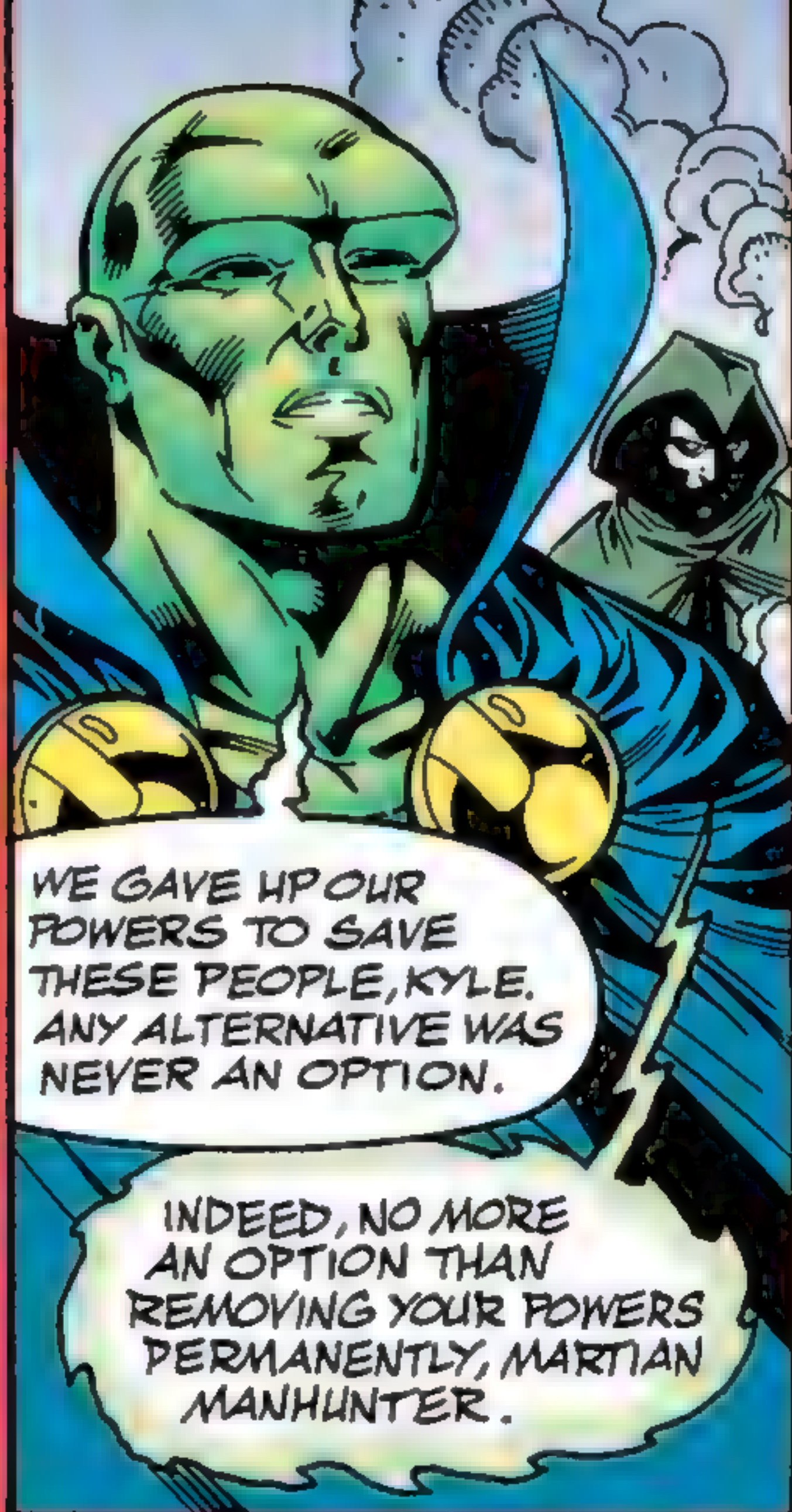
SABOTAGED
THE AIR-
CONDITIONING
SYSTEM.

WELCOME TO
MINUS TEN
AND DROPPING
FAST.









WE GAVE UP OUR POWERS TO SAVE THESE PEOPLE, KYLE. ANY ALTERNATIVE WAS NEVER AN OPTION.

INDEED, NO MORE AN OPTION THAN REMOVING YOUR POWERS PERMANENTLY, MARTIAN MANHUNTER.



THEY WERE NOT TAKEN AS A PUNISHMENT.

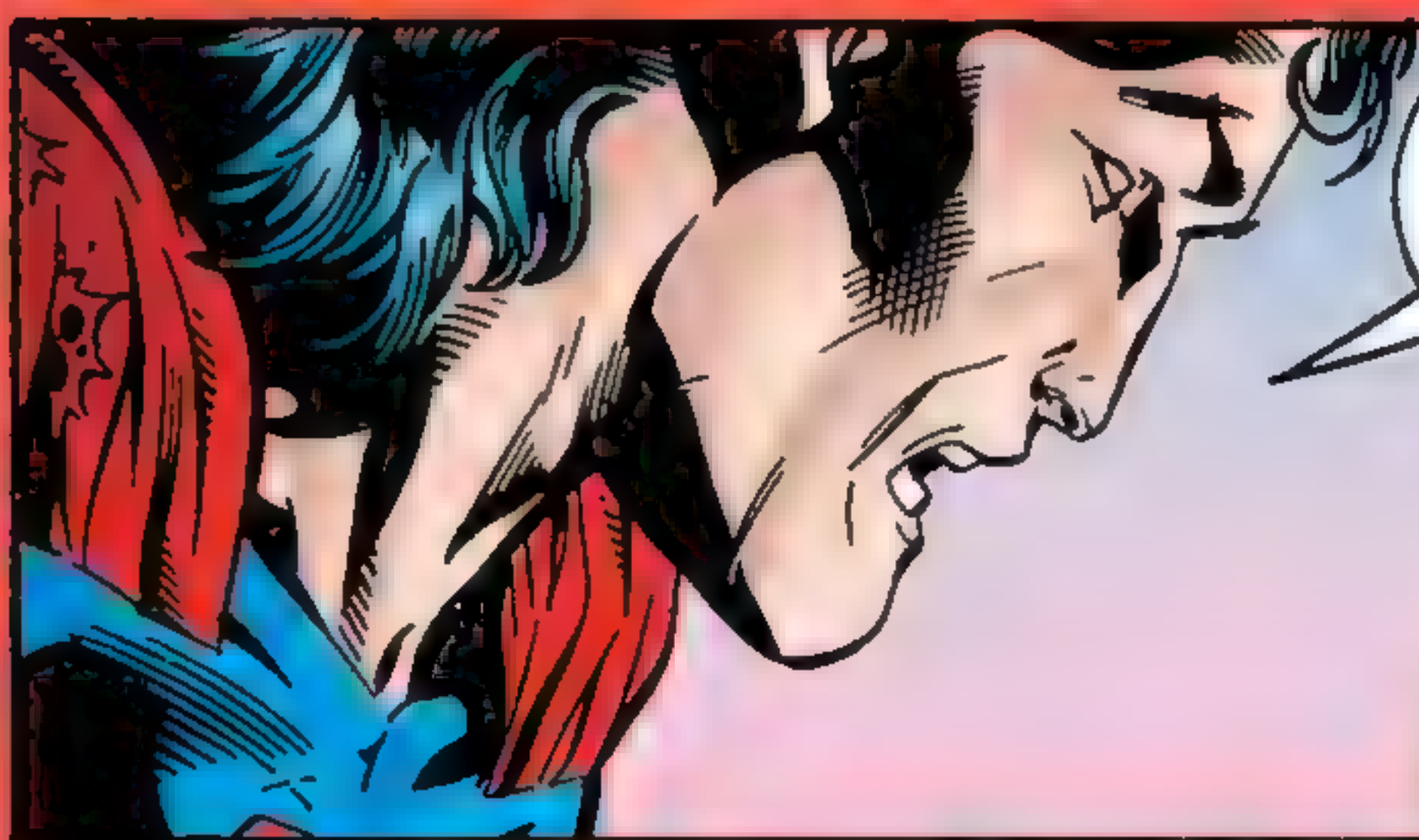
I CAN SEE NO CONCEIVABLE REASON WHY THEY SHOULD NOT BE RETURNED TO YOU IN FULL NOW THAT YOUR MISSION HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.



ALL RIGHT!

GUESS THERE'S NO GETTING RID OF YOU, HUH?

SPECTRE?



I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU DID FOR US TODAY AND WANT TO SAY HOW MUCH WE APPRECIATE YOUR INVOLVEMENT.

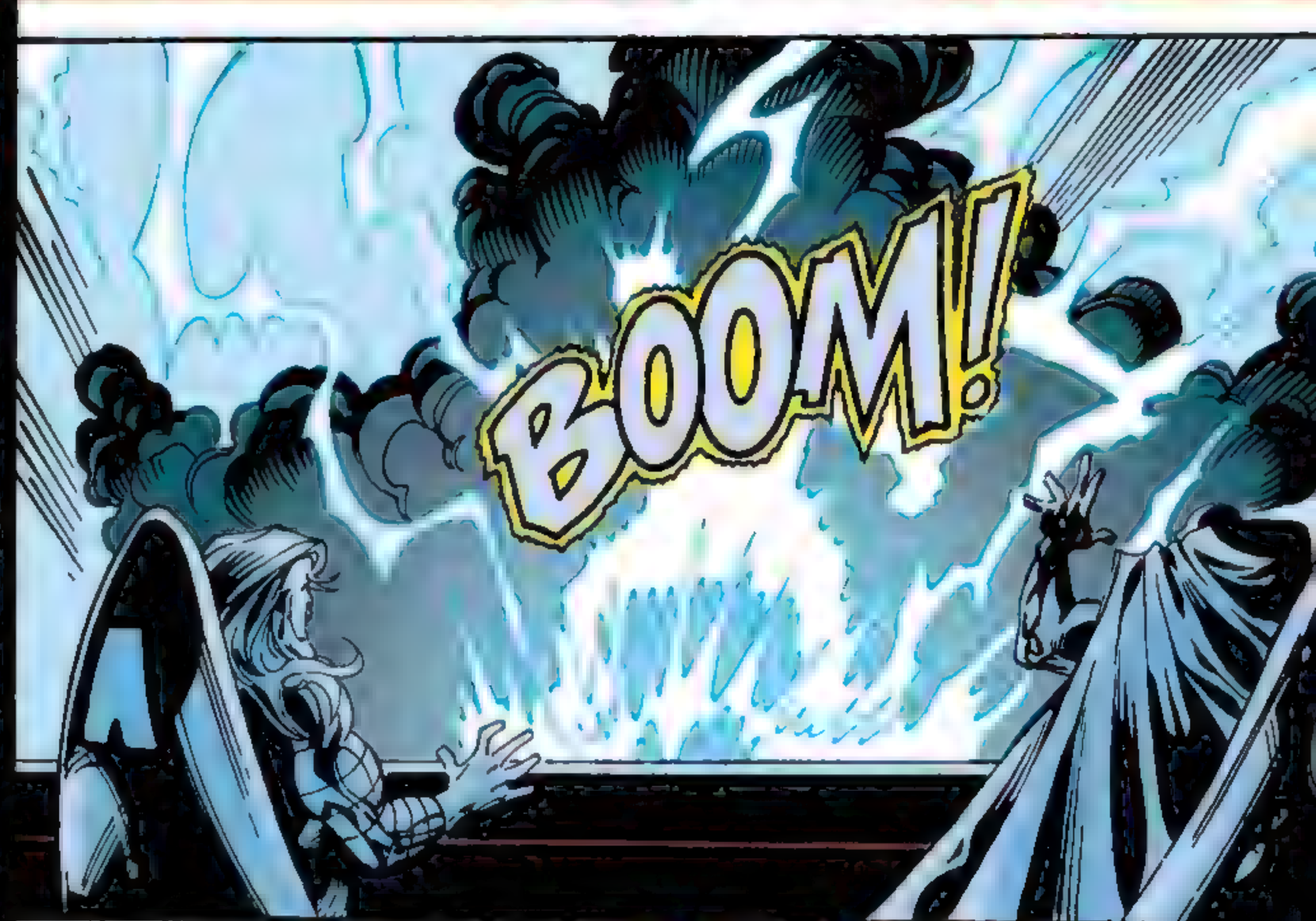
WHAT I DID WAS NOT FOR YOU, SUPERMAN.

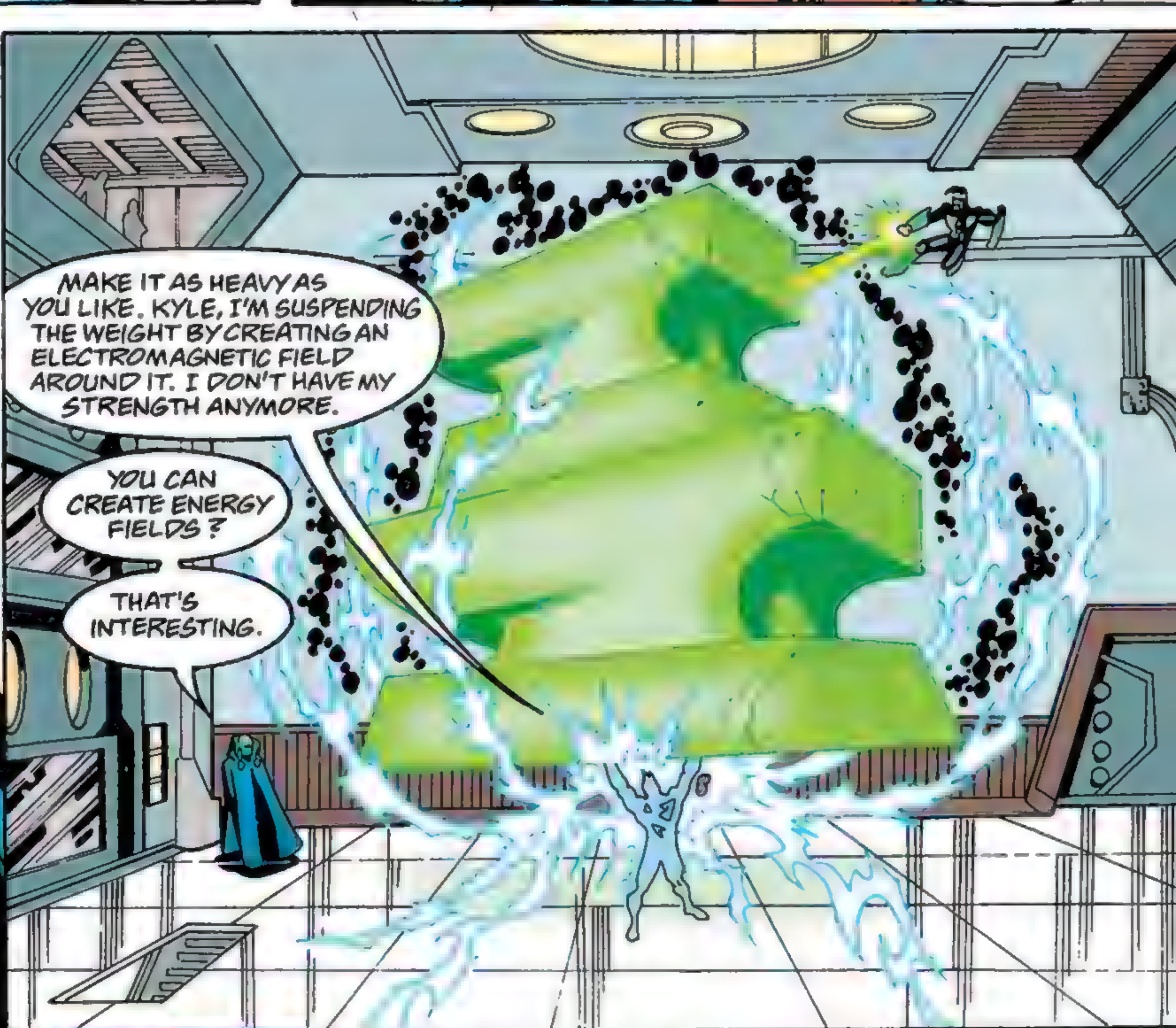
THE FUTURE WAS MY ONLY CONCERN.



IT SHALL BE SAFE IN THE HANDS OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

End









--BULLETS
DON'T BOUNCE
OFF ME ANYMORE,
DIANA.

THEY JUST
PASS RIGHT
THROUGH.



VIOLENT ABSORPTION
IS ANOTHER NEW TRICK.

THIS MEANS I CAN
ABSORB HOSTILE BLOWS
AND CHANGE THEM INTO
DEVASTATING ENERGY
BEAMS.



SORRY
ABOUT
THIS.

UNNH!



WELL, SUPERMAN,
YOU'VE PASSED THE
WRITTEN TEST, THE
VR SIMULATIONS
AND THE MARTIAN
MIND-PROBE.

ALL WE HAVE TO DO
NOW IS DOWNLOAD YOUR
RESULTS TO BATMAN AND
SEE IF BATMAN WILL MAKE
YOUR MEMBERSHIP
UNANIMOUS.



OF COURSE
HE'S IN. HE'S
SUPERMAN.



DON'T BOTHER
TO SEND ME THE
DETAILS.

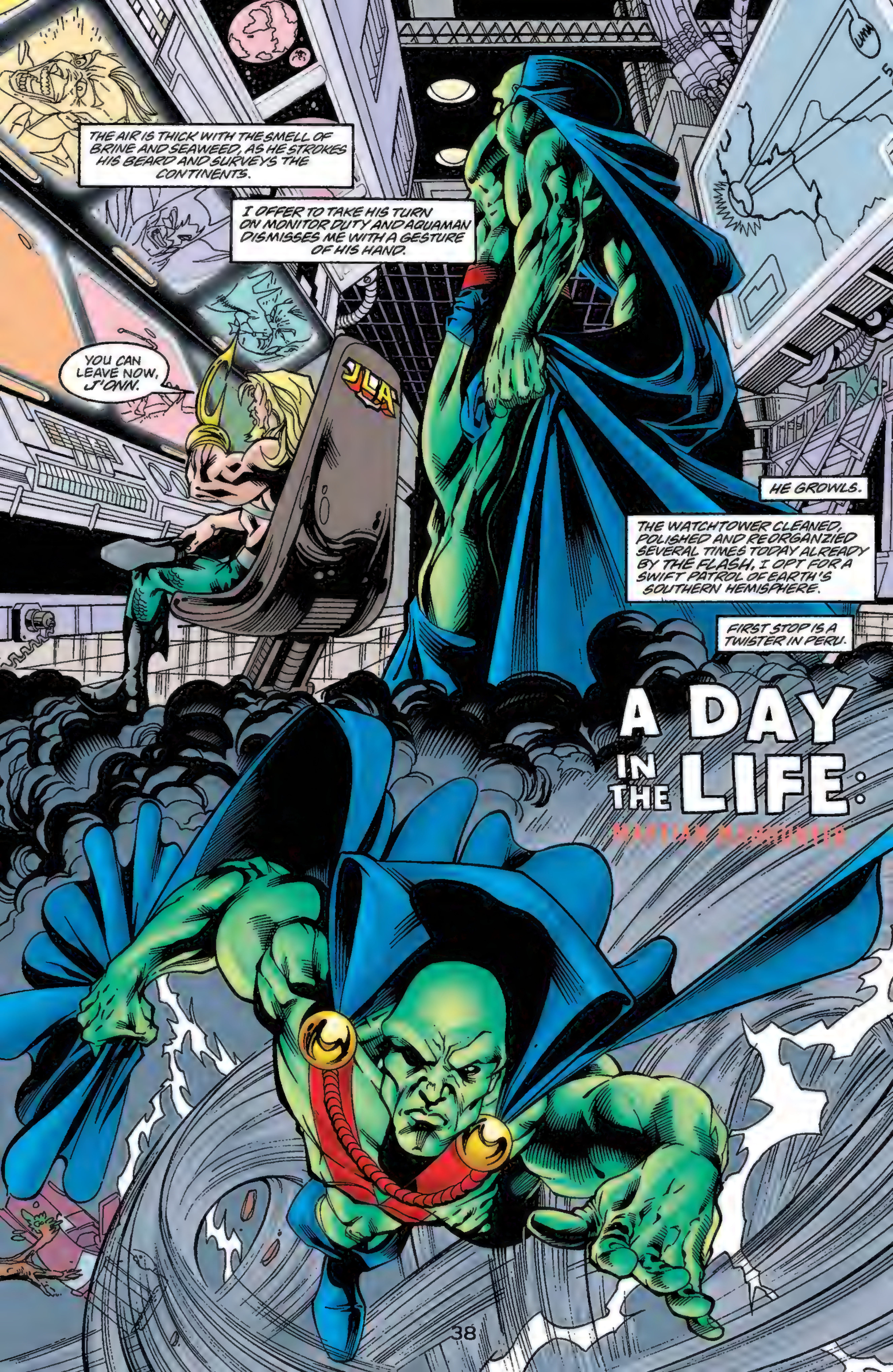
BATMAN
OUT.



I SUPPOSE THAT MAKES
EVERYTHING OFFICIAL.

WELCOME BACK TO
THE JUSTICE LEAGUE,
SUPERMAN.

SOMEBODY
APOLOGIZE TO
DAMAGE FOR
THE WAIT.



THE AIR IS THICK WITH THE SMELL OF
BRINE AND SEAWEED, AS HE STROKES
HIS BEARD AND SURVEYS THE
CONTINENTS.

I OFFER TO TAKE HIS TURN
ON MONITOR DUTY AND AQUAMAN
DISMISSES ME WITH A GESTURE
OF HIS HAND.

YOU CAN
LEAVE NOW,
J'ONN.

HE GROWLS.

THE WATCHTOWER CLEANED,
POLISHED AND REORGANIZED
SEVERAL TIMES TODAY ALREADY
BY THE FLASH, I OPT FOR A
SWIFT PATROL OF EARTH'S
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

FIRST STOP IS A
TWISTER IN PERU.

A DAY IN THE LIFE:

TIME MAGAZINE SAID
90% OF THE WORLD'S
POPULATION IS WATCHED
BY LESS THAN 5% OF
THE WORLD'S SUPERHUMAN
COMMUNITY.

MOST OF THE POORER,
UNDERDEVELOPED
COUNTRIES HAVE NO
ONE TO LOOK OUT
FOR THEM AT ALL.

AS AN ALIEN WITH NO FAMILY
AND FEW SOCIAL TIES IN THE
UNITED STATES, I DECIDED I
SHOULD DO WHAT I COULD TO
REDRESS THE BALANCE.

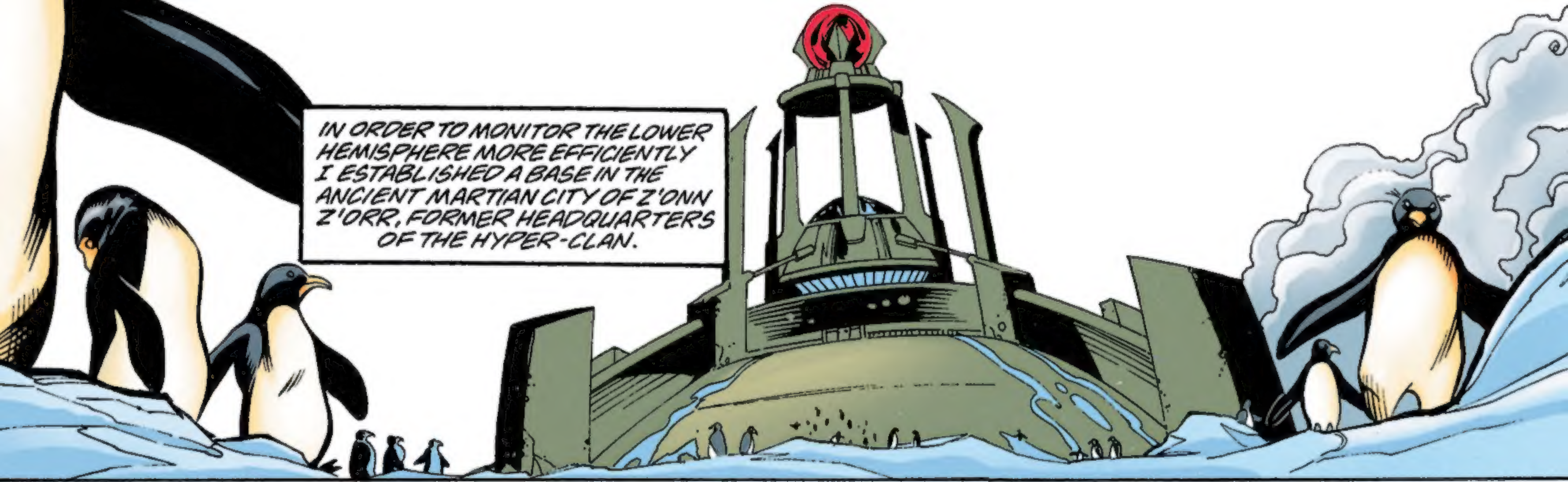
NOW MY RECOGNITION
FACTOR IN AFRICA, ASIA
AND AUSTRALIA OUTSTRIPS
EVEN SUPERMAN HIMSELF.

NICE JOB BAGGING
DOCTOR DREAM-
TIME FOR US, UH,
MANHUNTER. THOSE
PSYCHIC GRENADES HE
PLANTED ALL OVER SYDNEY
WERE PRIMED TO EXPLODE
ANY MINUTE.

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HE
WAS PROTESTING AGAINST A
JAPANESE CONGLOMERATE
WHO WERE MINING ABORIGINAL
SACRED LAND FOR URANIUM
DEPOSITS, OFFICER.

MUST HAVE
SLIPPED MY MIND,
MATE.

THANKS
AGAIN
ANYWAY.



IN ORDER TO MONITOR THE LOWER HEMISPHERE MORE EFFICIENTLY I ESTABLISHED A BASE IN THE ANCIENT MARTIAN CITY OF Z'ONN Z'ORR, FORMER HEADQUARTERS OF THE HYPER-CLAN.



HERE I CAN WANDER THE EMPTY STREETS OF THE PAST AND REDISCOVER MY LOST HERITAGE OR TINKER WITH THE MARTIAN TECHNOLOGY THEY LEFT BEHIND.

AT THE MOMENT I'M PROCESSING A MINERAL ENCODED WITH SHAPE-CHANGING MARTIAN DNA THAT THOSE JAPANESE URANIUM MINERS COULD USE AS AN ALTERNATIVE POWER SOURCE.



LATER, I DECIDE TO RELAX IN ONE OF MY MANY SECRET IDENTITIES; COMPLEX ALTER EGOS I INVENTED TO LEARN HOW IT FEELS TO BE HUMAN ON MY ADOPTED WORLD.

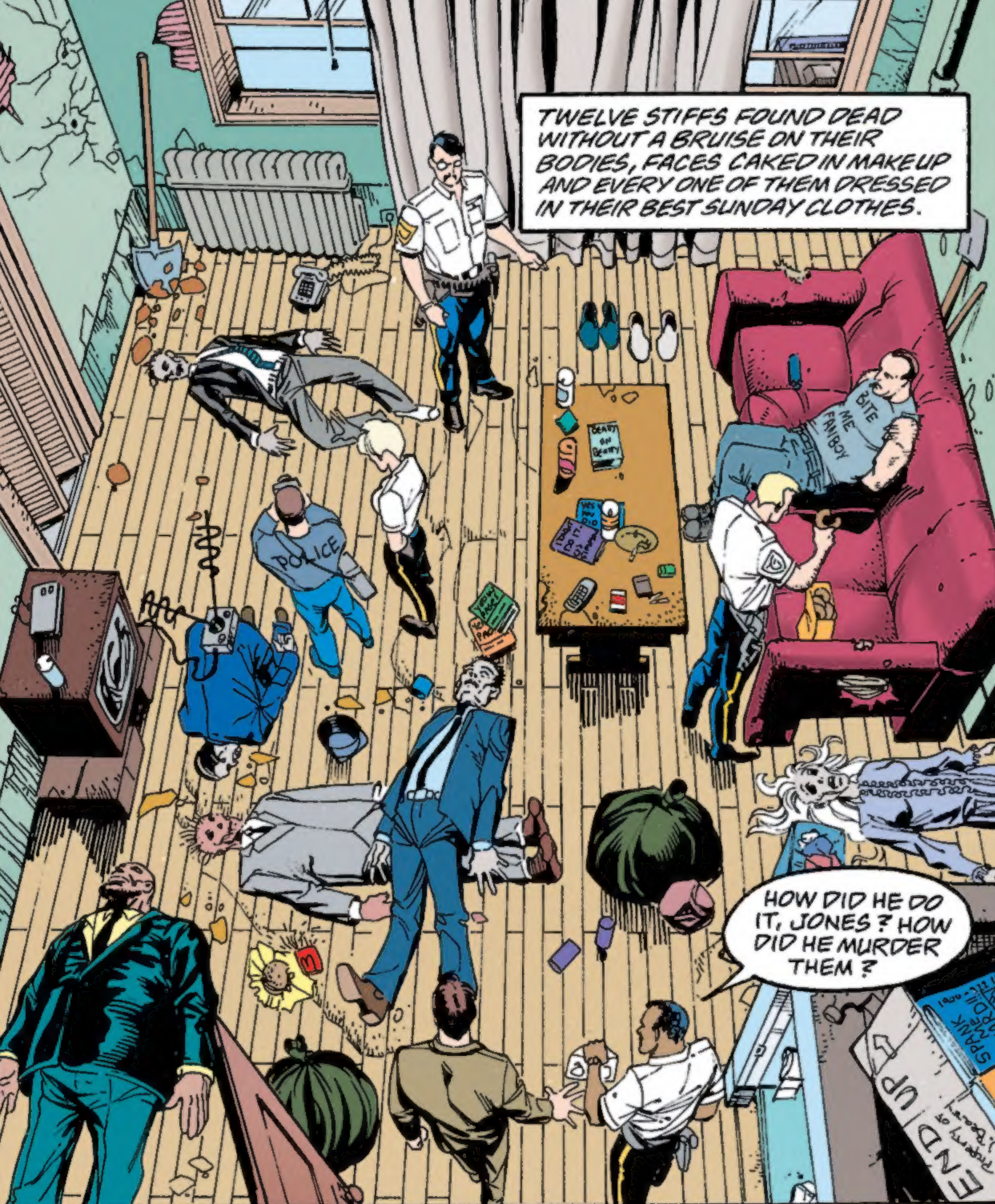
EACH IMBUED WITH HIS OR HER OWN HABITS, TASTES AND CIRCLES OF FRIENDS, THEY MUST SURELY BE CONSIDERED WORKS OF ART IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.



TWO HOURS EVERY WEEK I'M NEW YORK CITY PRIVATE DETECTIVE JOHN JONES, MOVIE BUFF WITH A PEPTIC ULCER AND AN ALLERGY TO HOUSEHOLD CATS.



TODAY I'M WORKING ON A MULTIPLE HOMICIDE.



AN HOUR LATER AND I'M AN IMMIGRANT DRIVING A METROPOLIS CAB UNDER THE NAME JOHANN JOHNSON.

THE PURPOSE OF MY EXERCISE IN MULTIPLE HUMAN IDENTITIES IS TO EXAMINE HOW ORDINARY PEOPLE REACT IN VARIOUS DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

PRETENSE IS AN ALIEN CONCEPT WHEN YOU COME FROM A TELEPATHIC CULTURE, BUT MIXING WITH HUMANS MEANS I'M GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, I DELIVER THE ALIEN MINERAL I DEVELOPED TO THE JAPANESE MINERS, EXPLAINING HOW IT COULD BE USED TO DUPLICATE URANIUM.

THEY ACCEPT MY OFFER AND PROMISE TO LEAVE THE ABORIGINALS ALONE FOR THE TIME BEING.

AN HOUR FROM NOW, I'M ON MONITOR DUTY IN THE WATCHTOWER, REGULAR SLEEP IS DIFFICULT BECAUSE MY BODY STILL FEELS TUNED TO THE MARTIAN DAY.

I PRAY FOR PEACE, WHITE MARTIAN MUSIC SCRATCHING QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND.

GOD TELLS ME HE'LL DO WHAT HE CAN.

End



ALMIGHTY GODS WATCH OVER US...

Or at least that's how it must seem to the human populace of the DC Universe. The pantheon of the World's Greatest Superheroes — Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman, The Flash, Green Lantern, Aquaman, and Martian Manhunter — are Earth's first line of defense against the high-priority threats facing mankind. As the most powerful beings on the planet, the JLA are a force to be reckoned with — which doesn't stop them from receiving continuous attacks by alien invaders, renegade angels, or their deadliest enemies.

With JLA: Vol. 1, critically acclaimed writer Grant Morrison (FINAL CRISIS, ALL STAR SUPERMAN, BATMAN) ushers in a brand new era for DC's finest superteam! Featuring art by Howard Porter (THE FLASH) and John Dell (BIRDS OF PREY), with additional contributions by Mark Millar, Oscar Jimenez and others, this collection delivers nonstop action and adventure.

JLA: Vol. 1 collects JLA #1-9 and JLA: Secret Files #1.